



AMERICA'S FUNNIEST
HILLBILLY

OCTOBER

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
10

10¢



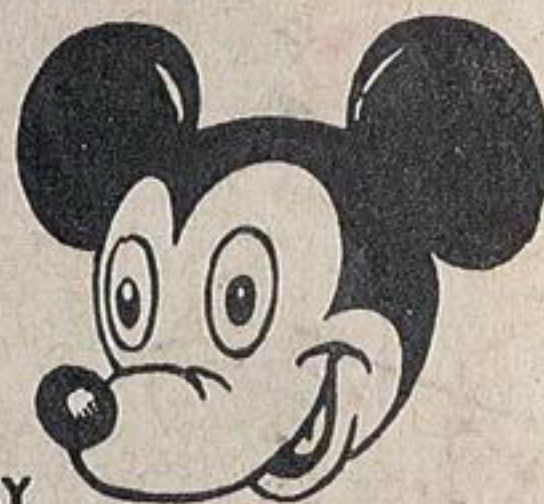
SAHCE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN
\$2.95



MICKEY
MOUSE
\$3.95

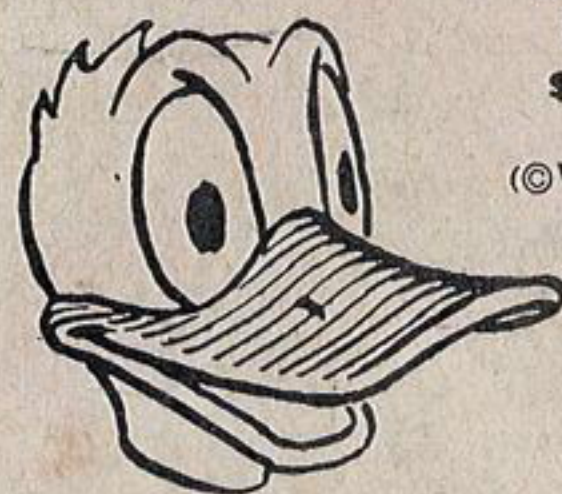
(©Walt Disney
Prod.)



SATAN
\$2.95



Minstrel
(Black Face)
\$2.95



DONALD
DUCK
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERY
HALF-WIT-
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?

**SEND
NO MONEY!**

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave.,
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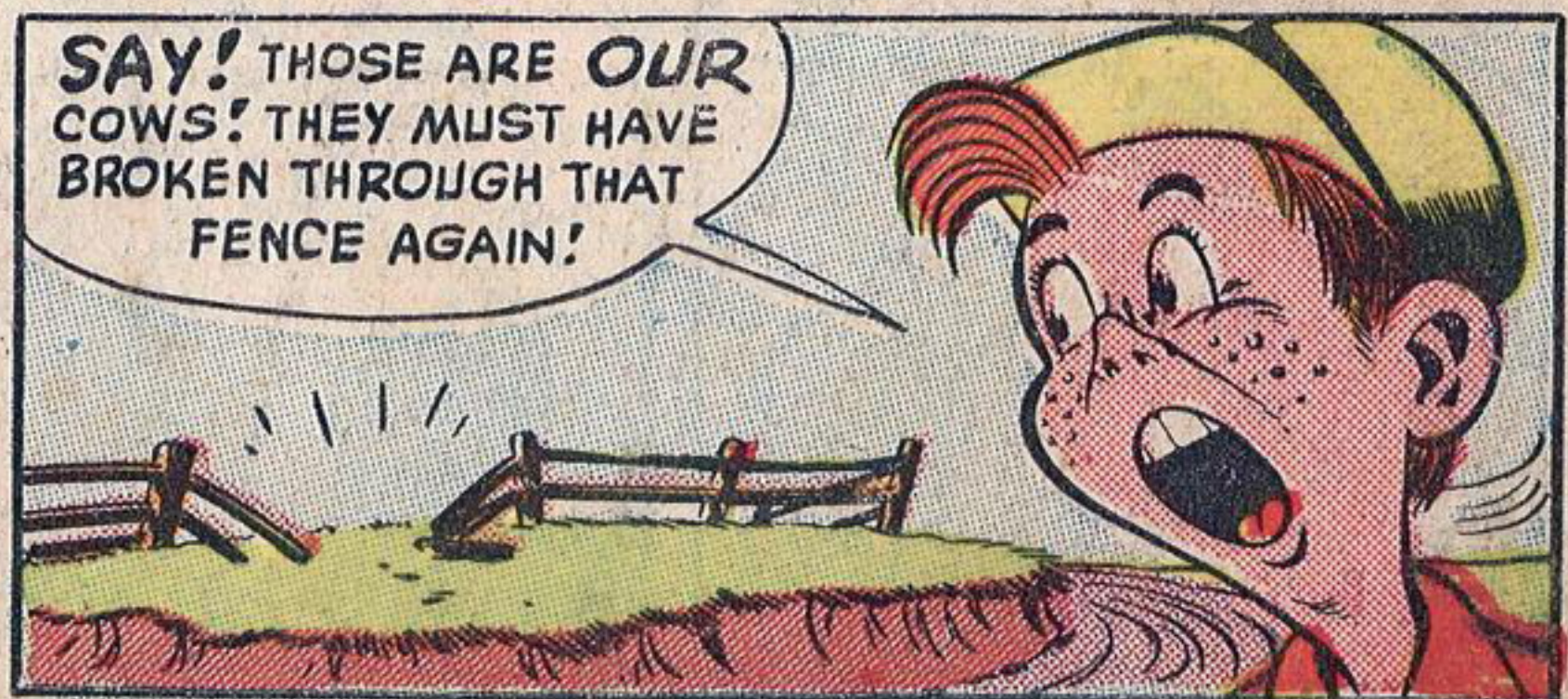
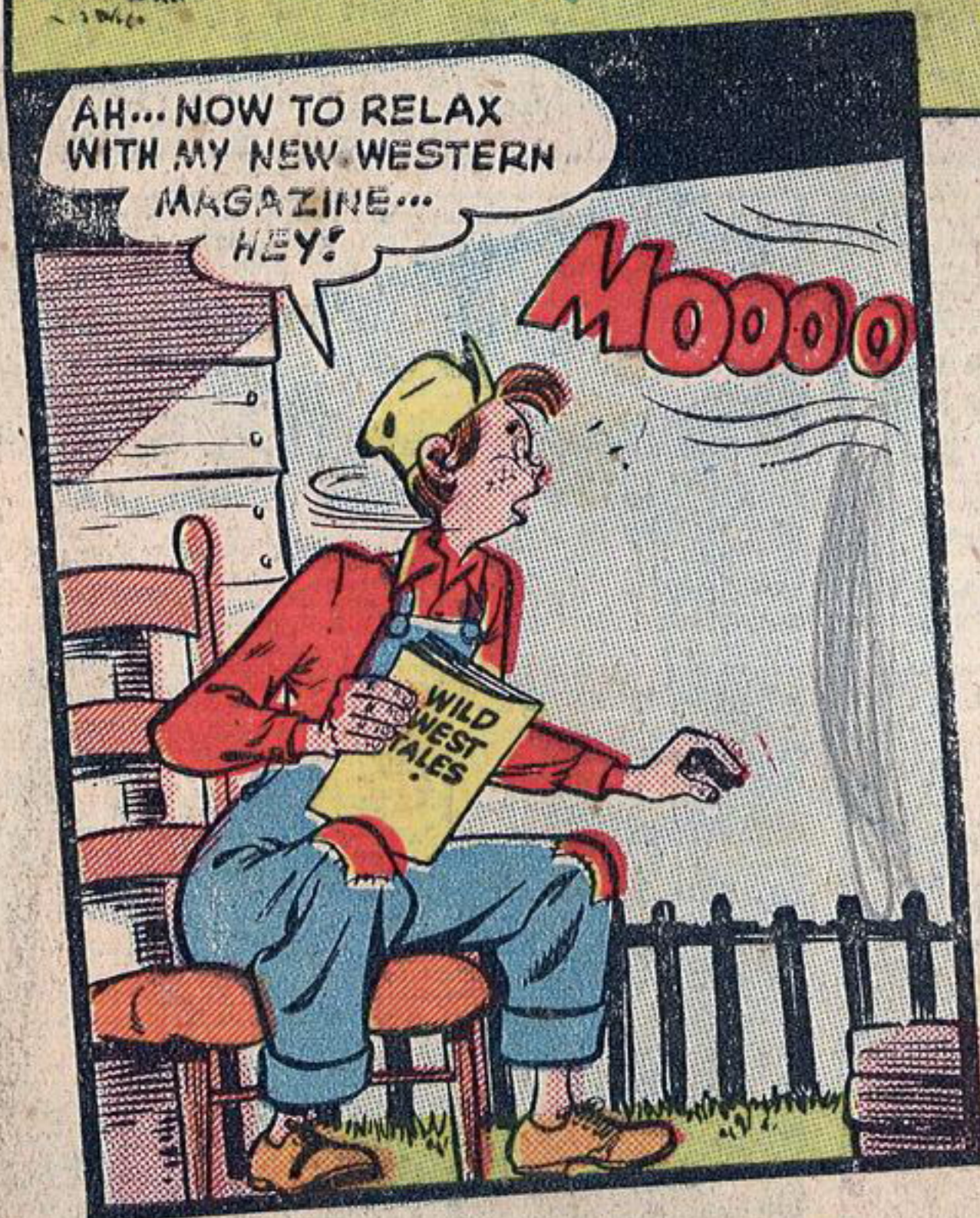
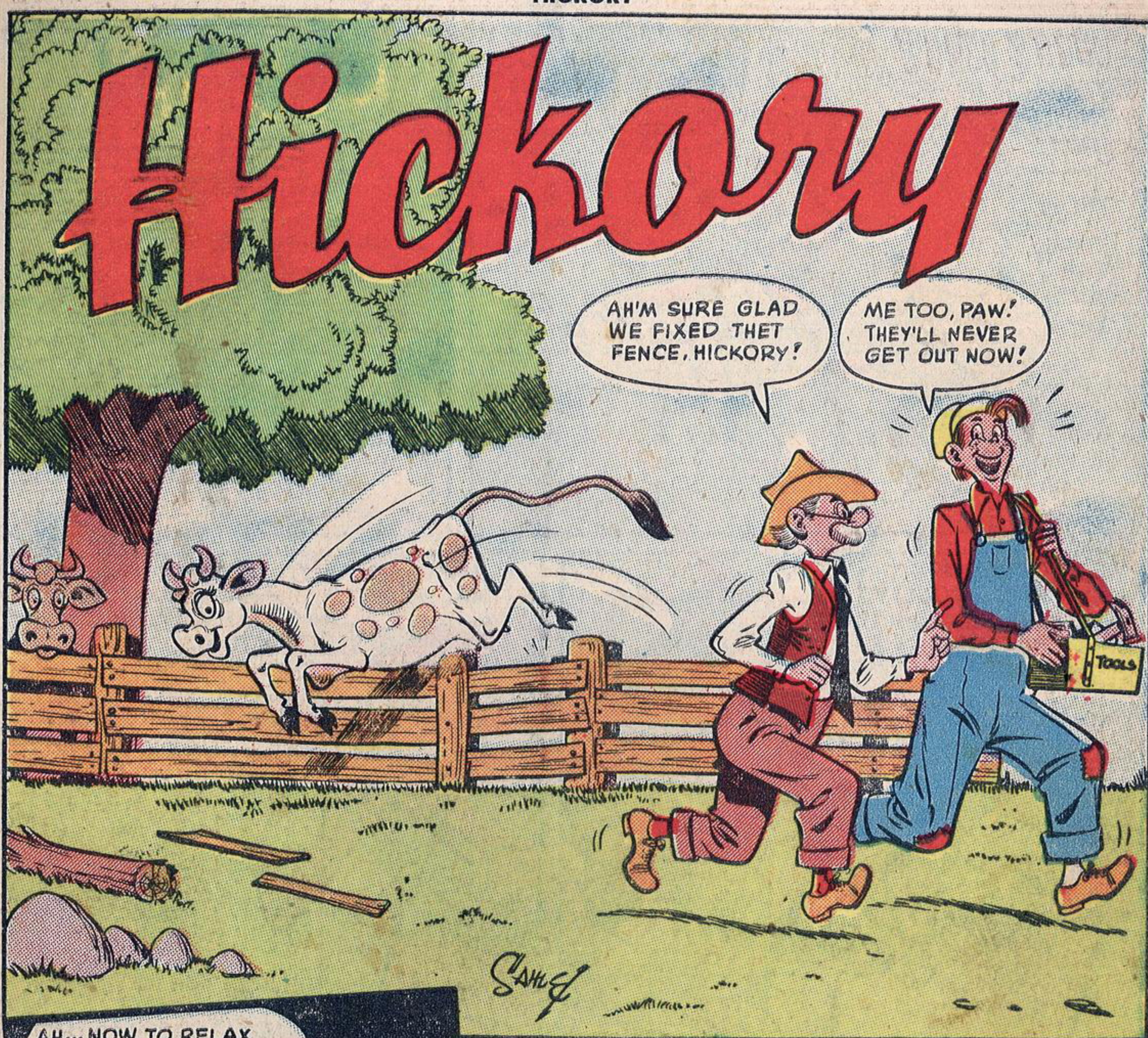
Send me the Masks checked Below

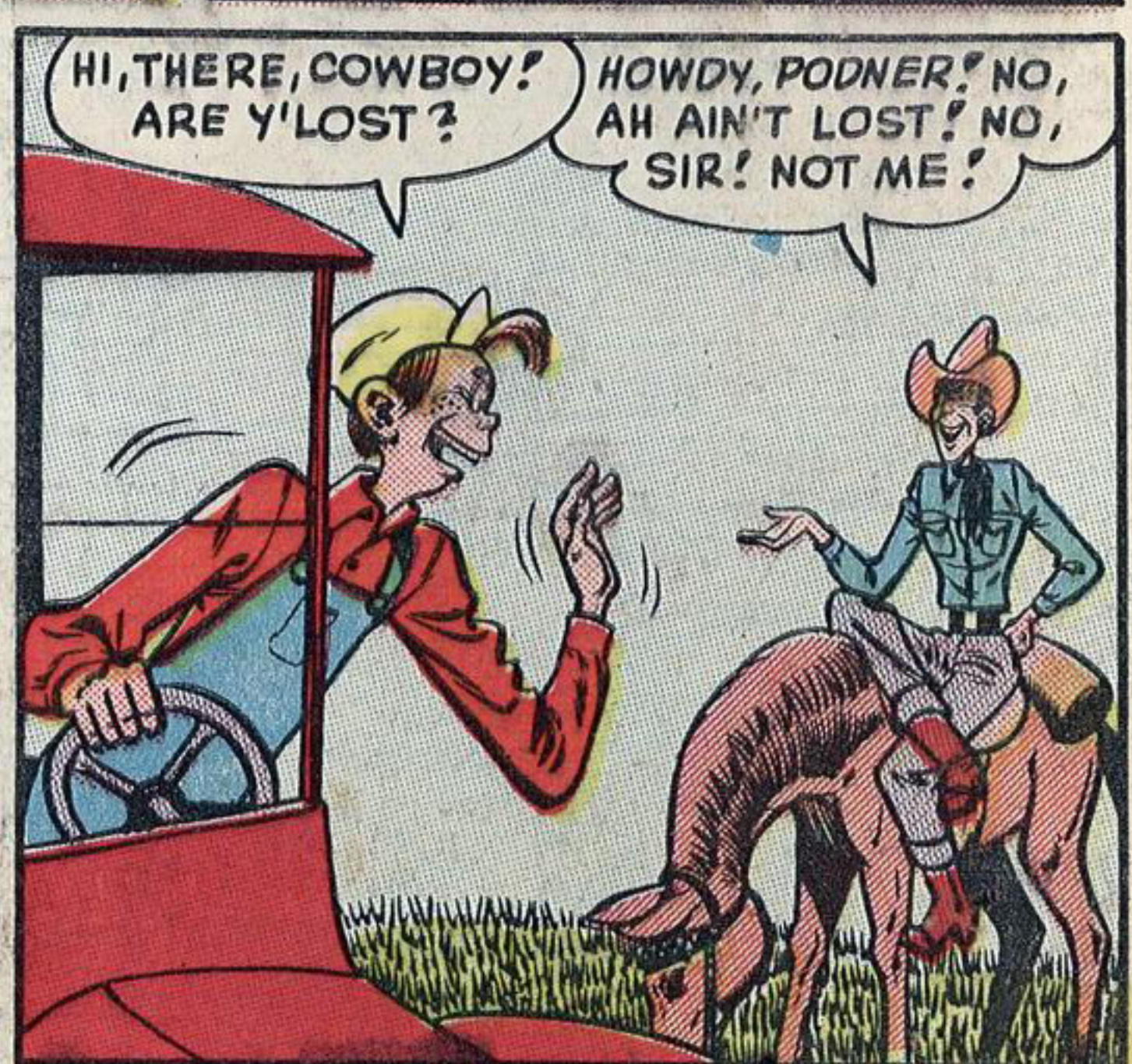
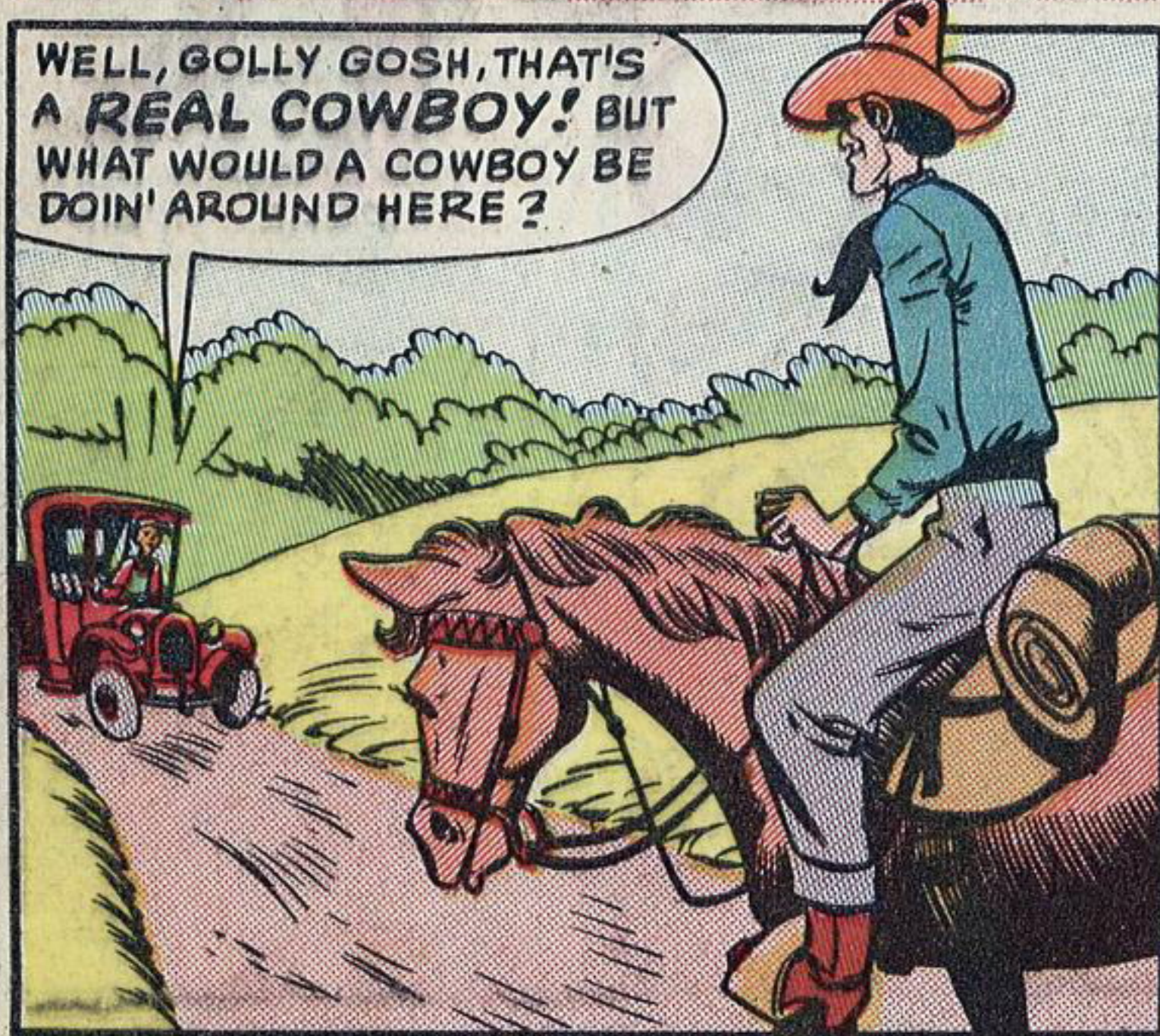
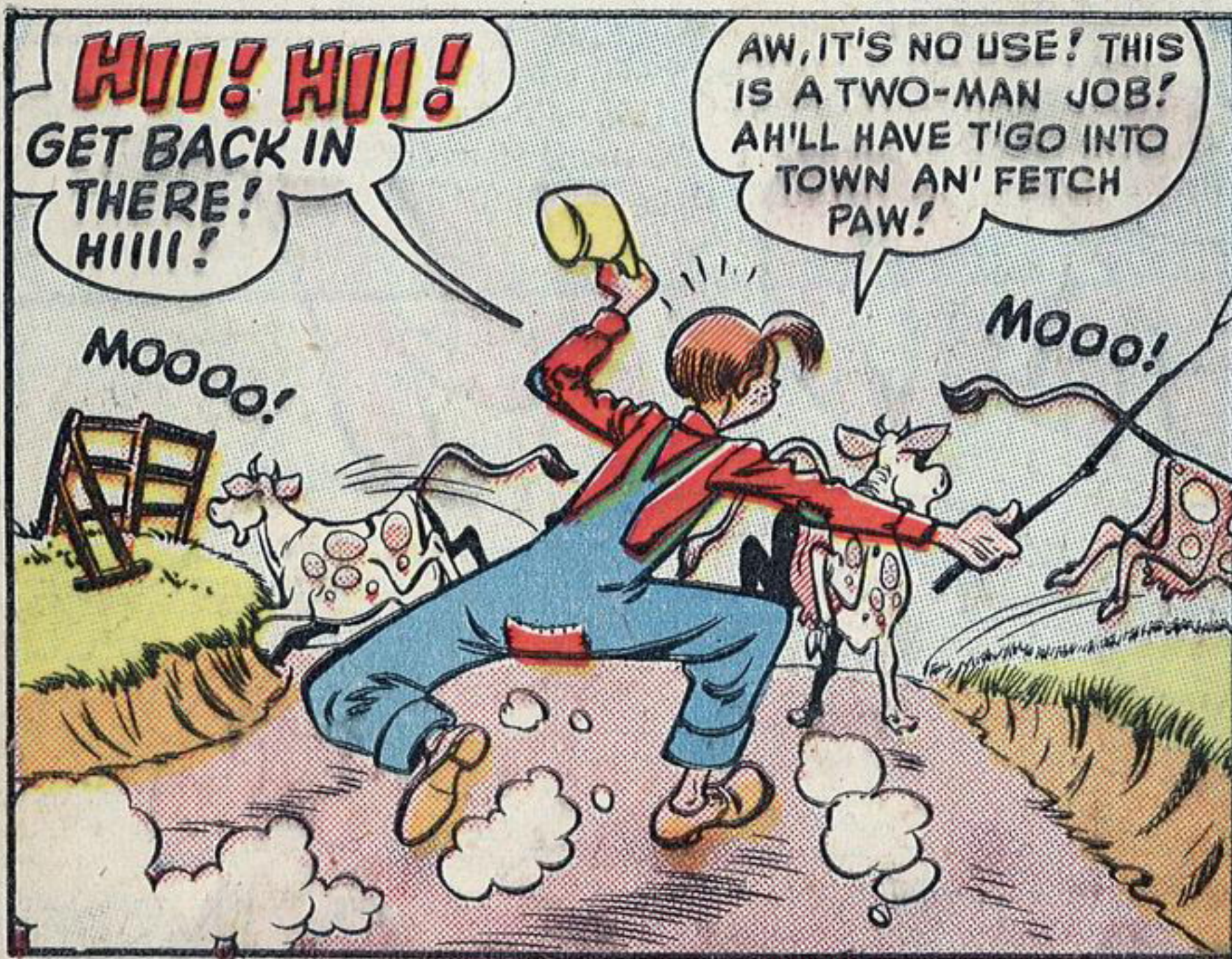
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☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

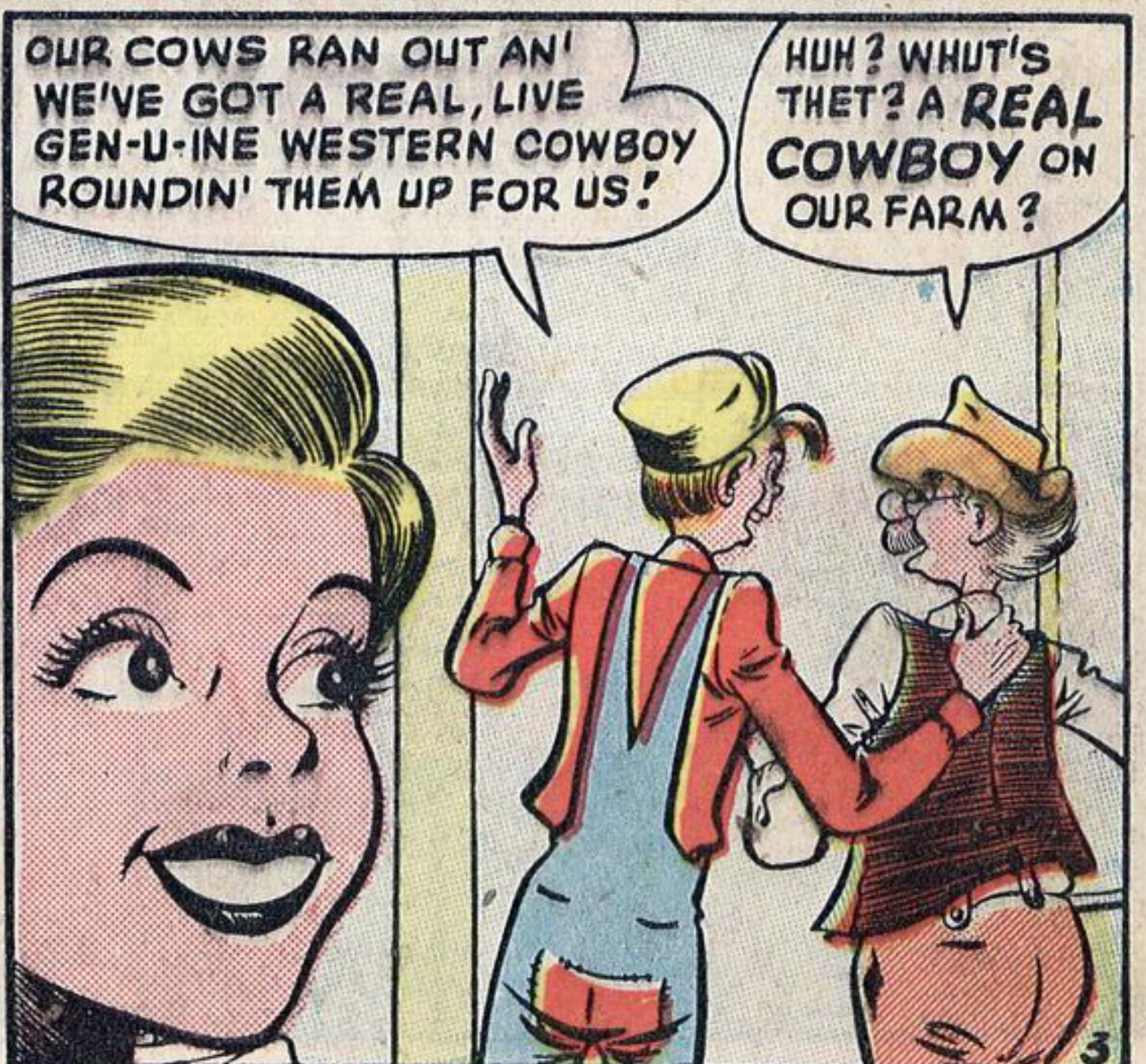
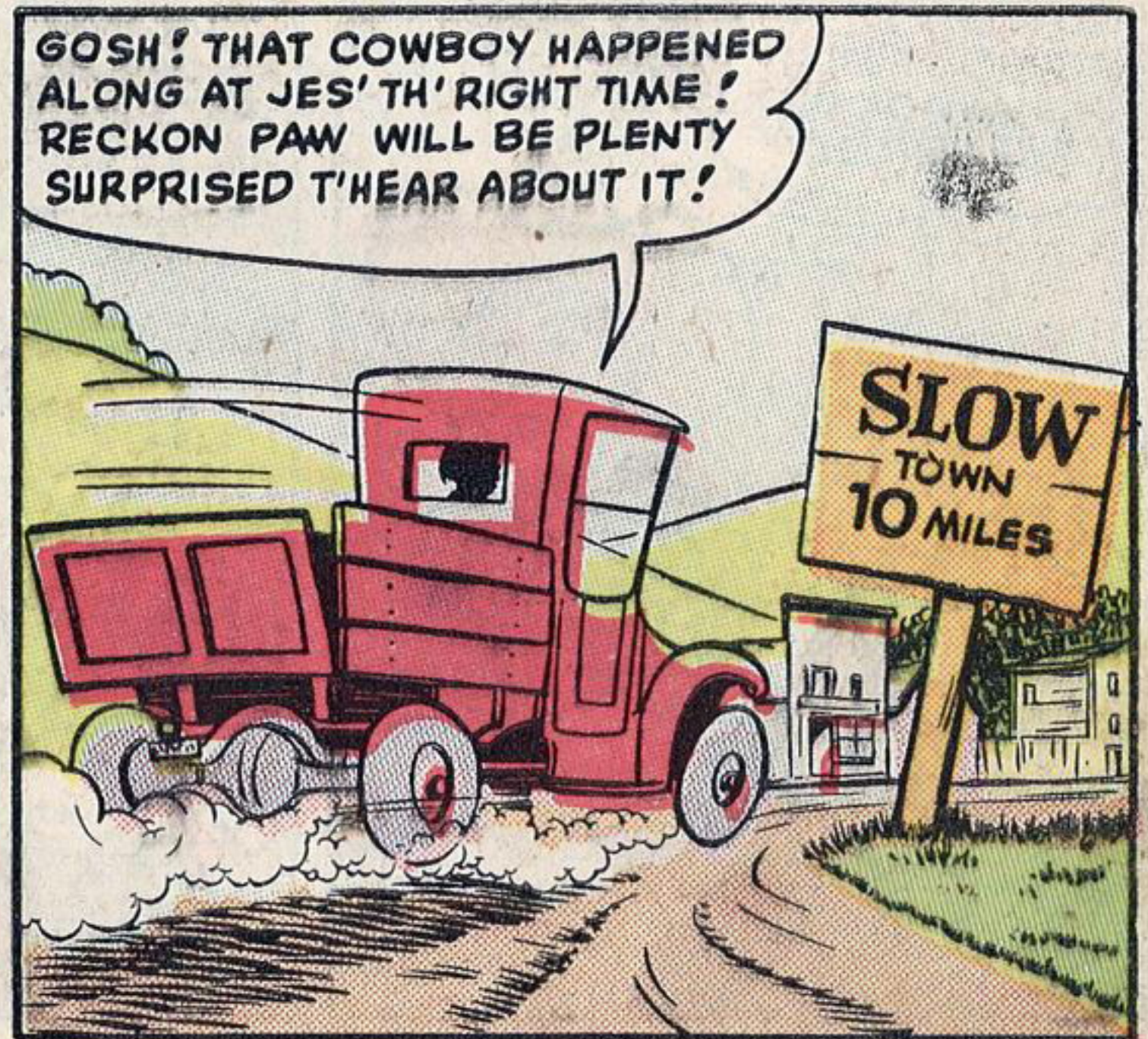
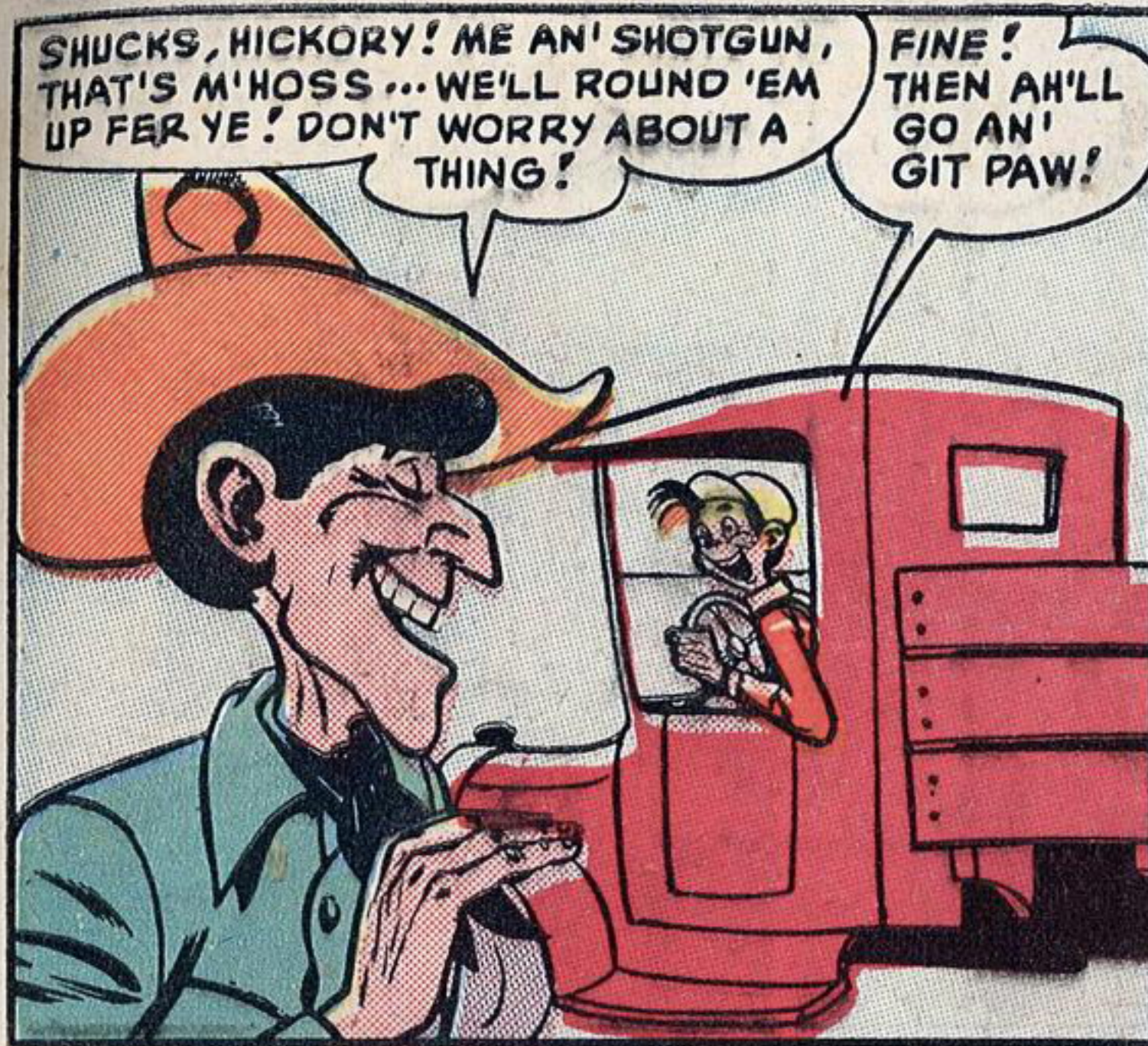
- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

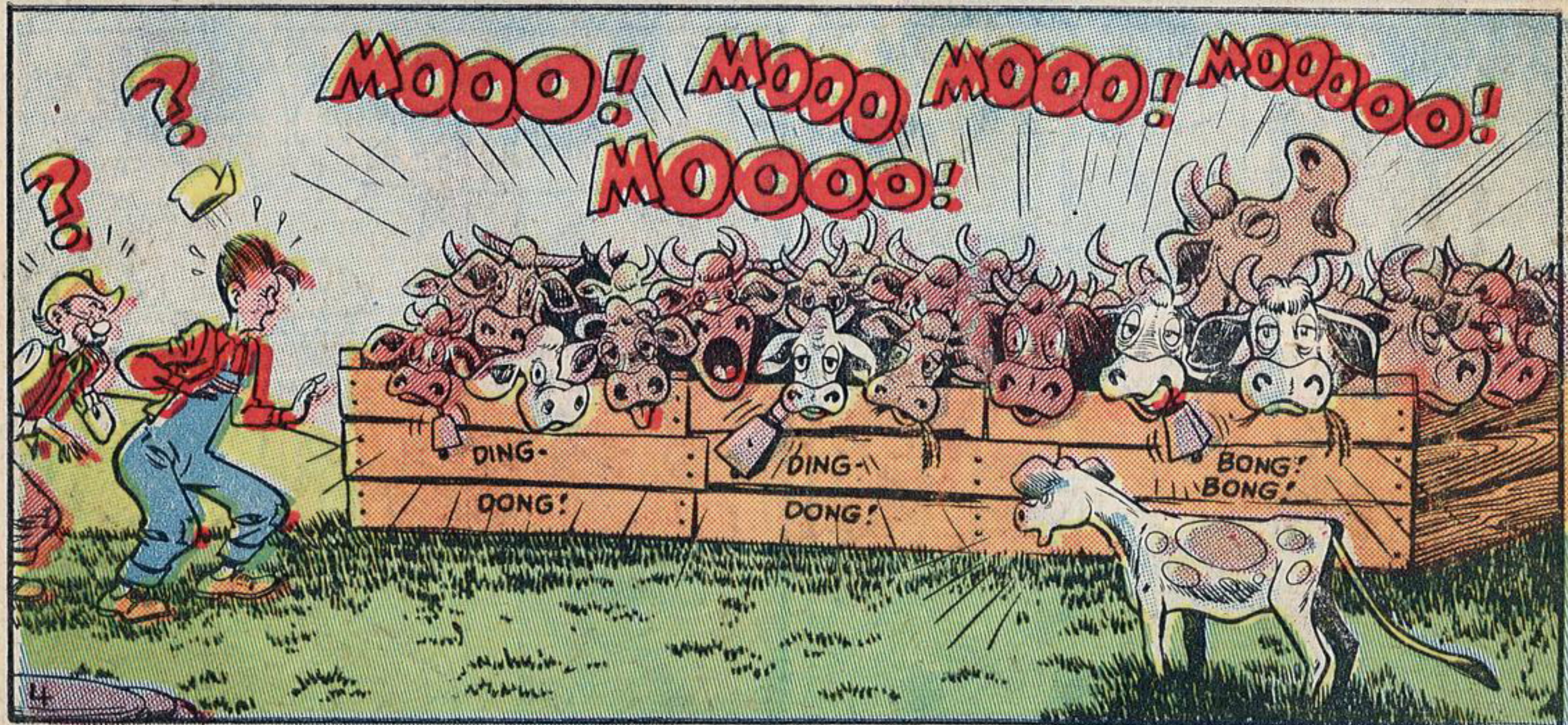
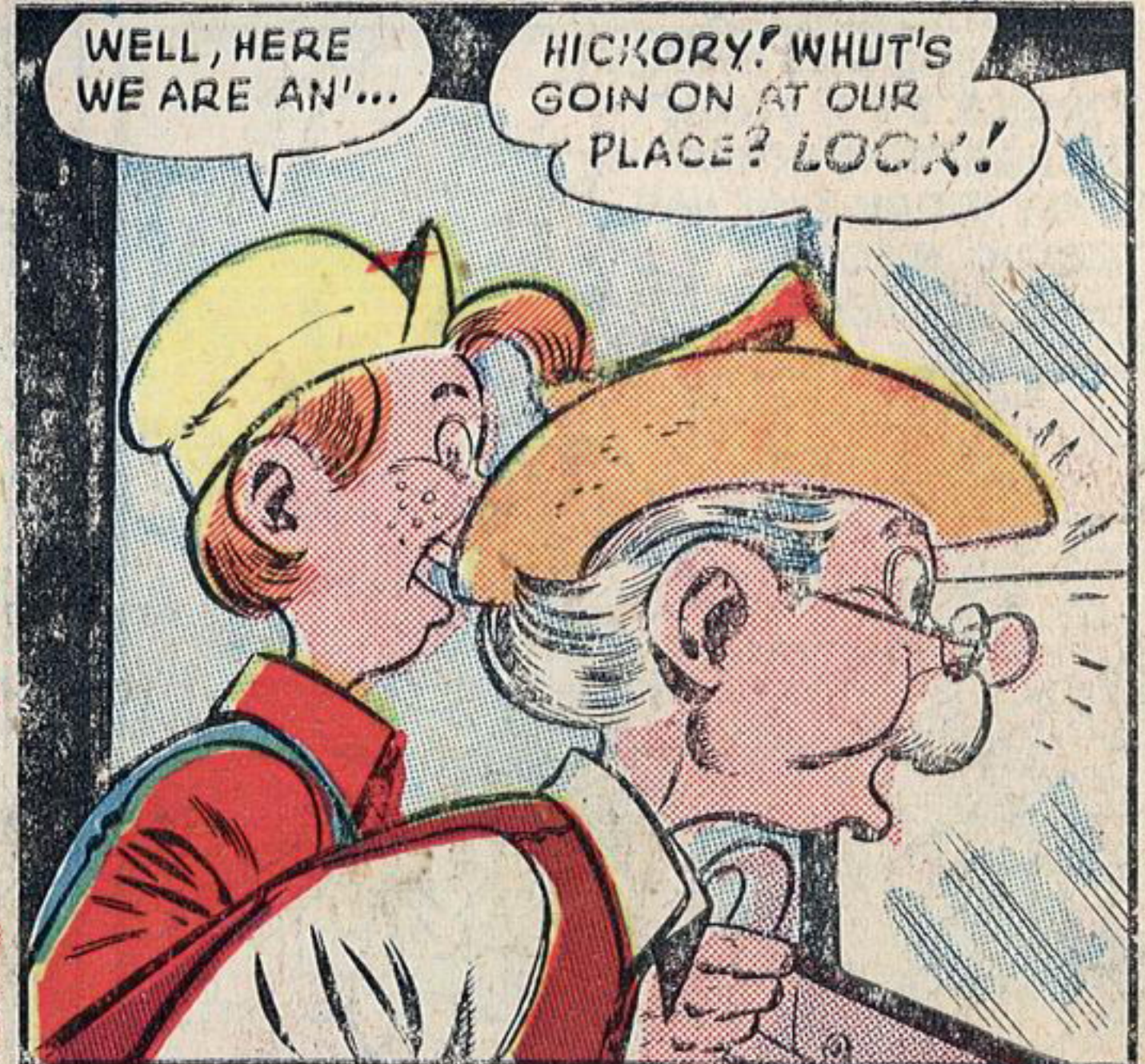
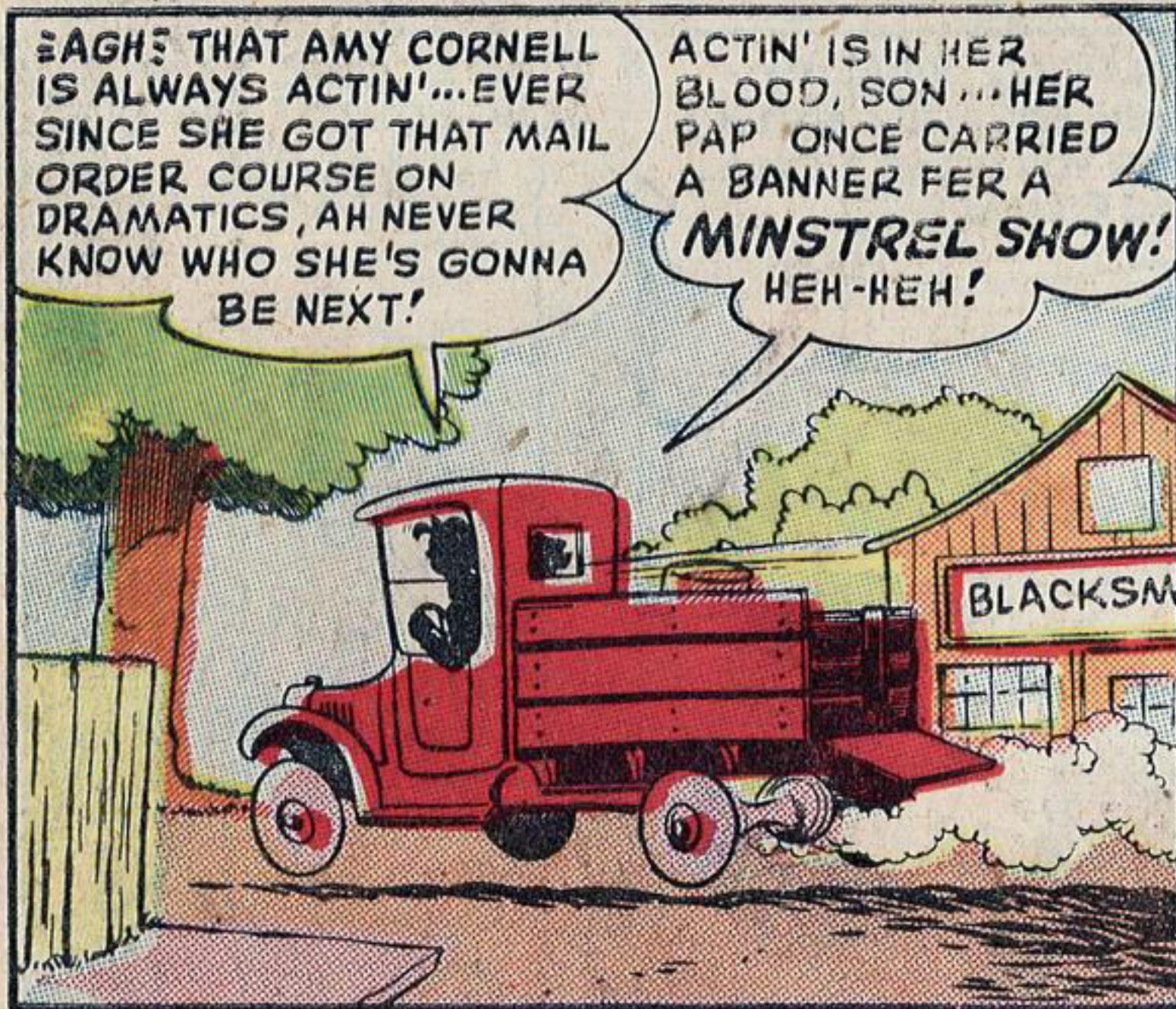
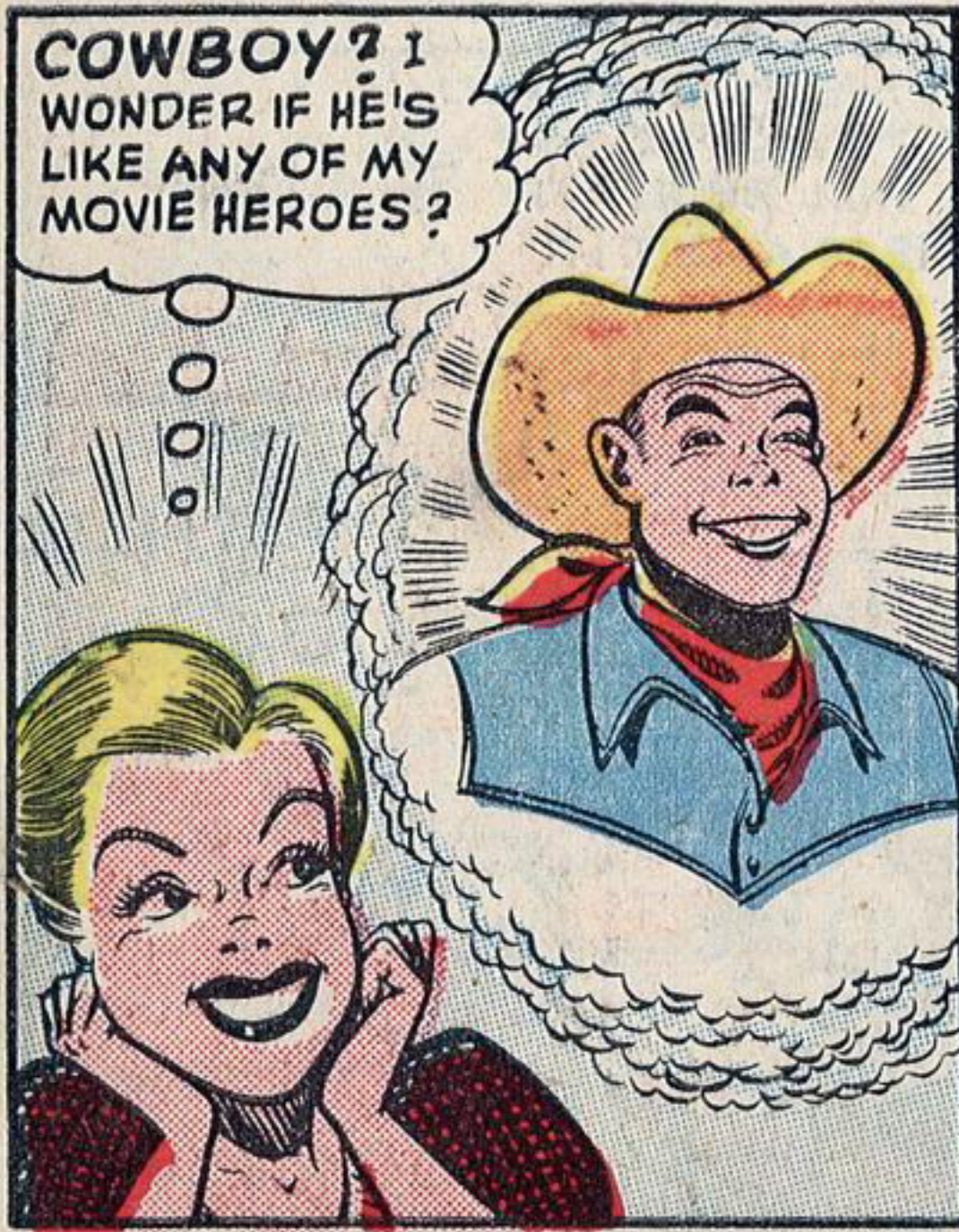
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STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

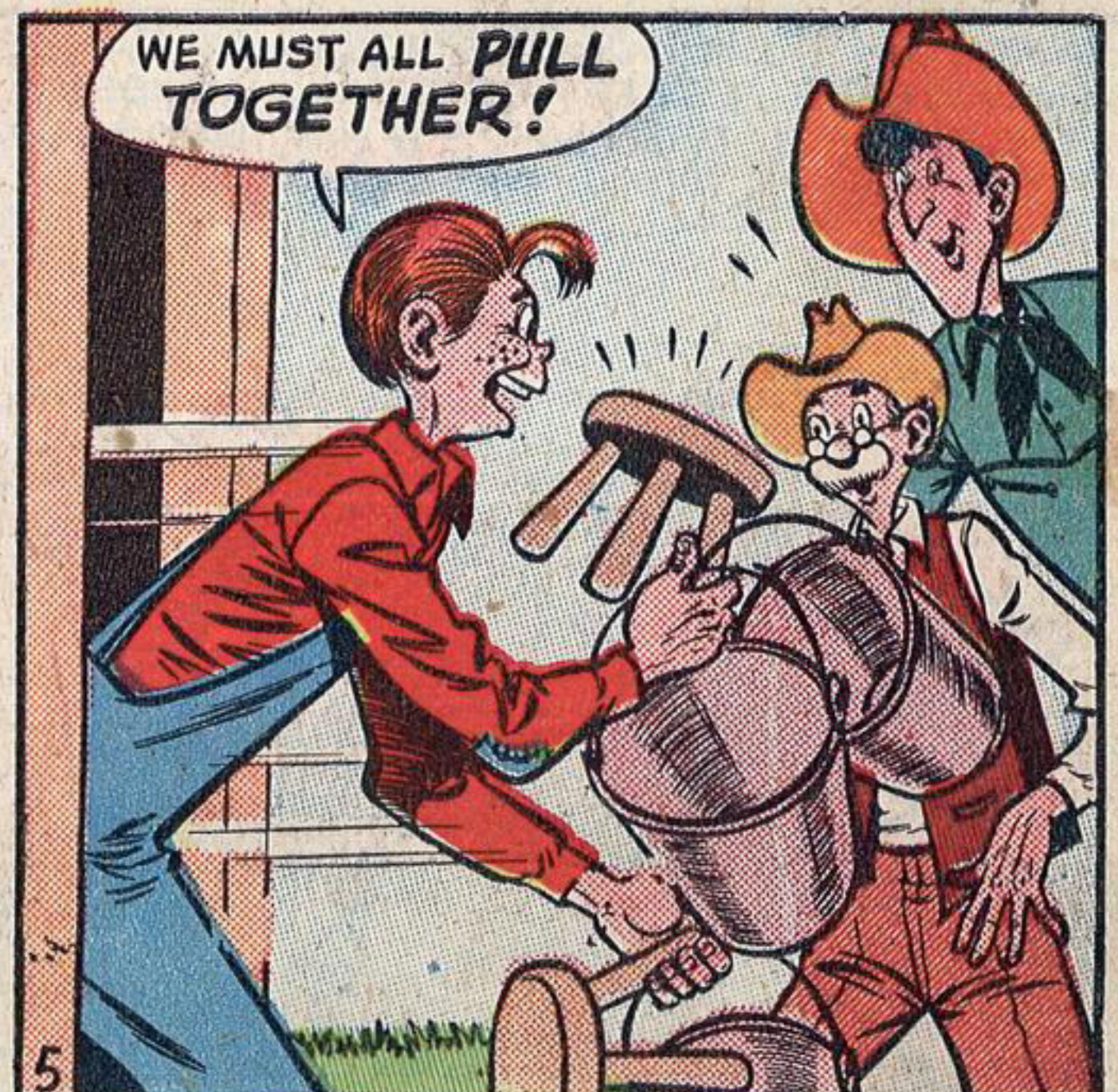
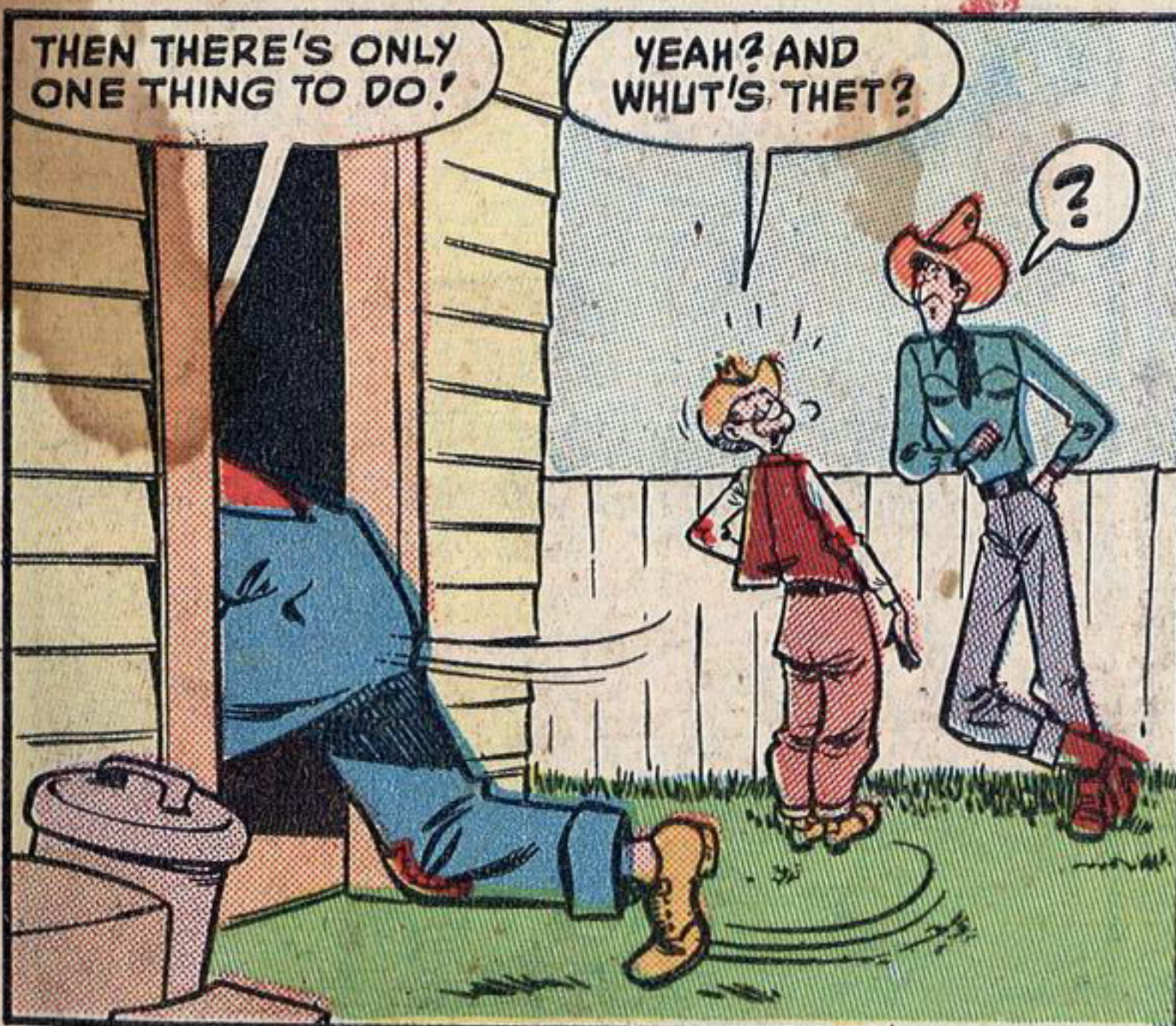
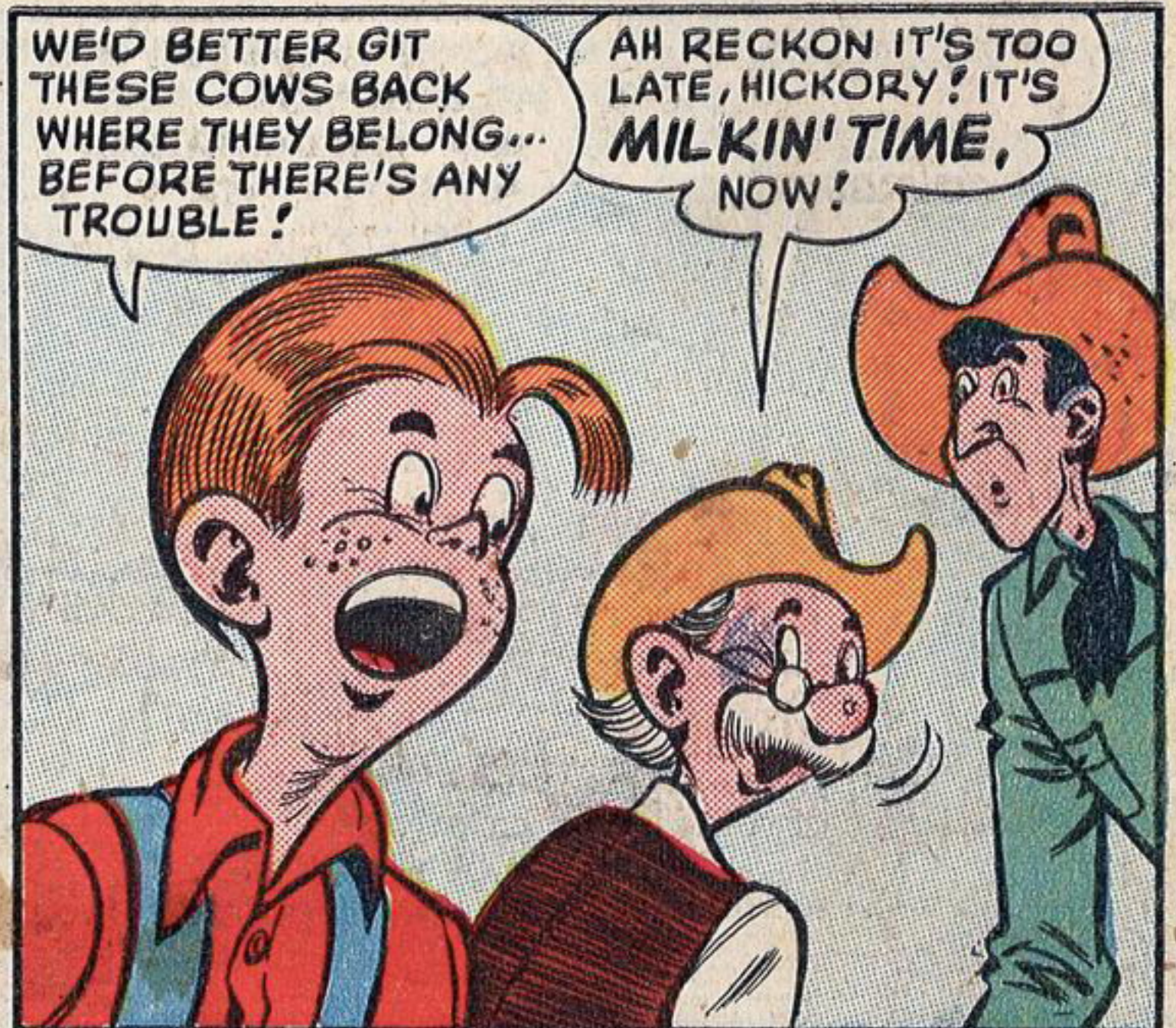
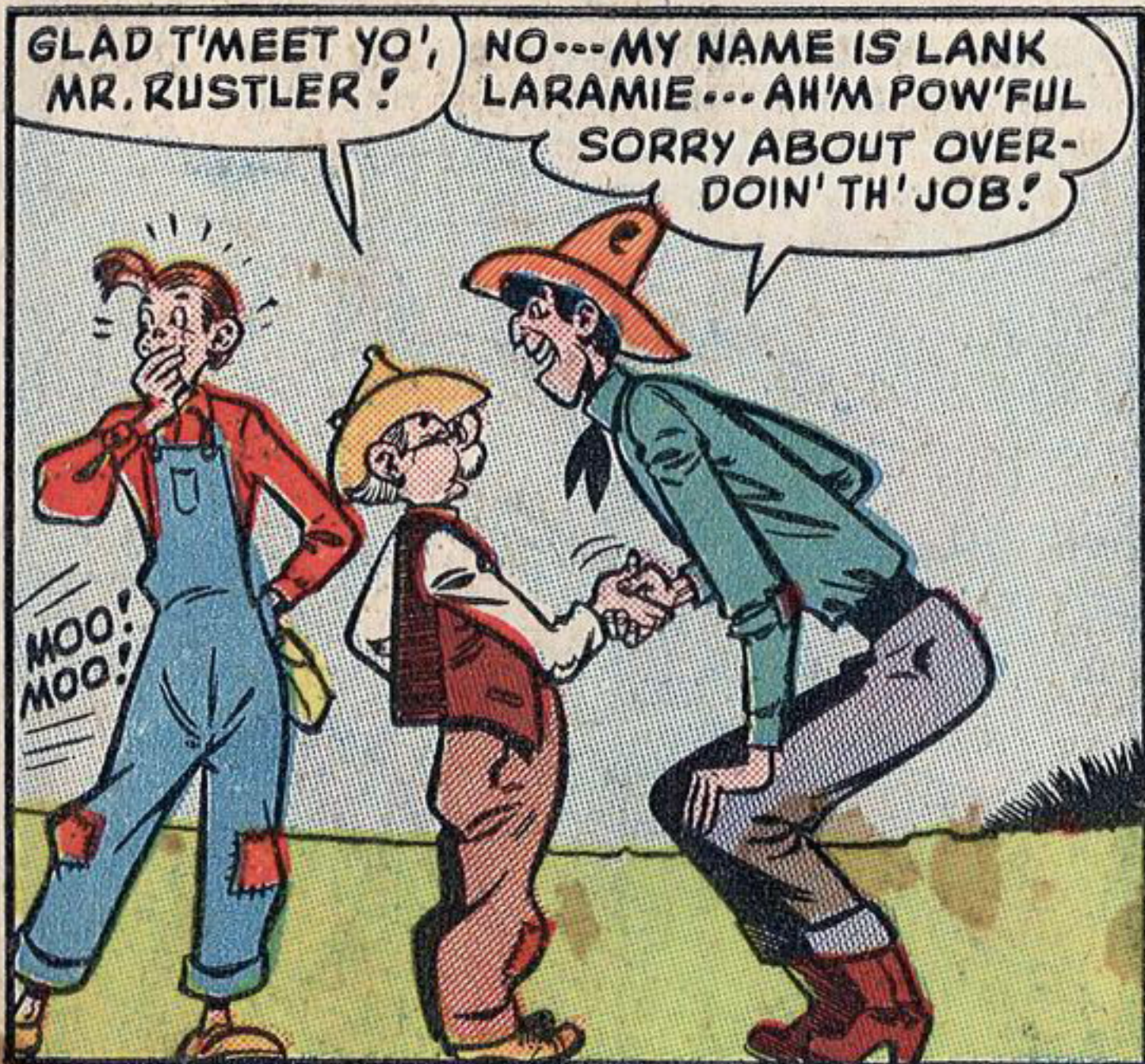
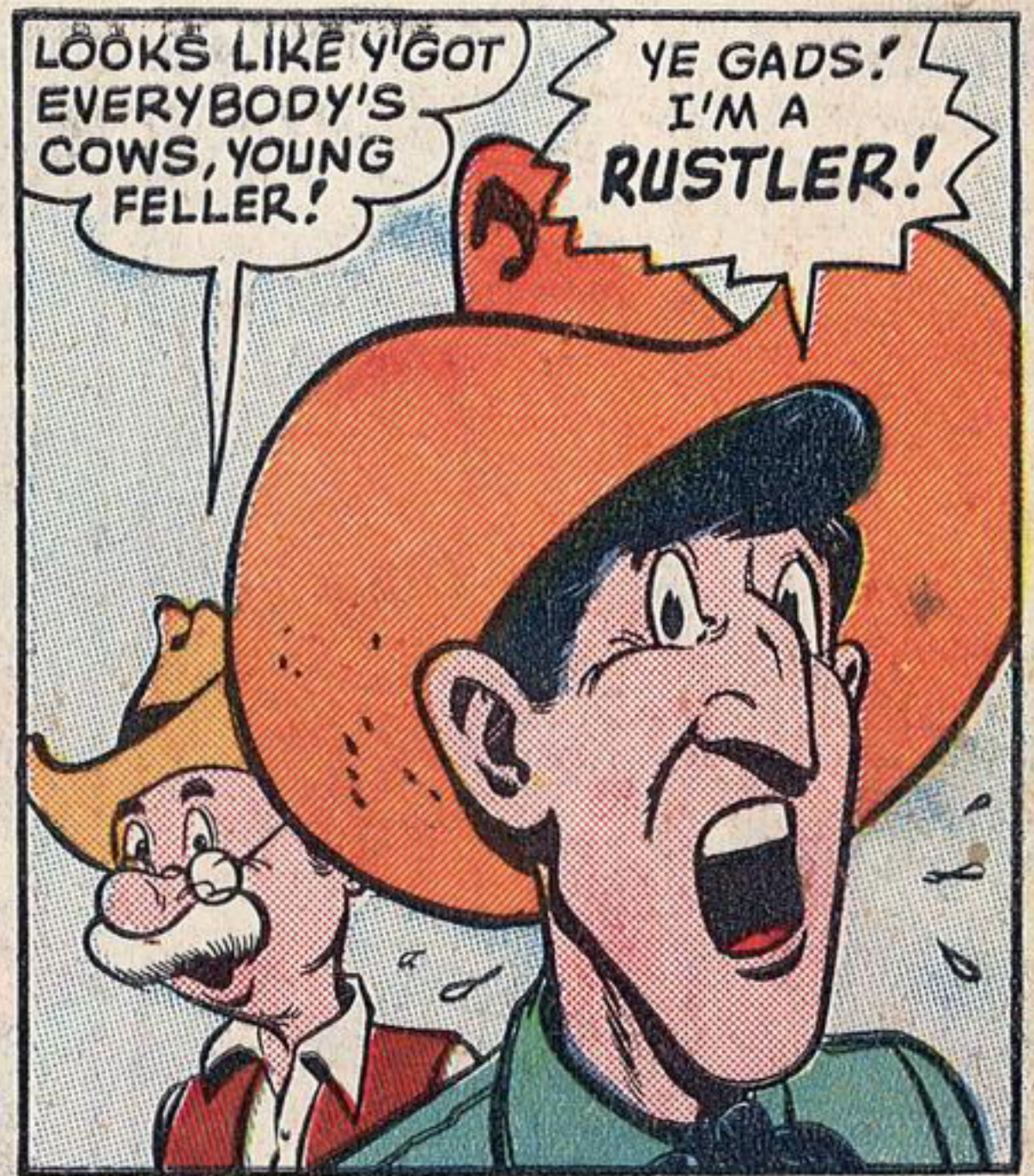
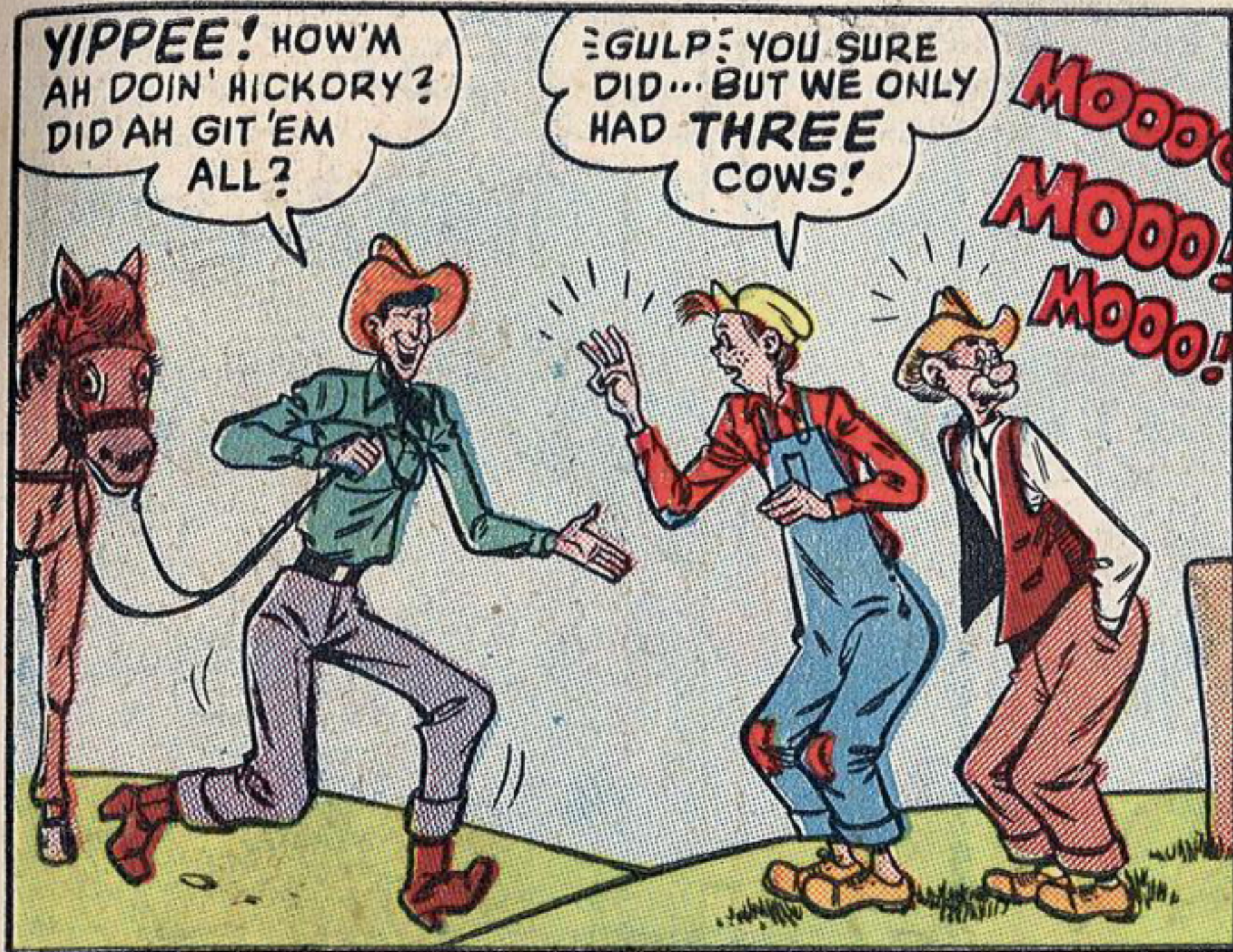
Hickory

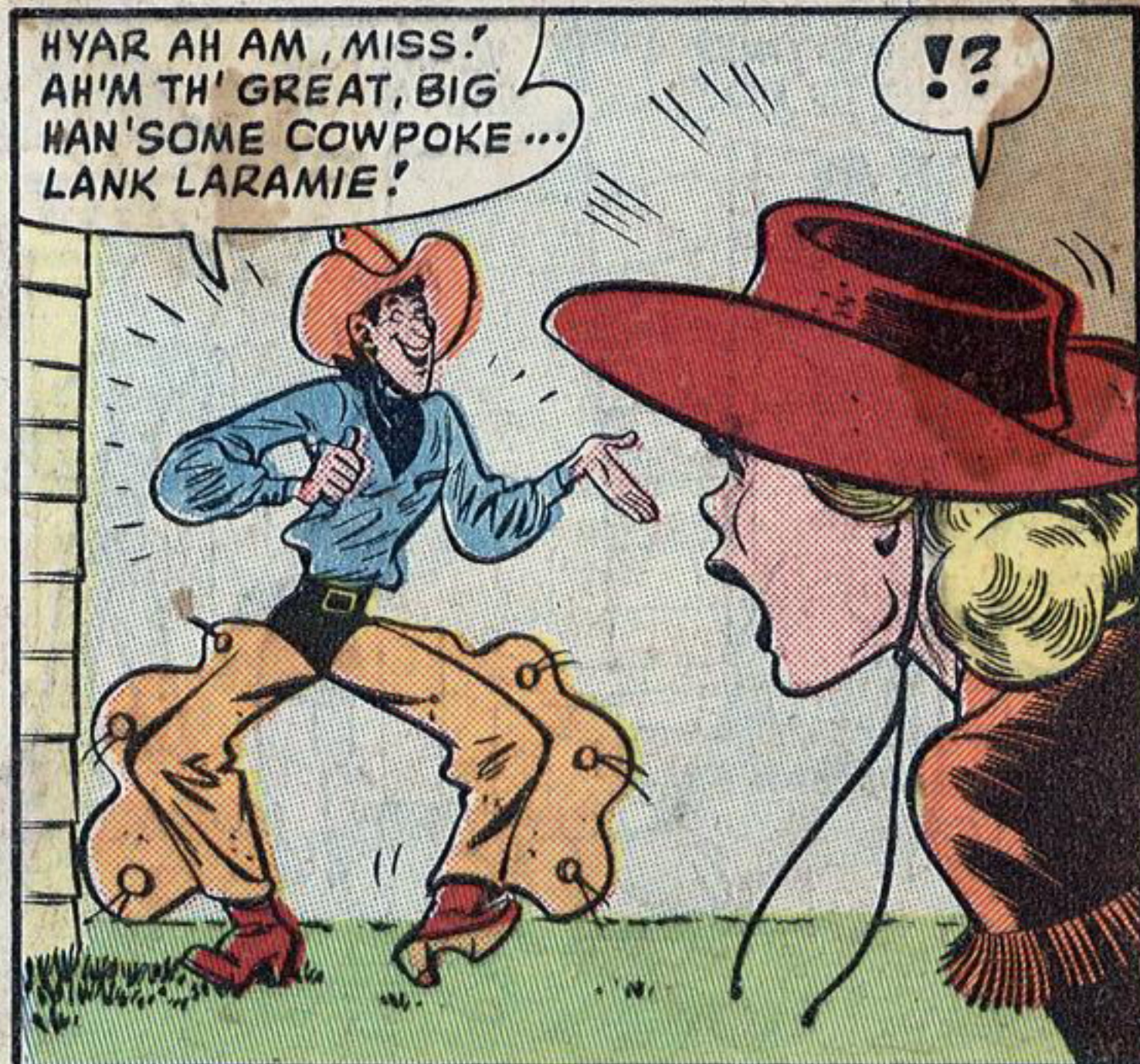
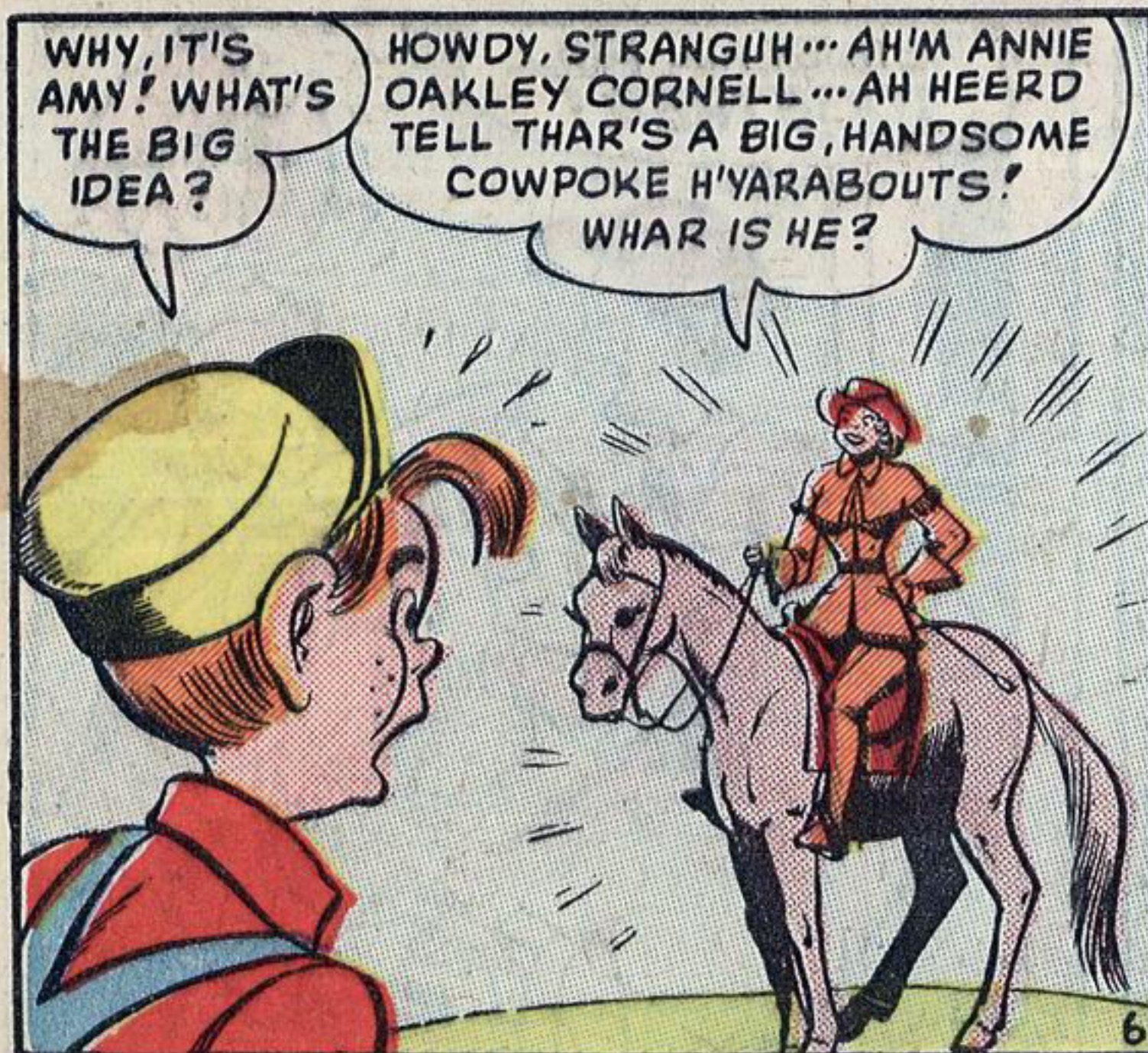
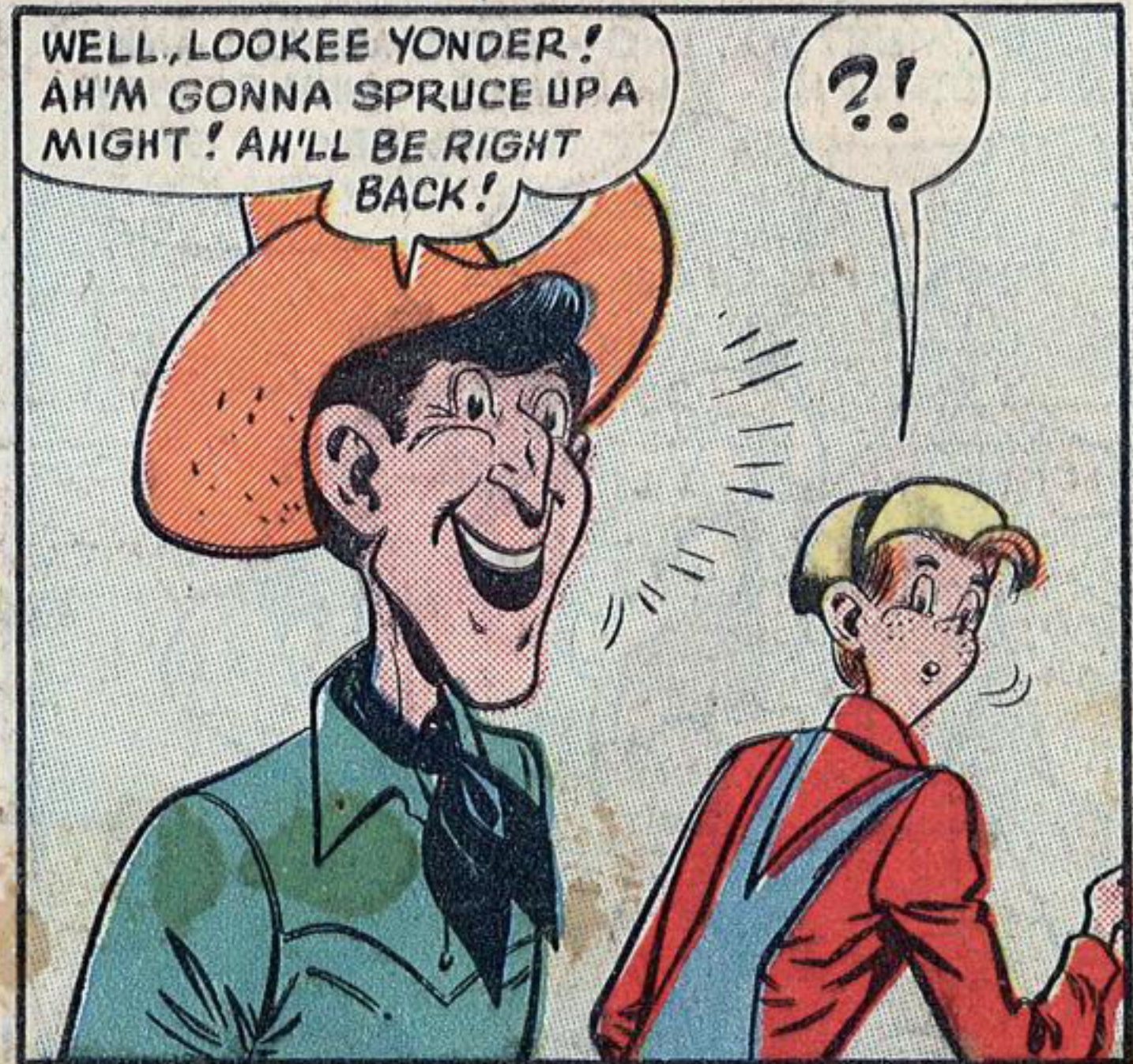
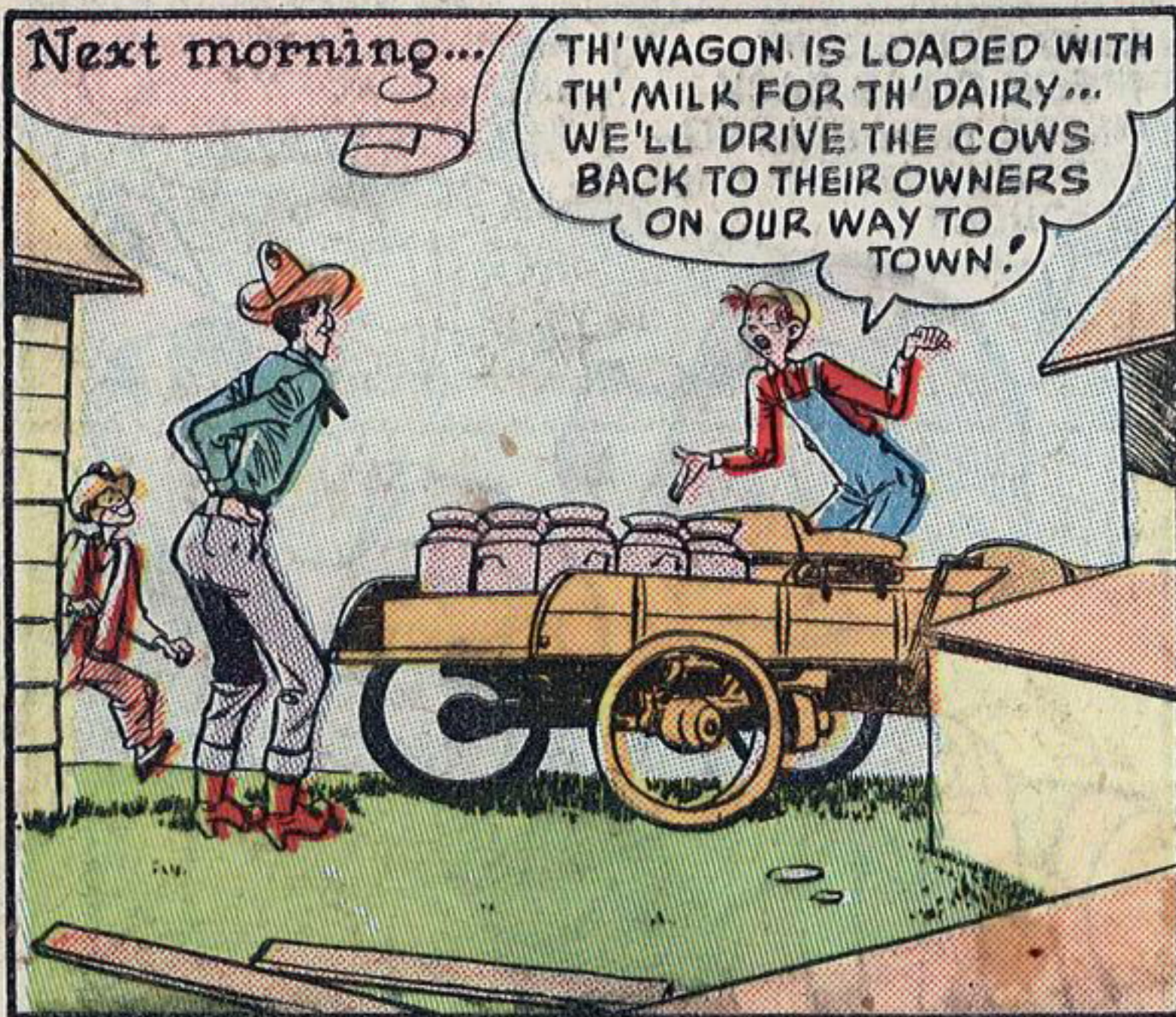
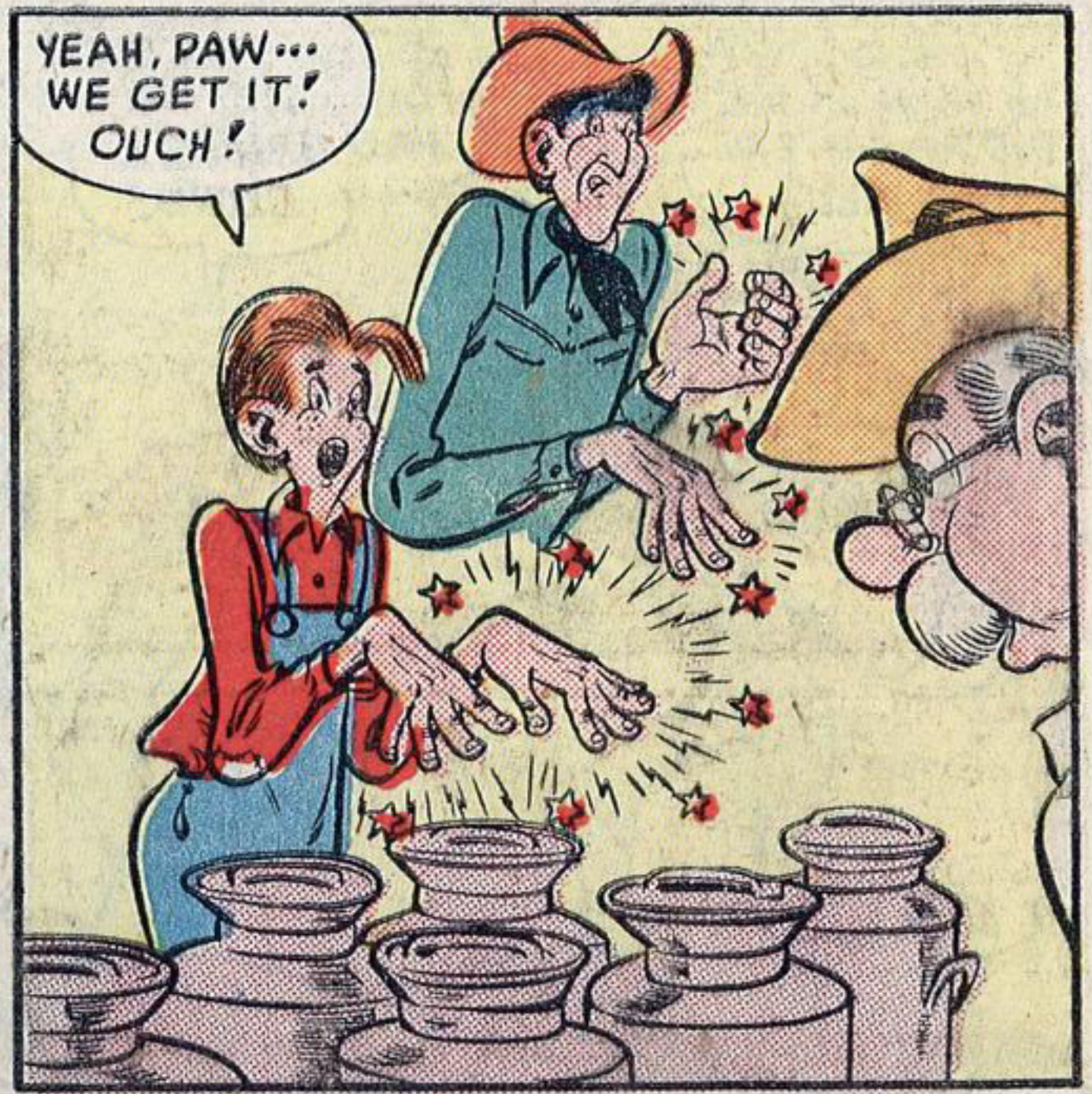


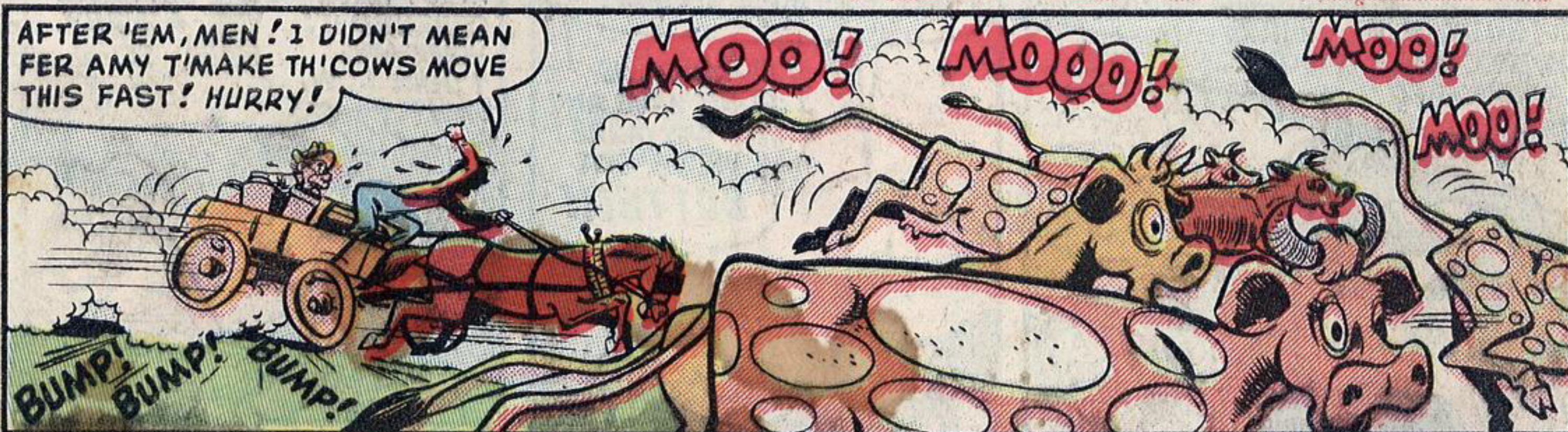


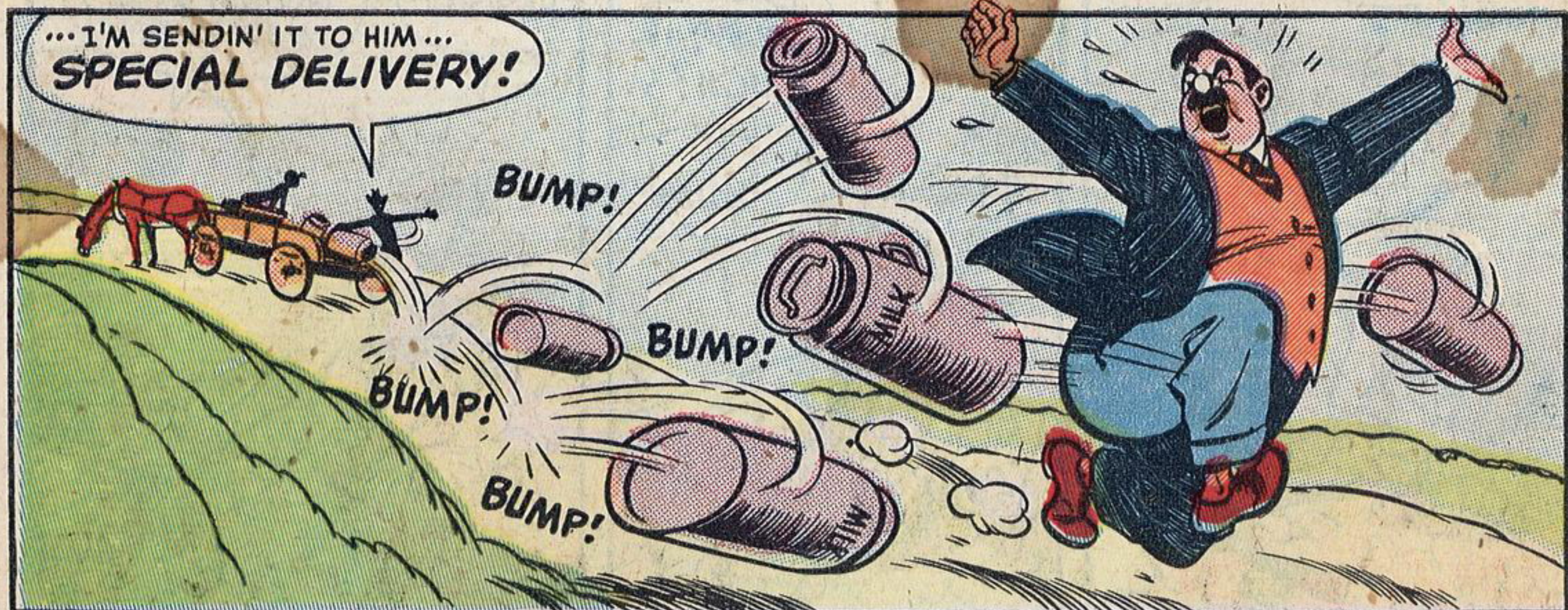
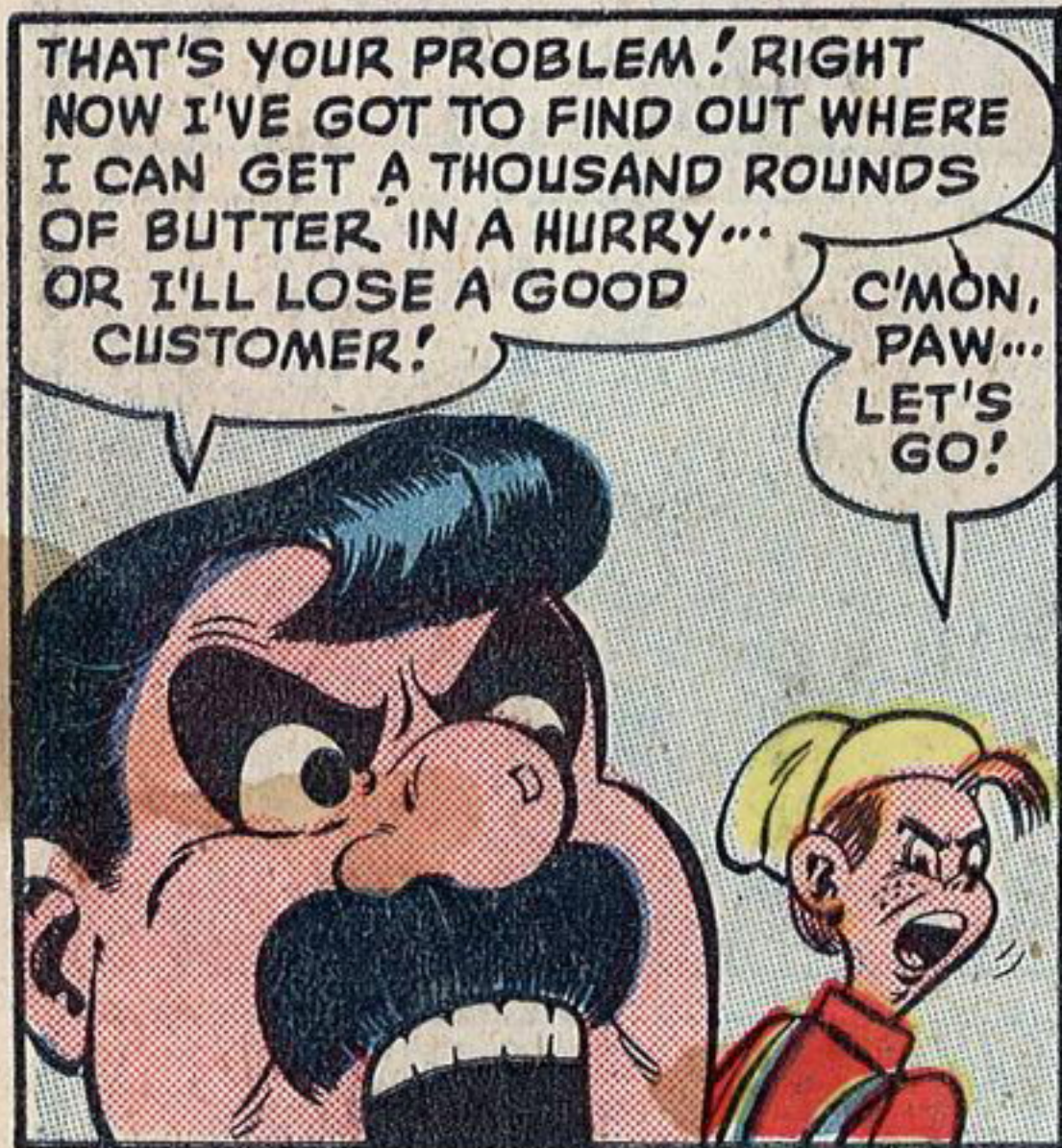
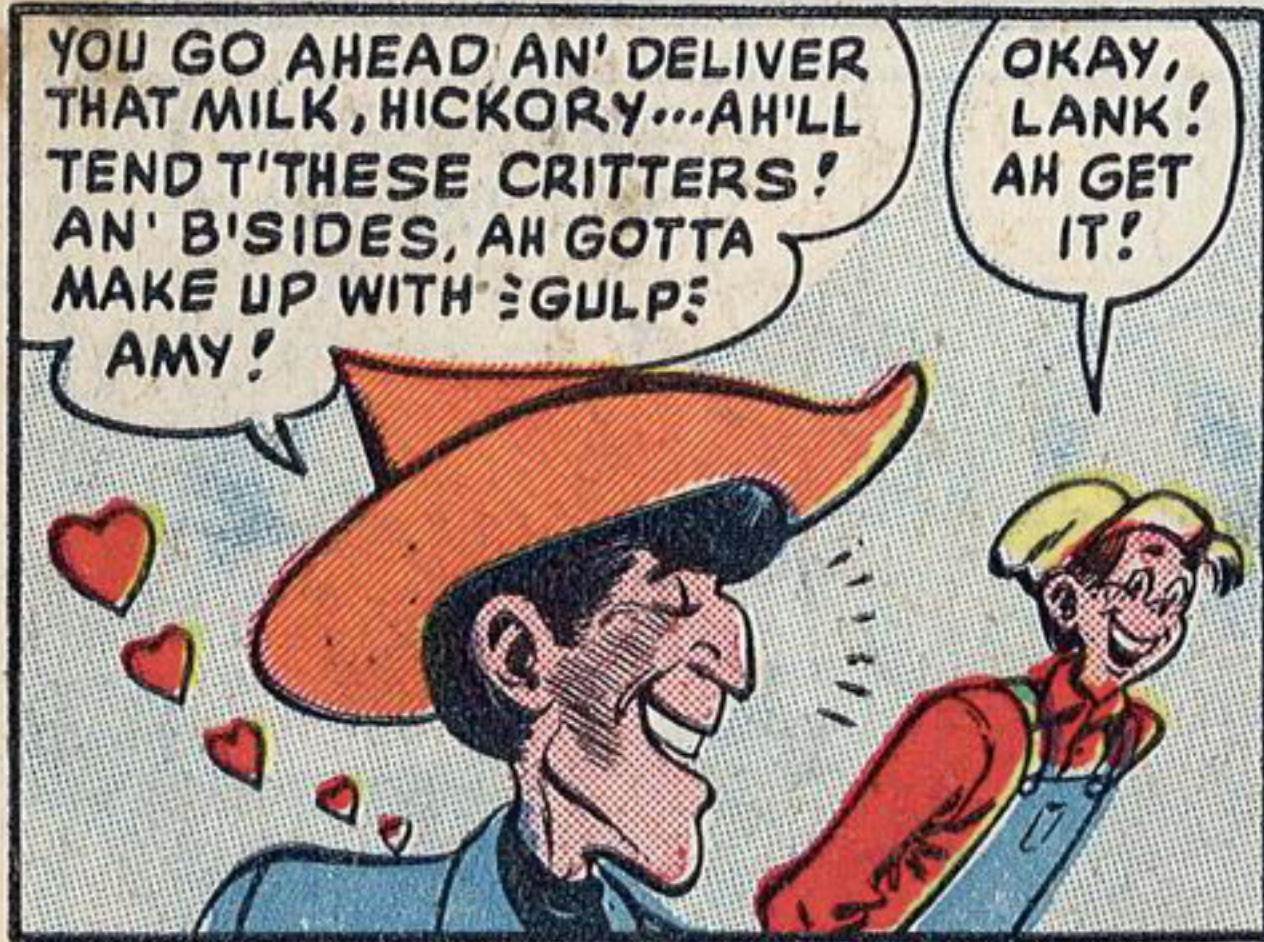
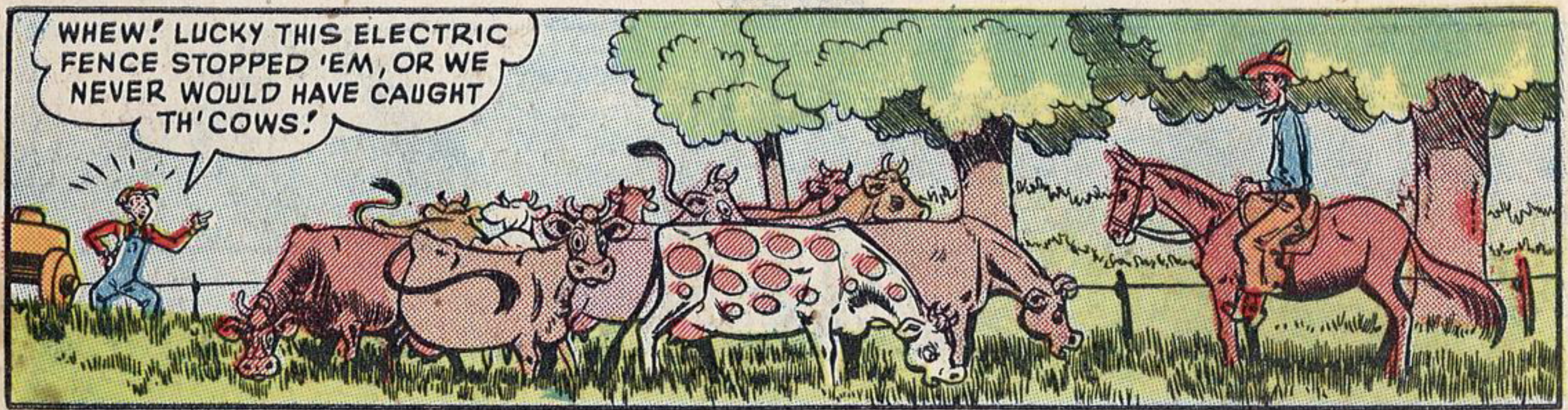


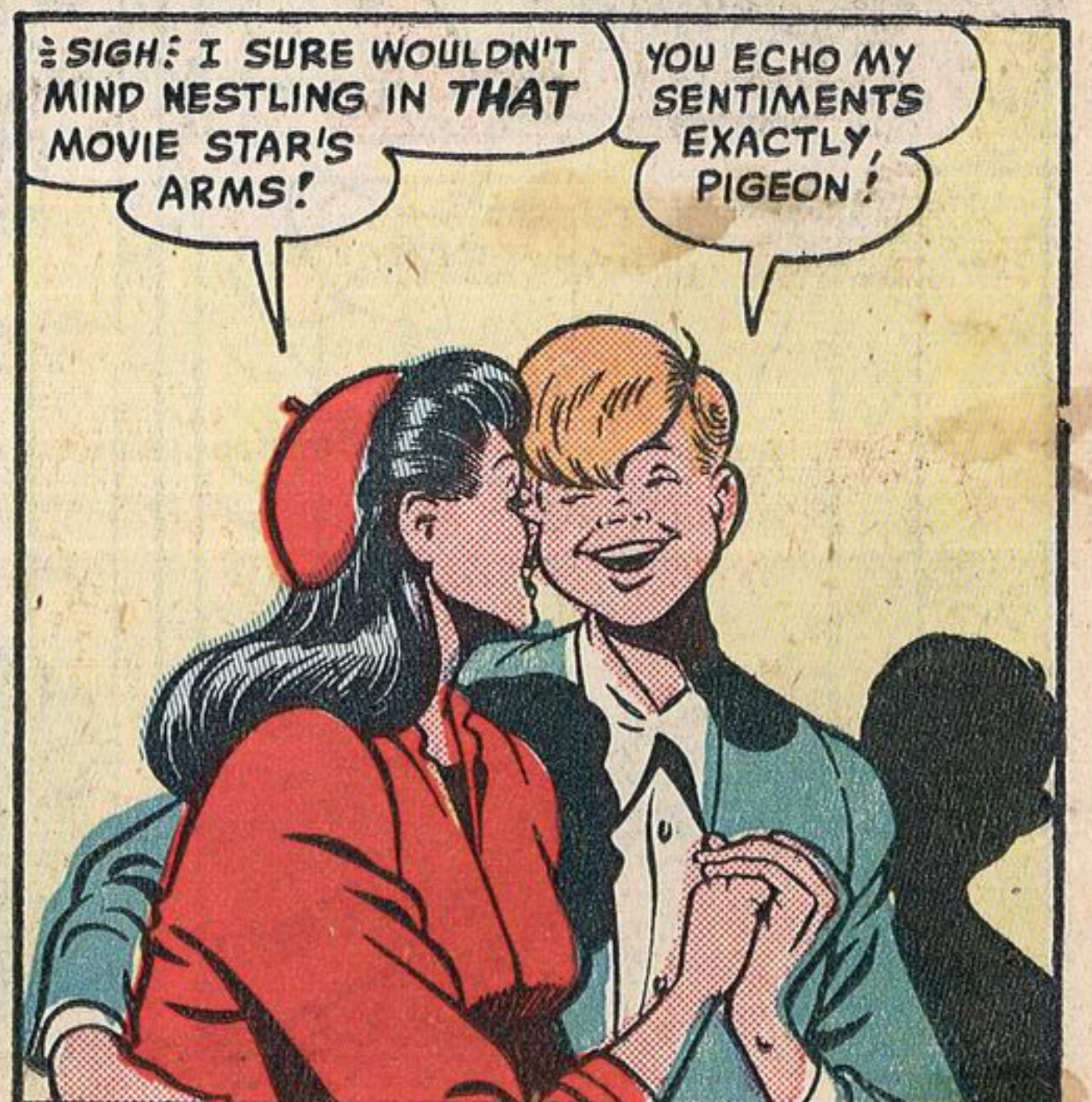
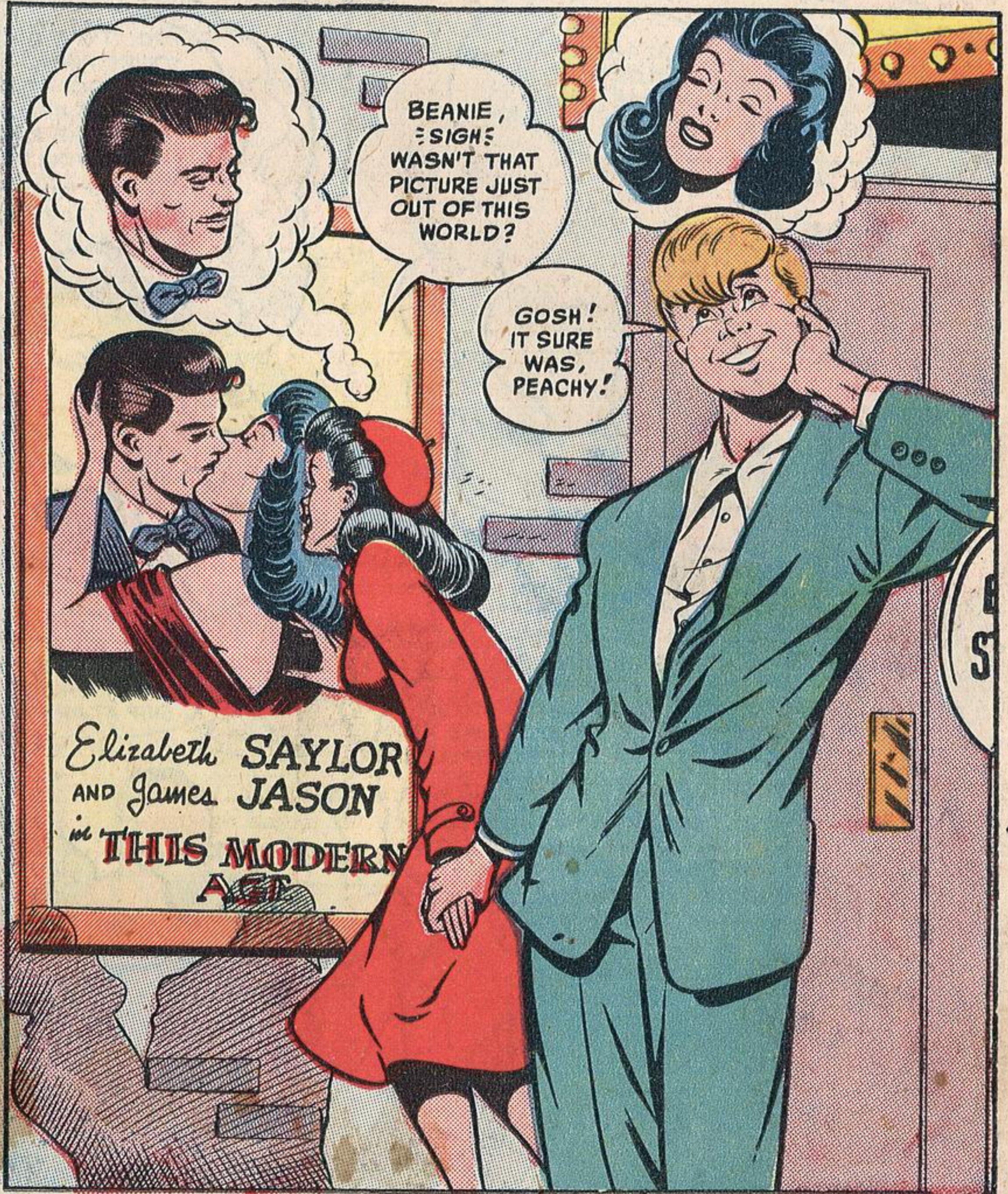




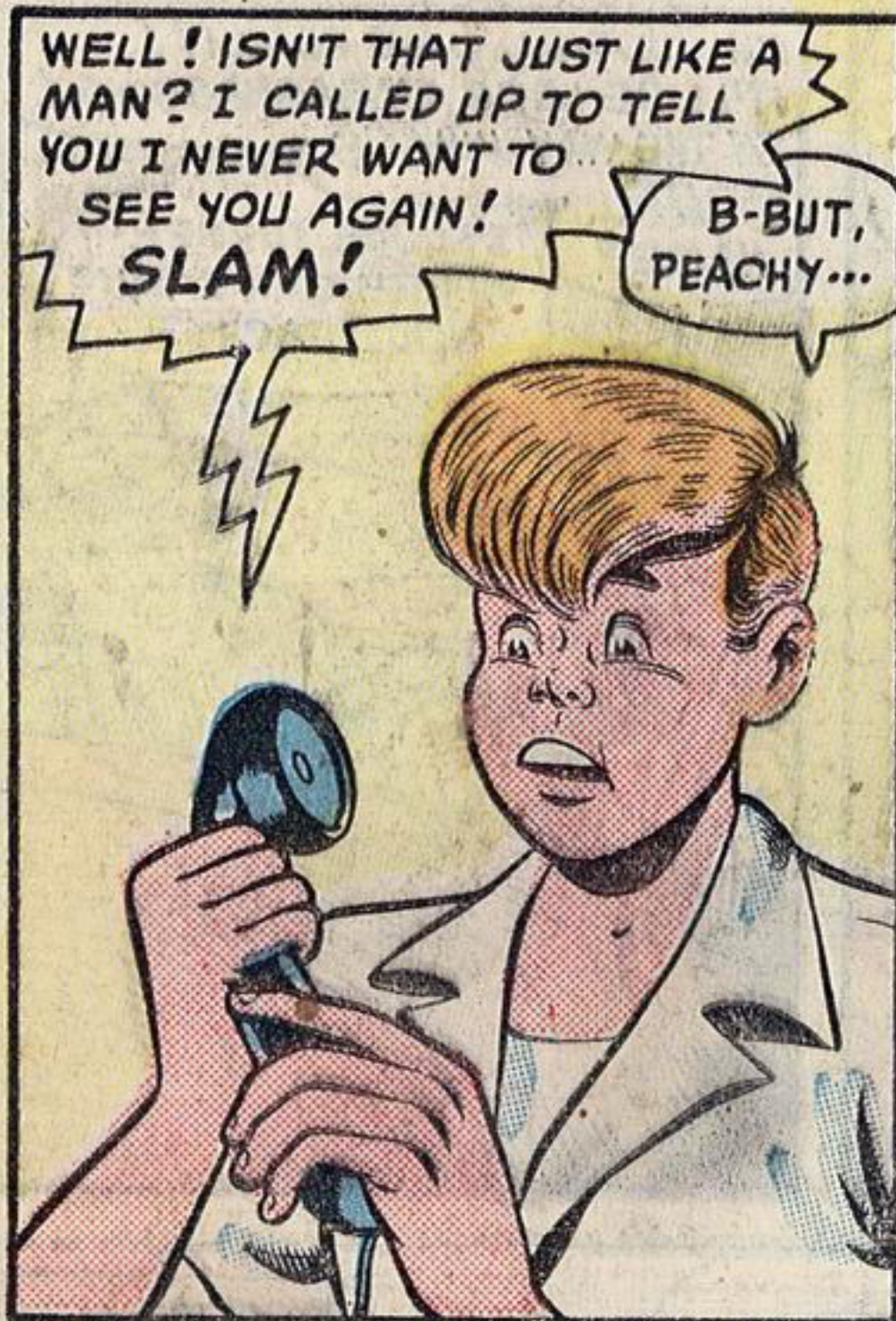
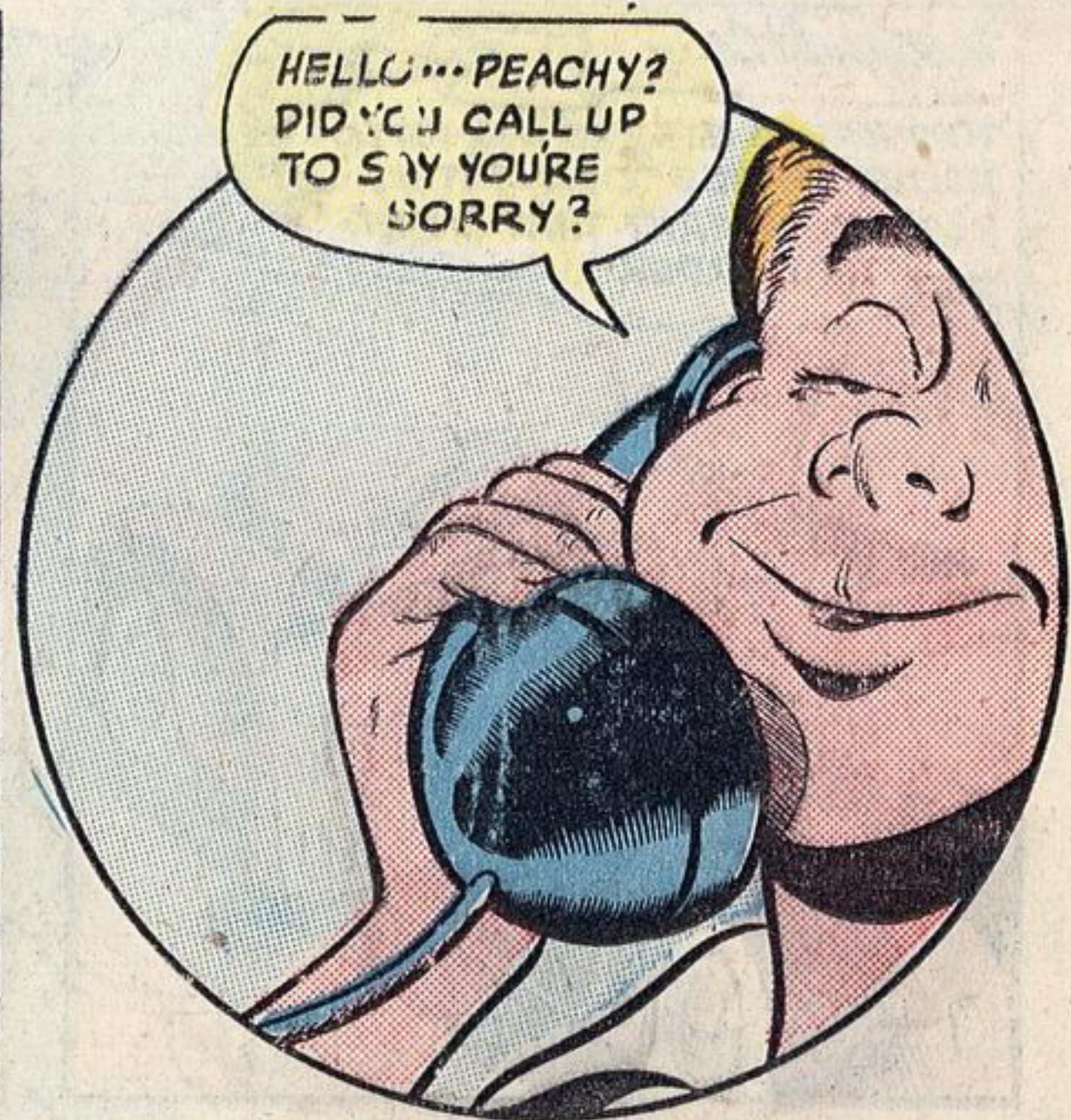
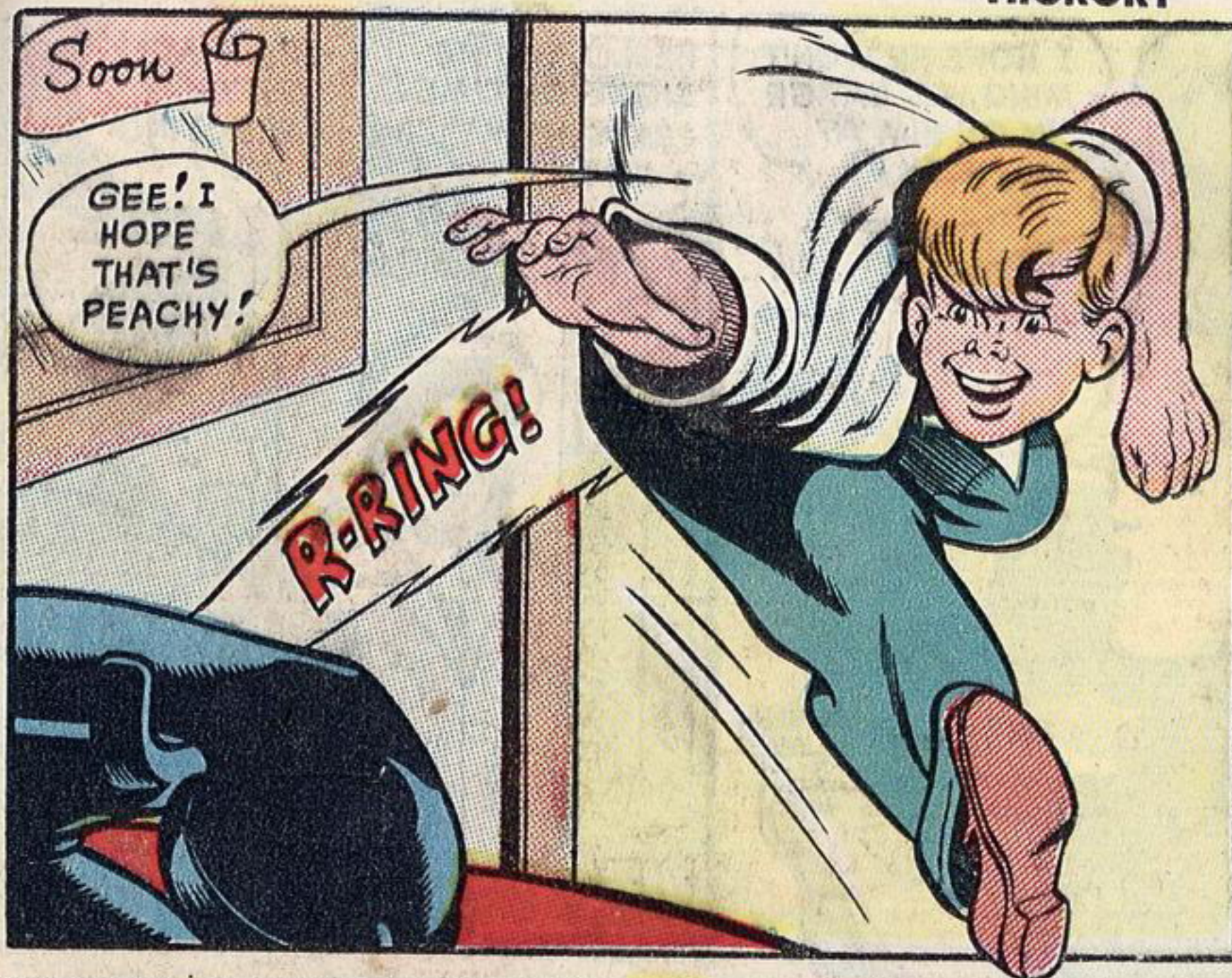






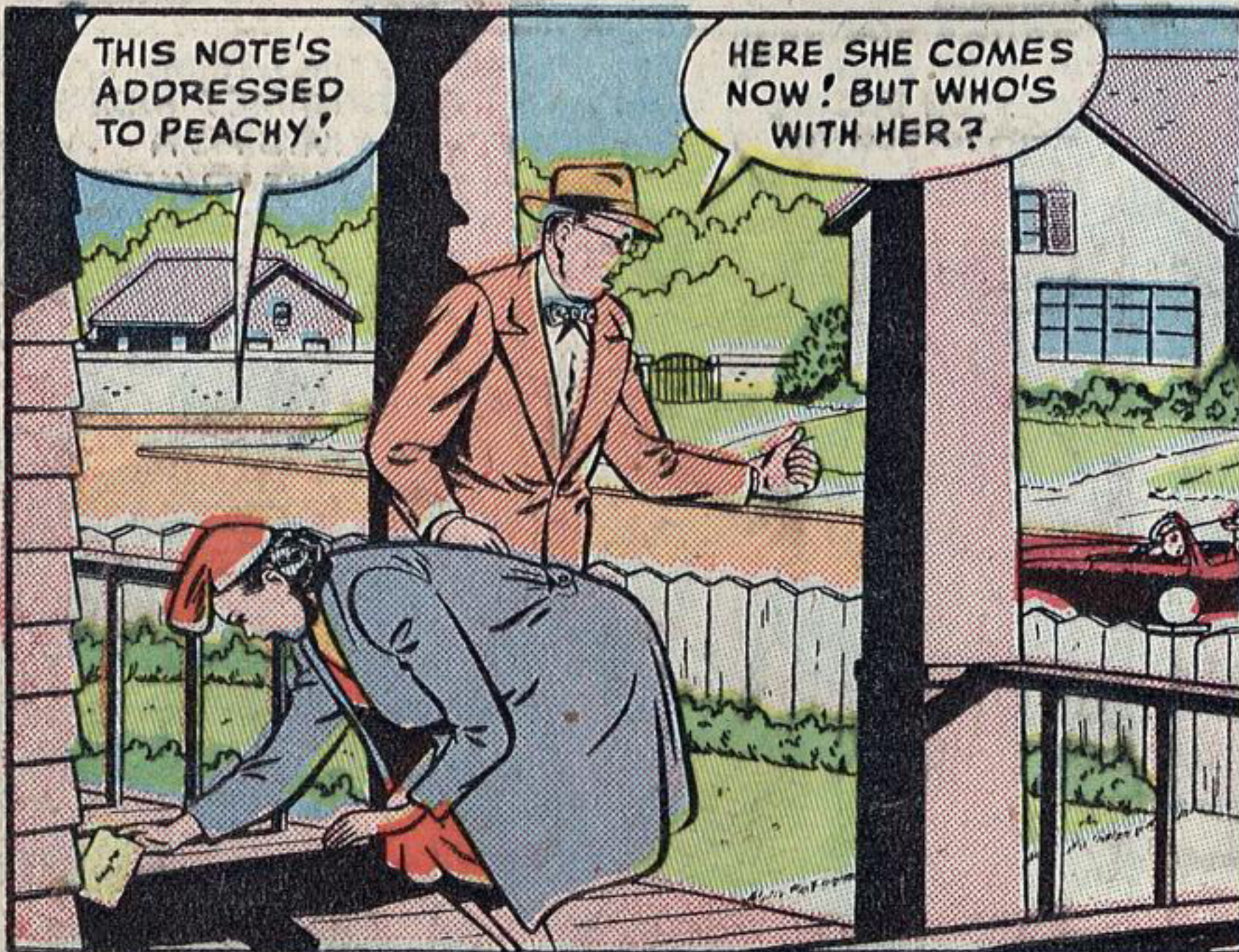












Dear Miss Pitts:
 Called as requested but
 found no one home. Minimum
 service charge, \$2, plus
 20 cents carfare.
 Please remit!
 Elite Escort Service

THEN JIM TURNER WASN'T FROM
 THE ESCORT SERVICE! THE
 NERVE OF HIM, TAKING ME OUT!
 A MARRIED MAN WITH FOUR
 CHILDREN!

BEANIE! YOU
 DARLING! I'M
 SO GLAD TO
 SEE YOU!

Y-YOU
 ARE,
 PEACHY?

PEACHY!

I THOUGHT IT ALL OVER,
 AND I DECIDED YOU
 WERE ABSOLUTELY
 RIGHT!

WELL, I'M GLAD
 YOU CAME TO YOUR
 SENSES AT LAST!
 ER...WHAT WAS I
 RIGHT ABOUT,
 BEANIE?

IT'S LIKE YOU SAID...YOU **COULD** LOOK
 LIKE ELIZABETH SAYLOR...IF YOU HAD A
 DOZEN MAKE-UP MEN BUZZING
 AROUND YOU!

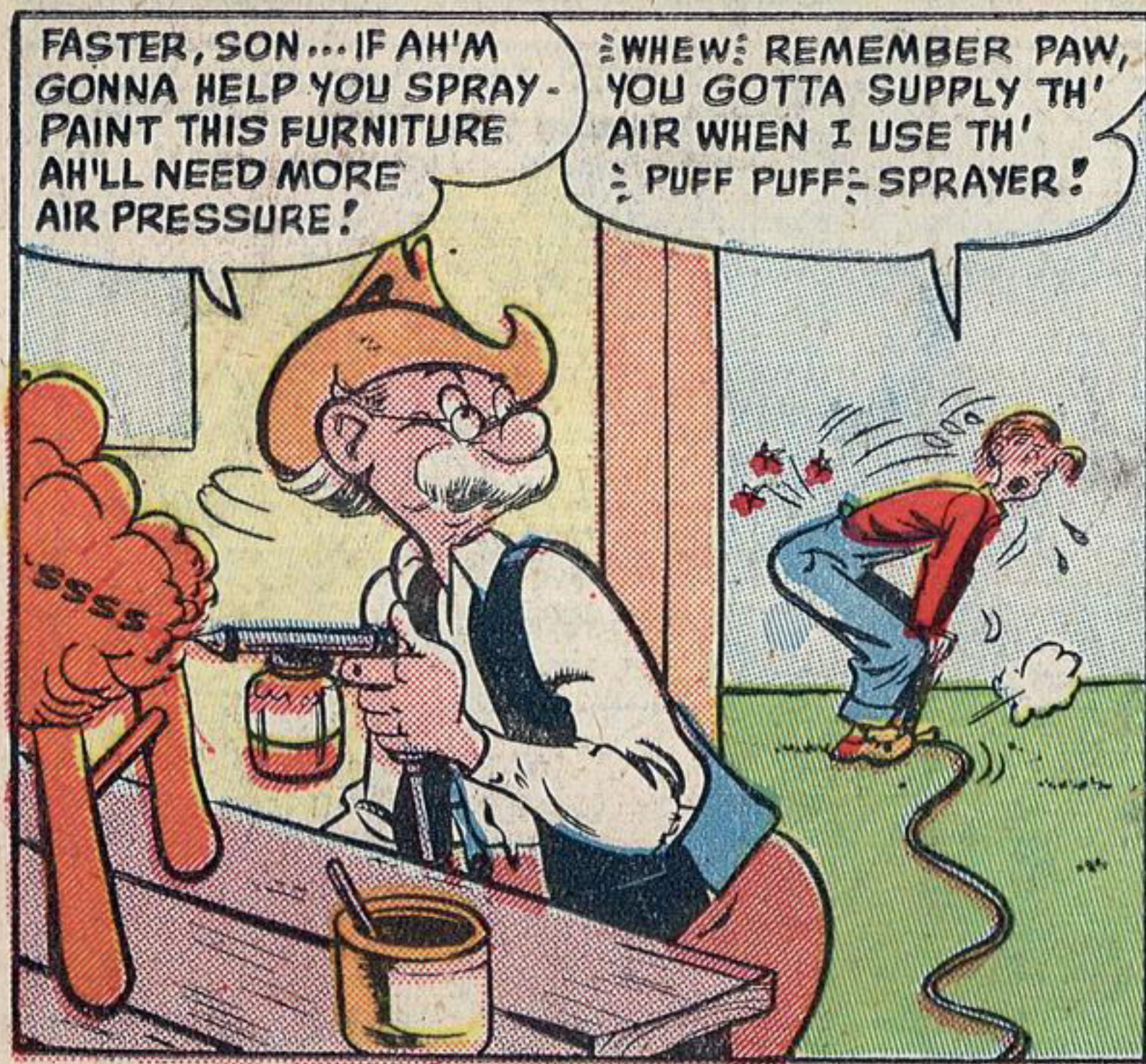
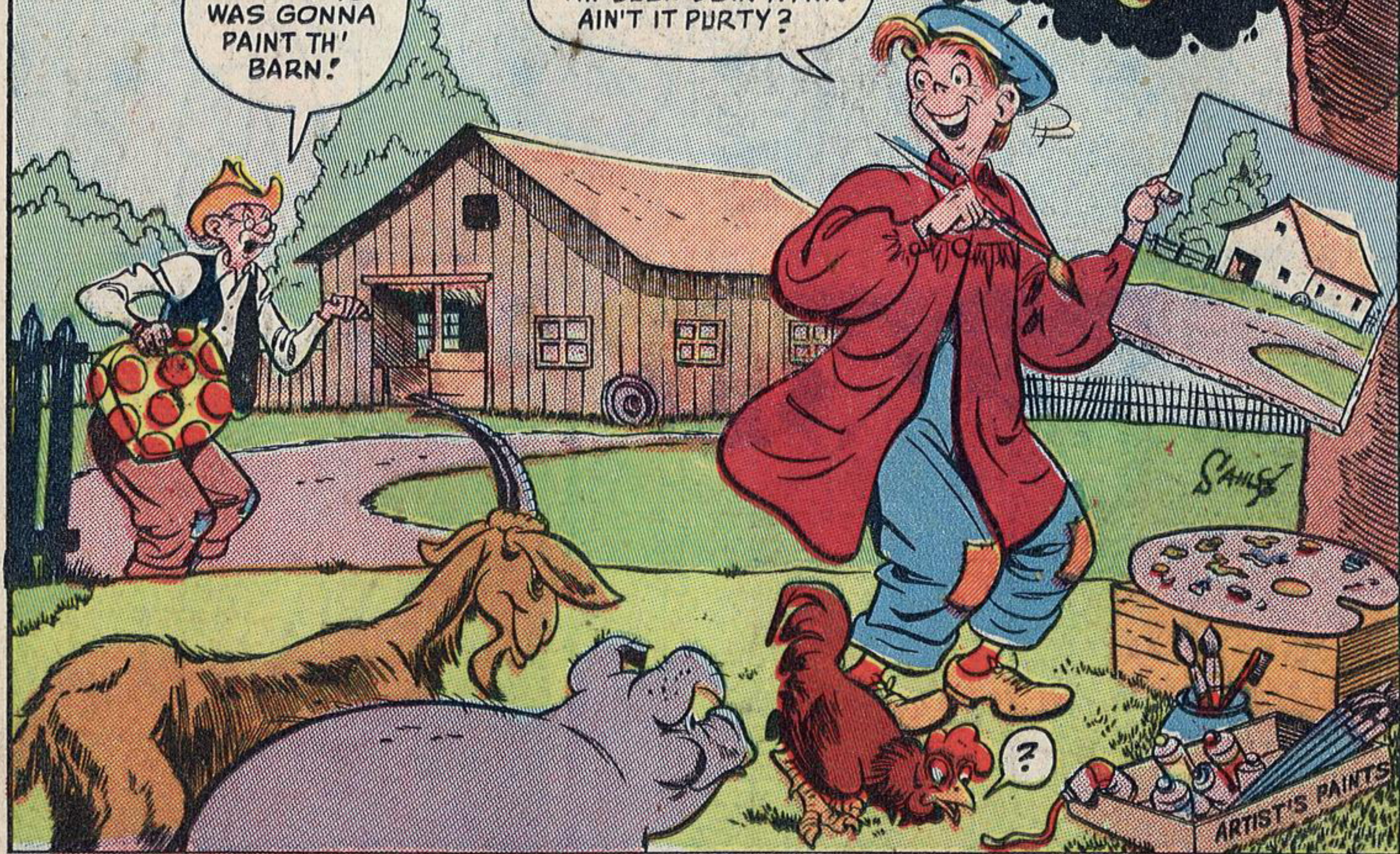
WHY,
 BEANIE
 BROWN!

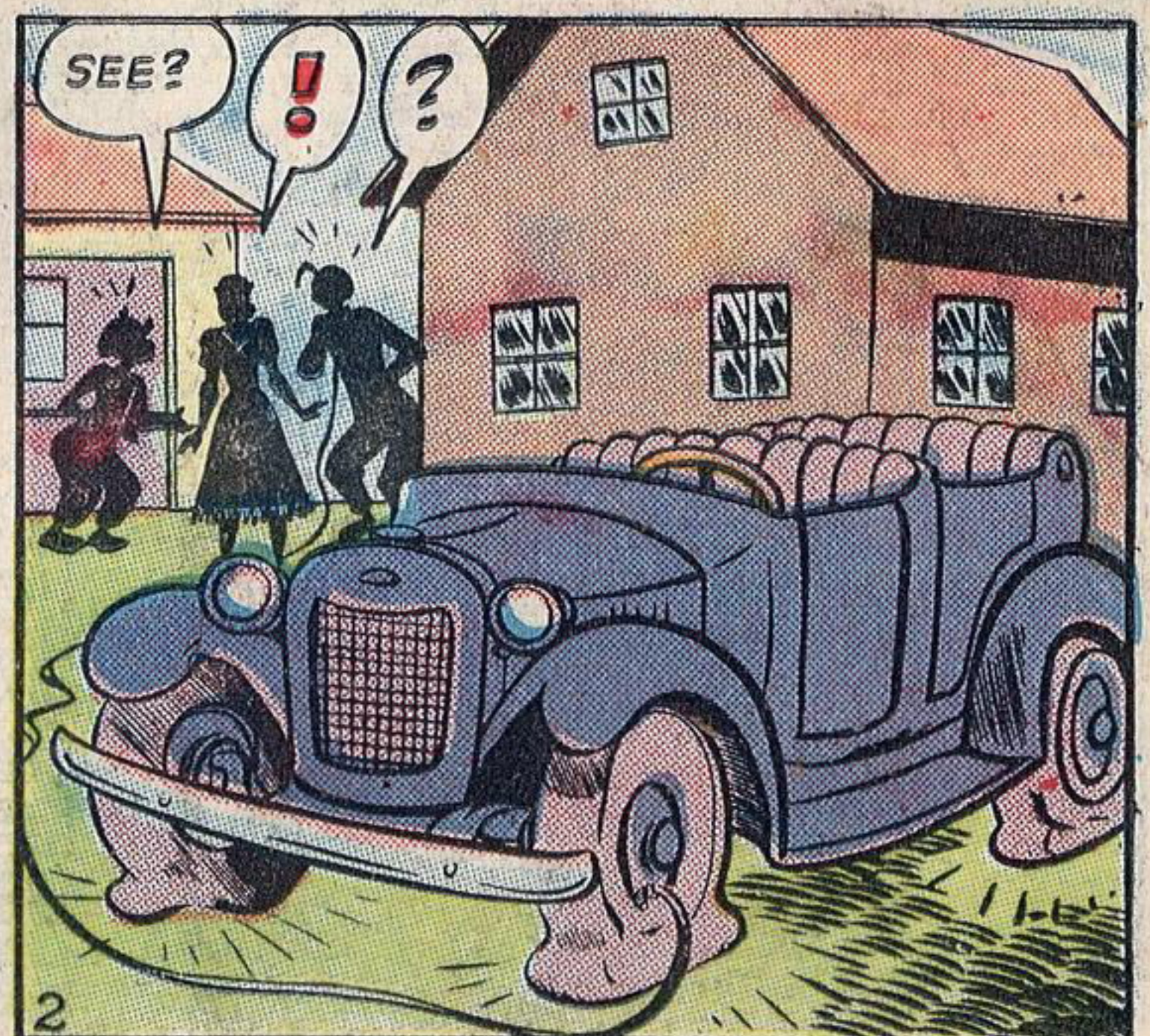
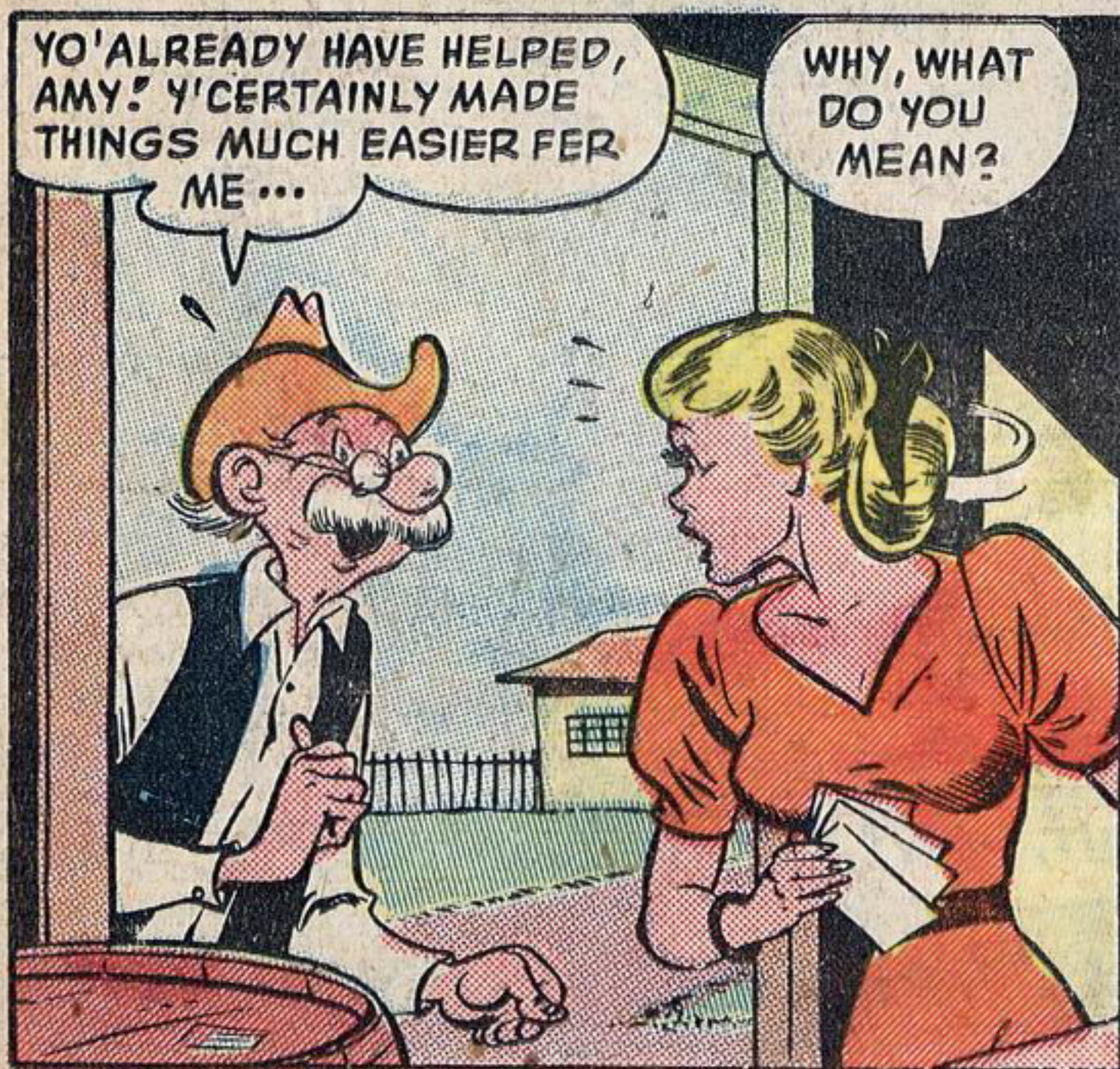
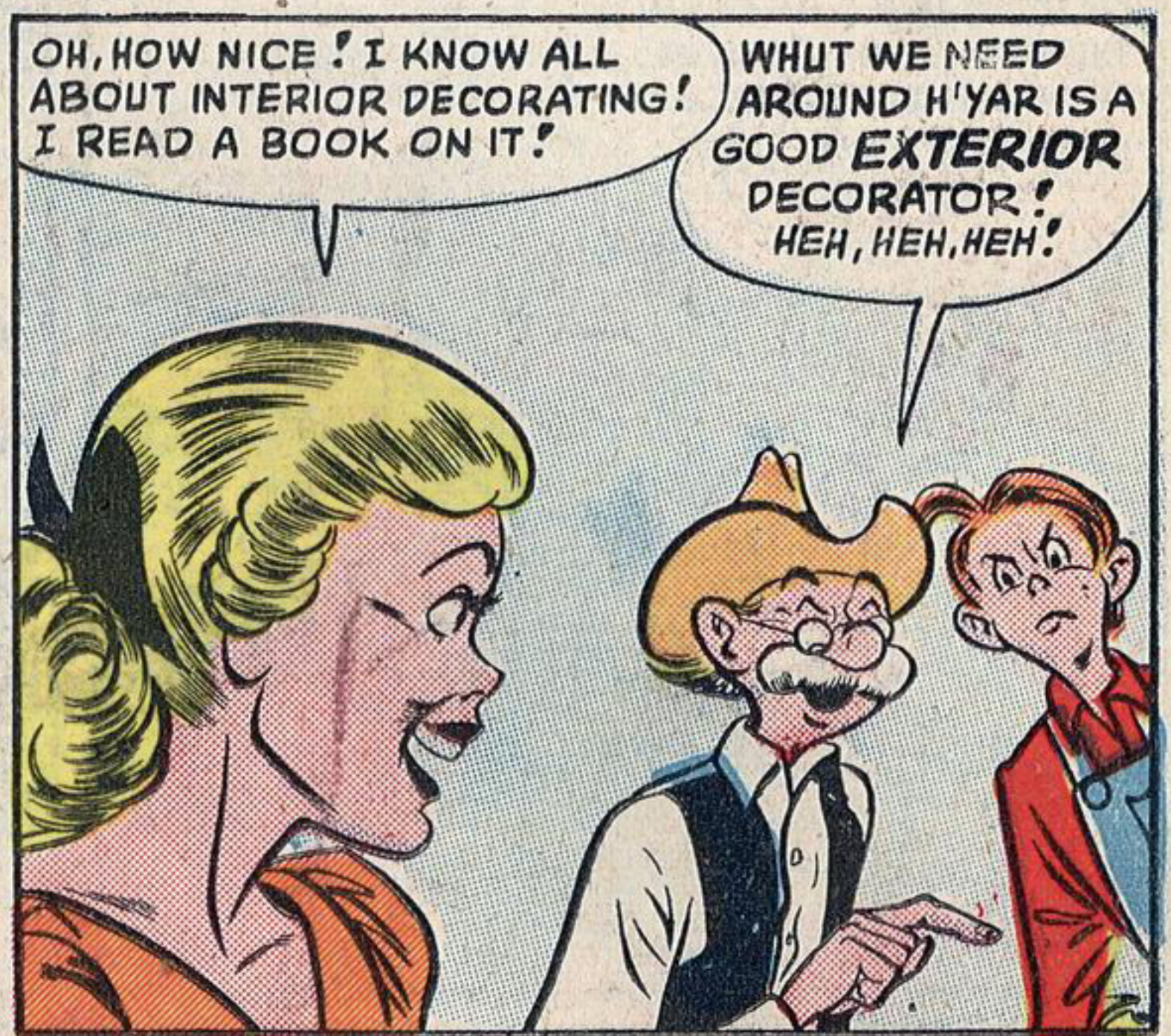
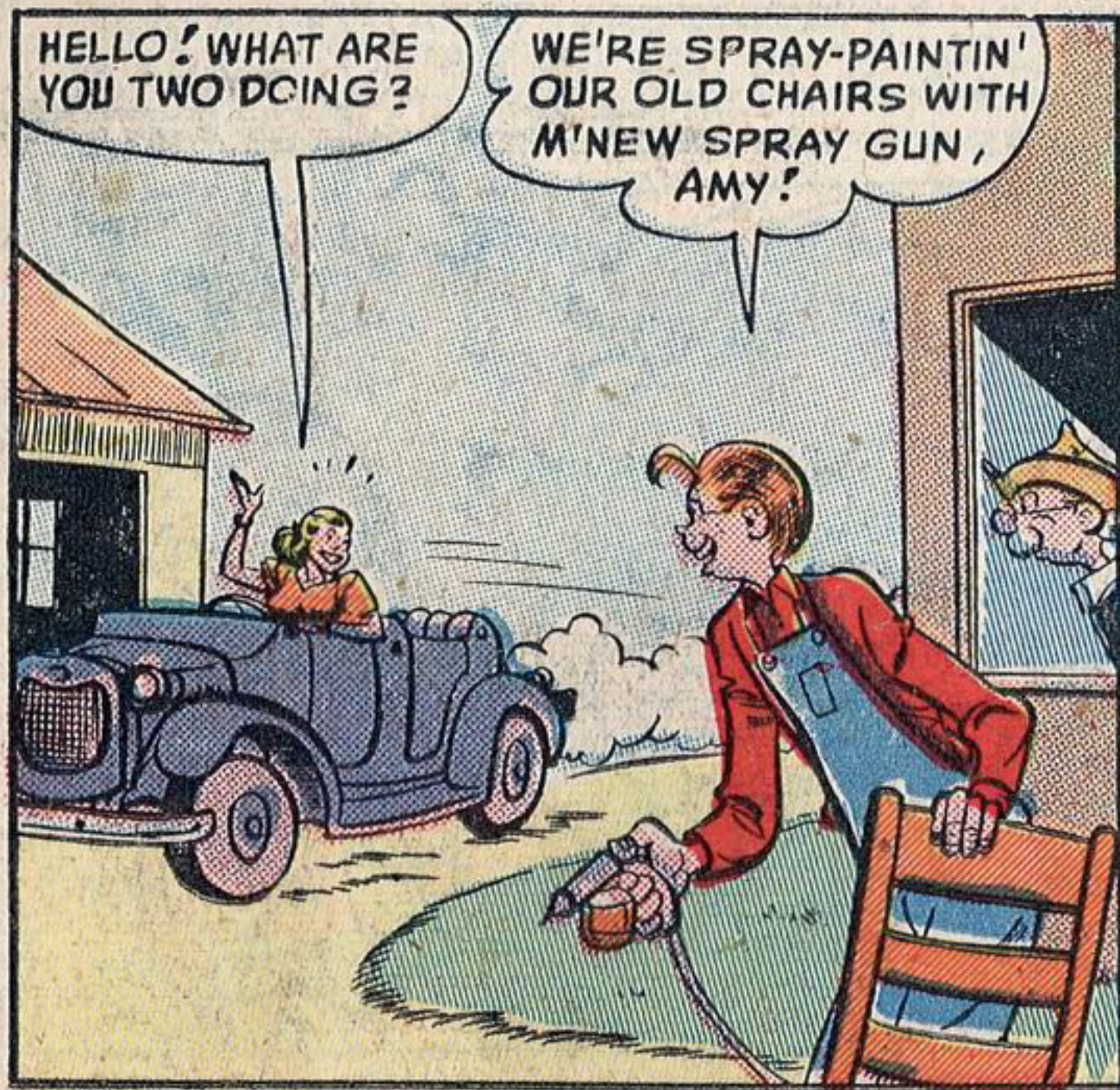
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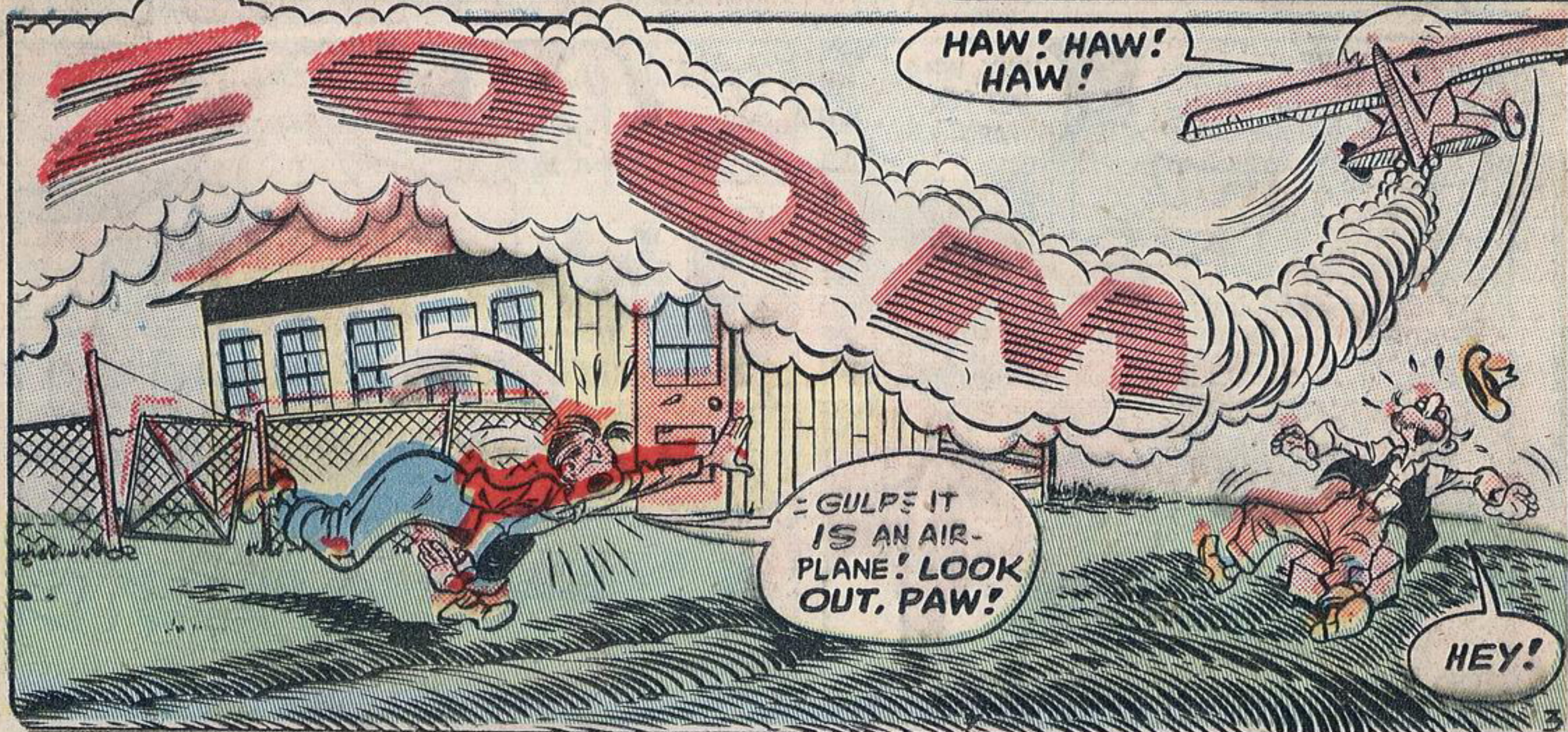
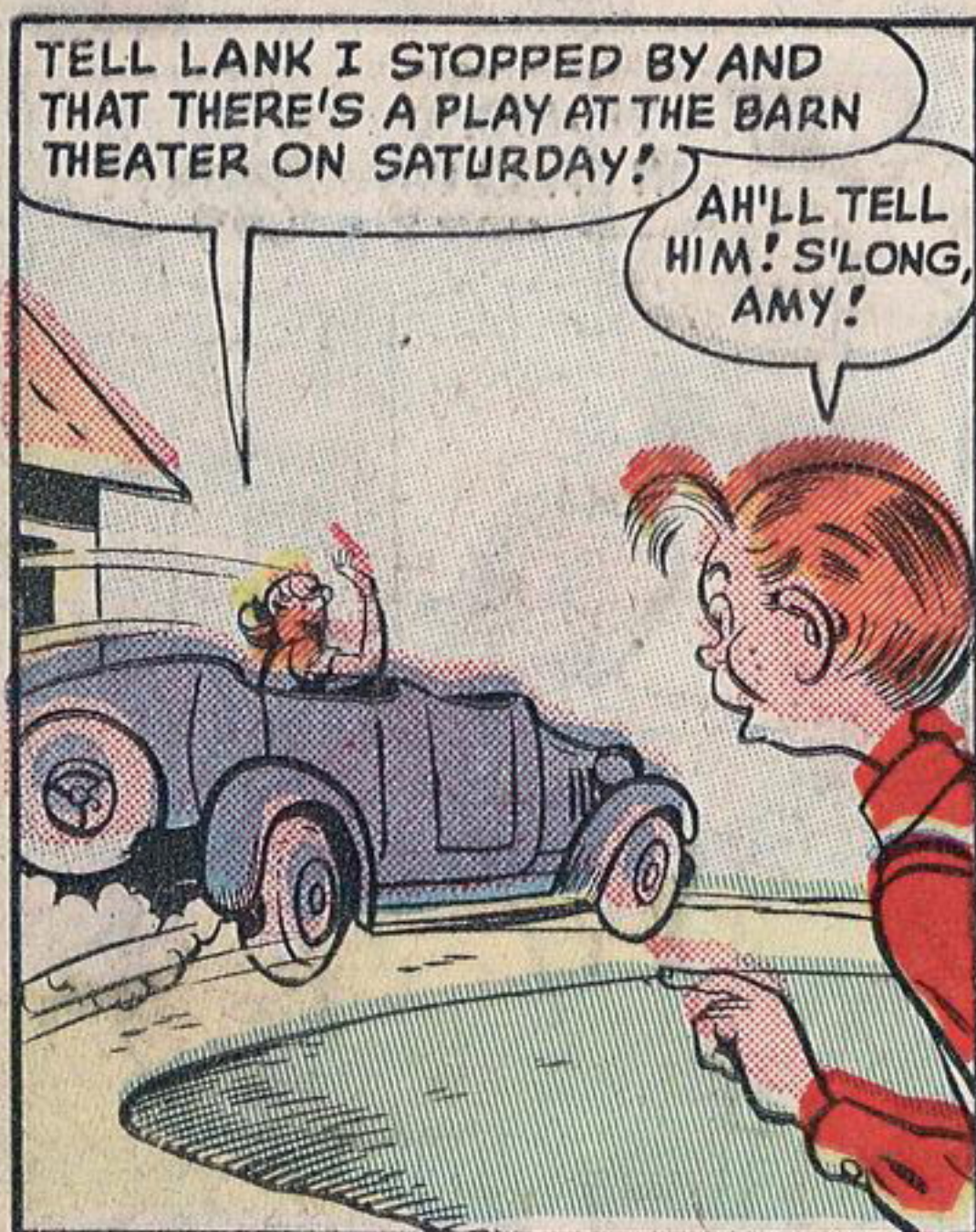
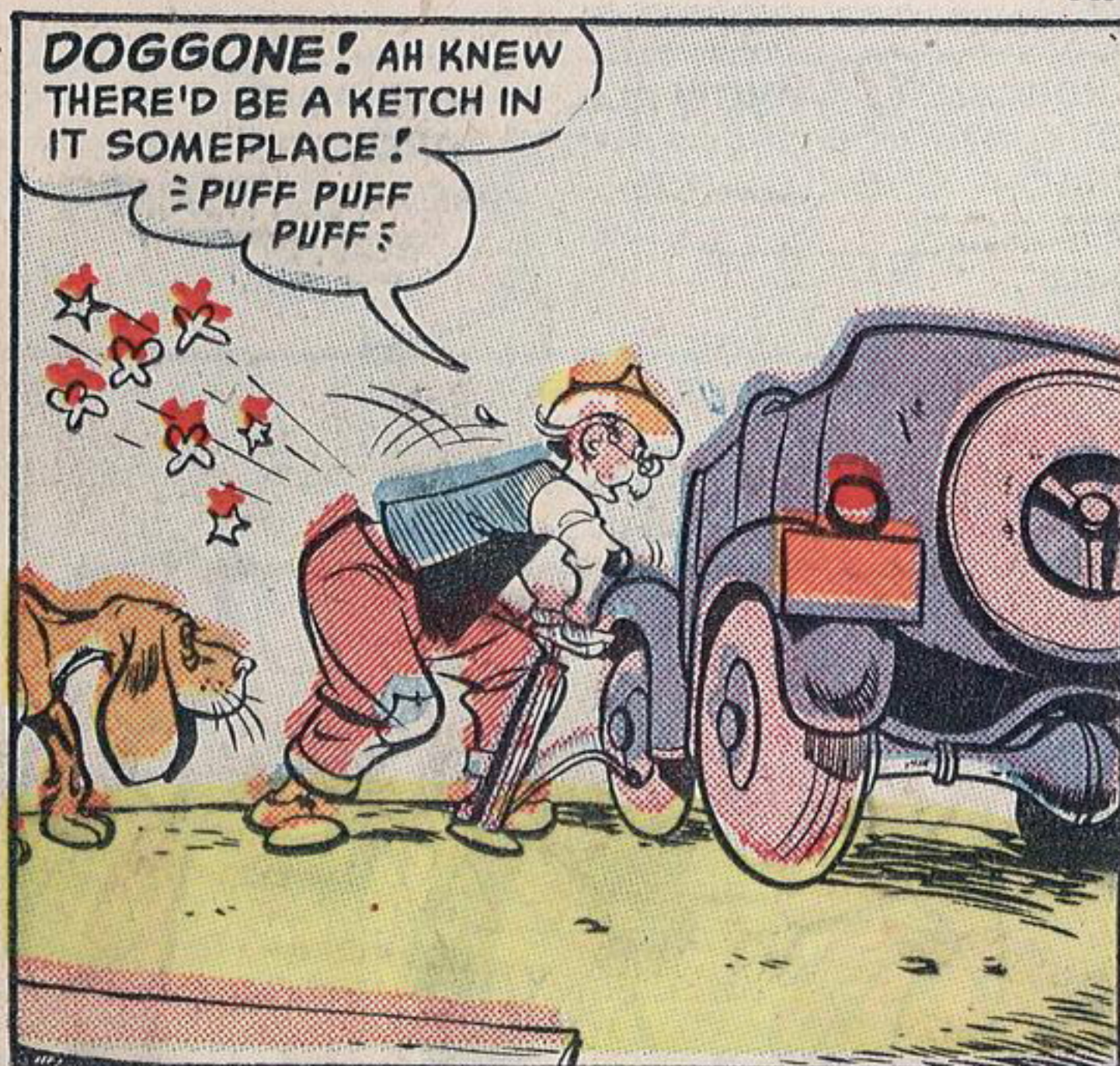
HOW DARE YOU
 INSULT ME? I
 NEVER WANT TO
 SEE YOU
 AGAIN!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? YOU JUST
 CAN'T WIN!

Hickory









HEY, PAW, WILL Y'LOOK AT THAT! HE'S SPRAYIN' OUR FIELD!

DOGGONE! IT TAKES US DAYS T'SPRAY IT AN' HE DOES IT IN NO TIME AT ALL!

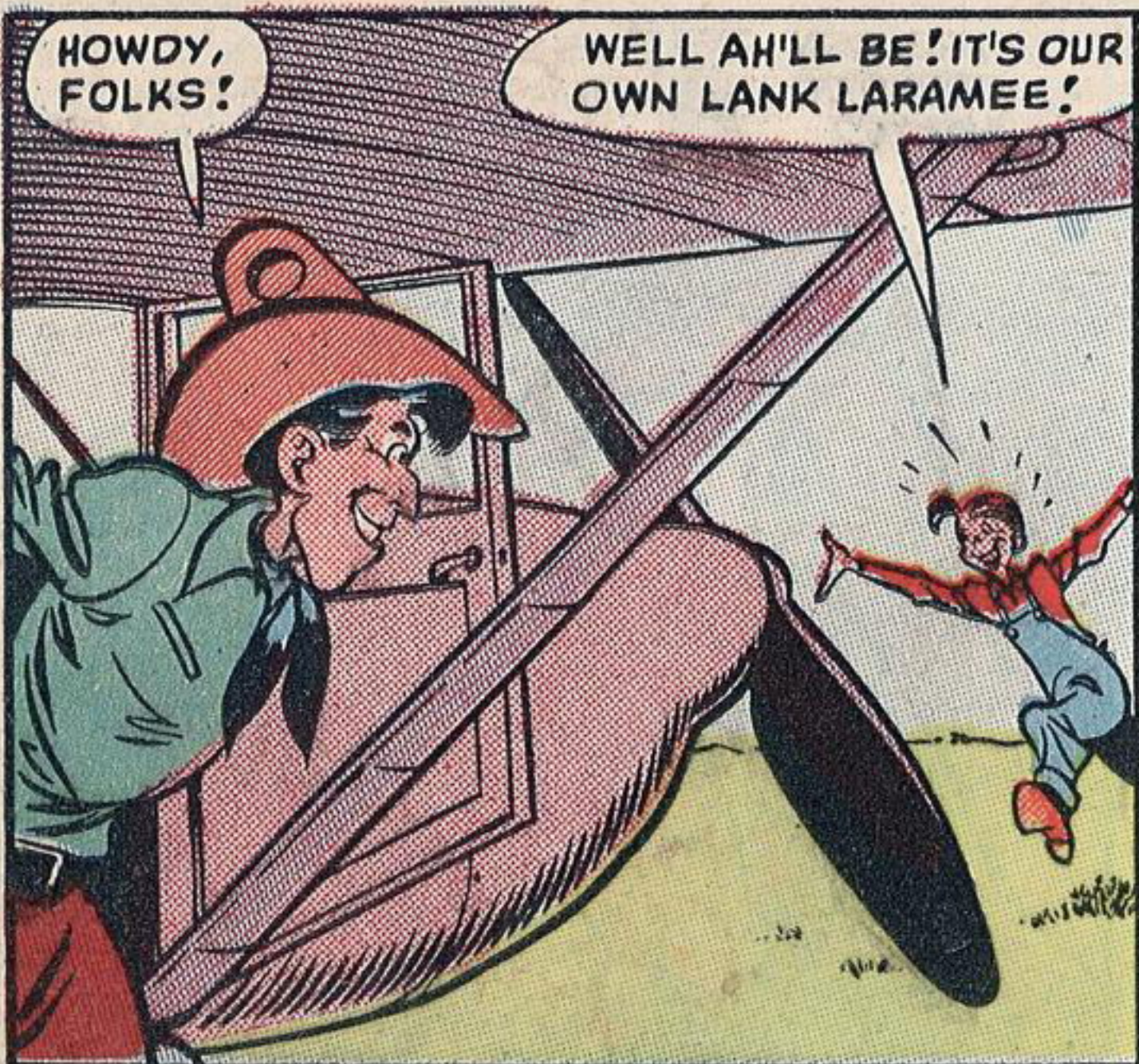
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR



WONDER WHO HE IS?

AH DUNNO ...HEY! HE'S GONNA LAND! LET'S GO OVER THERE!

CH-CH-CH-CH-CH-CH-CH



HOWDY, FOLKS!

WELL AH'LL BE! IT'S OUR OWN LANK LARAMEE!



LANK! AH DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD FLY!

AH DON'T, HICKORY! BUT AH'D LIKE Y'T'MEET TH'PILOT... MY OL' BUDDY, "ZOOM" O'DAY! AH RAN INTO HIM AT TH'PAINT STORE! WE UNS WAS COWPOKES T'GETHER ON THE SAME RANCH!



HI, ZOOM! AH WANT T'THANK YOU FER SPRAYIN' OUR FIELD! WE BEEN WANTIN' T'DO IT FER WEEKS!

OH SHUCKS, THAT'S M'BUSINESS... SPRAYIN' FIELDS! BESIDES, AH'D DO ANYTHING FER THIS OL' BUCKAROO PAL O'MINE!



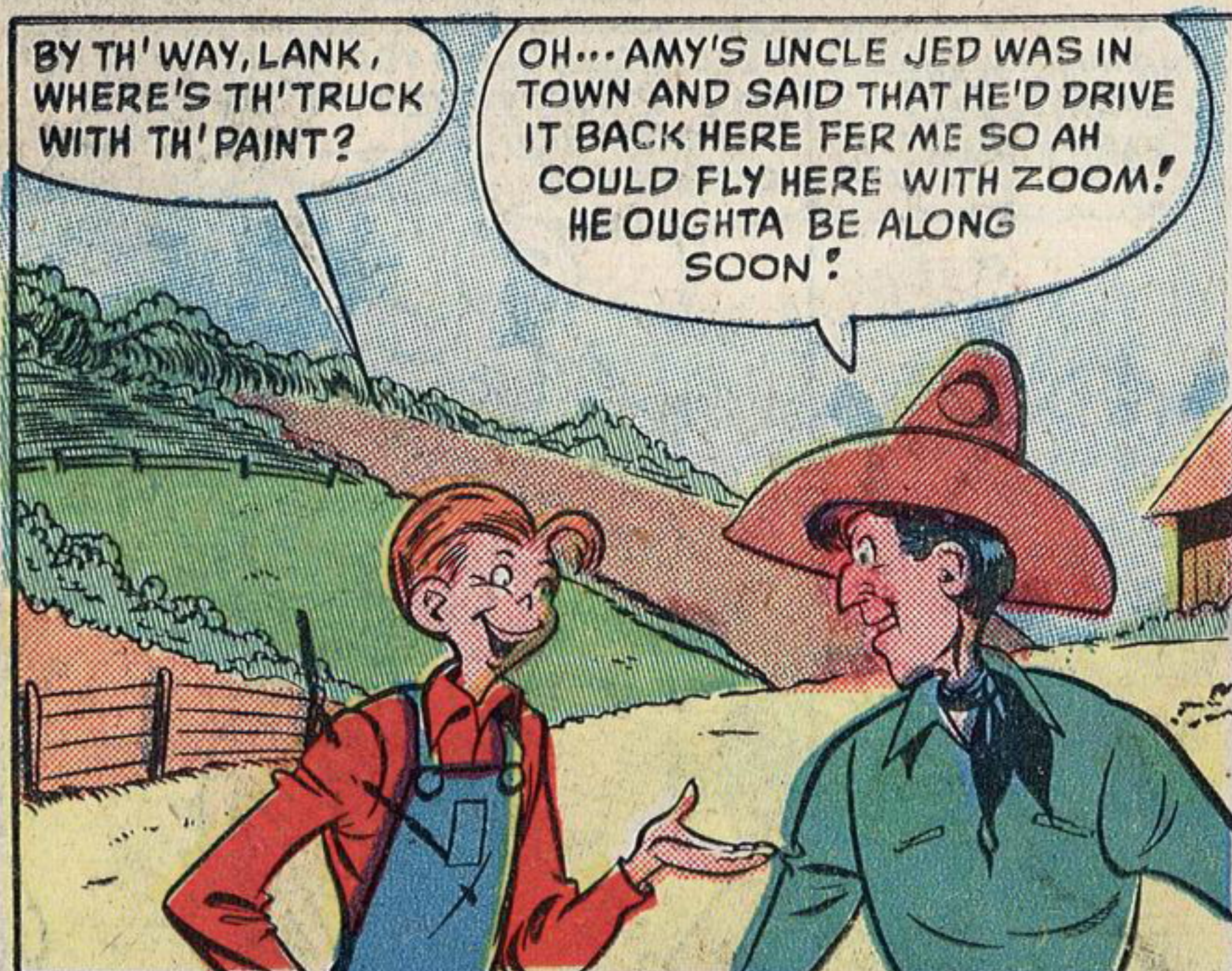
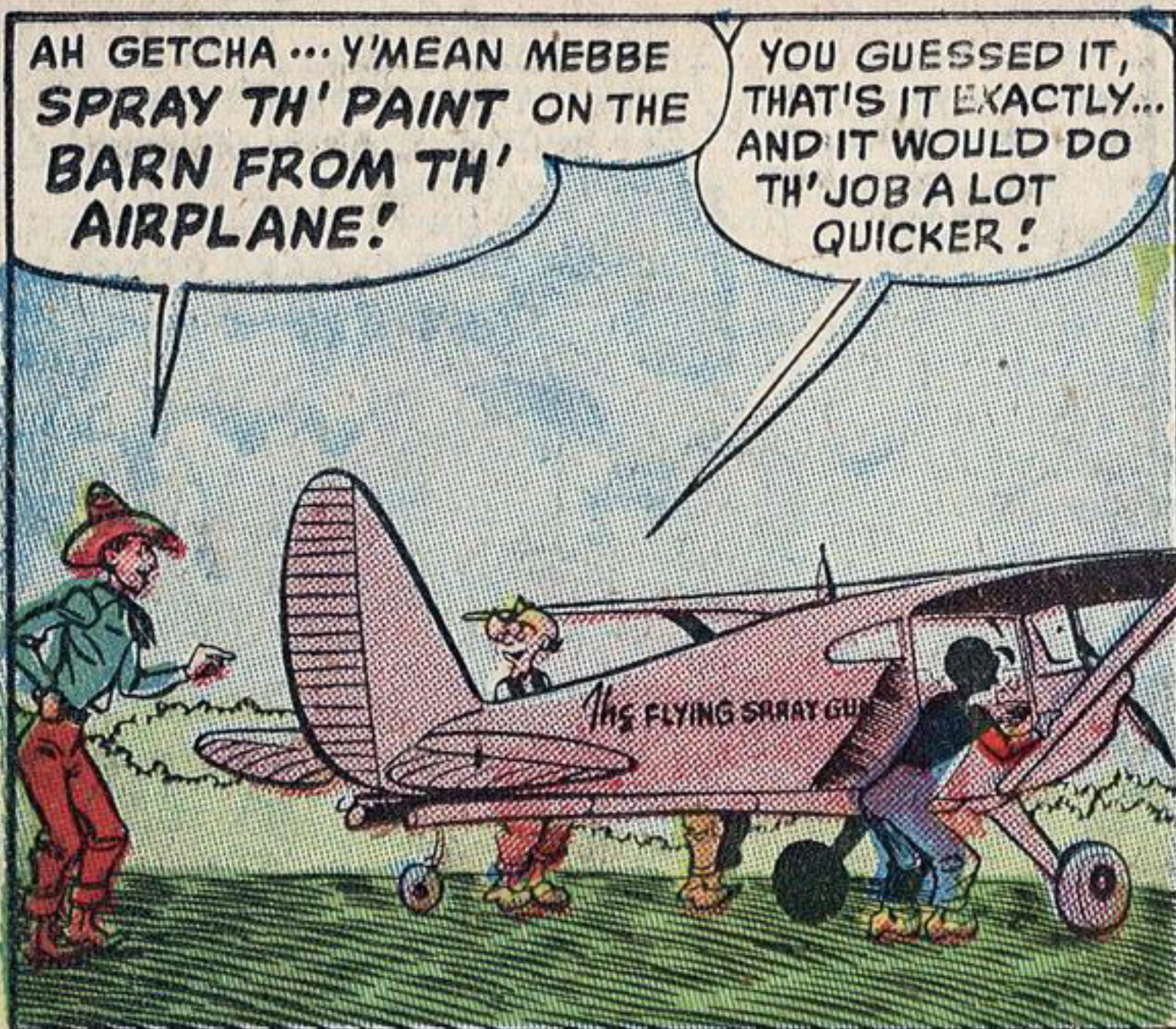
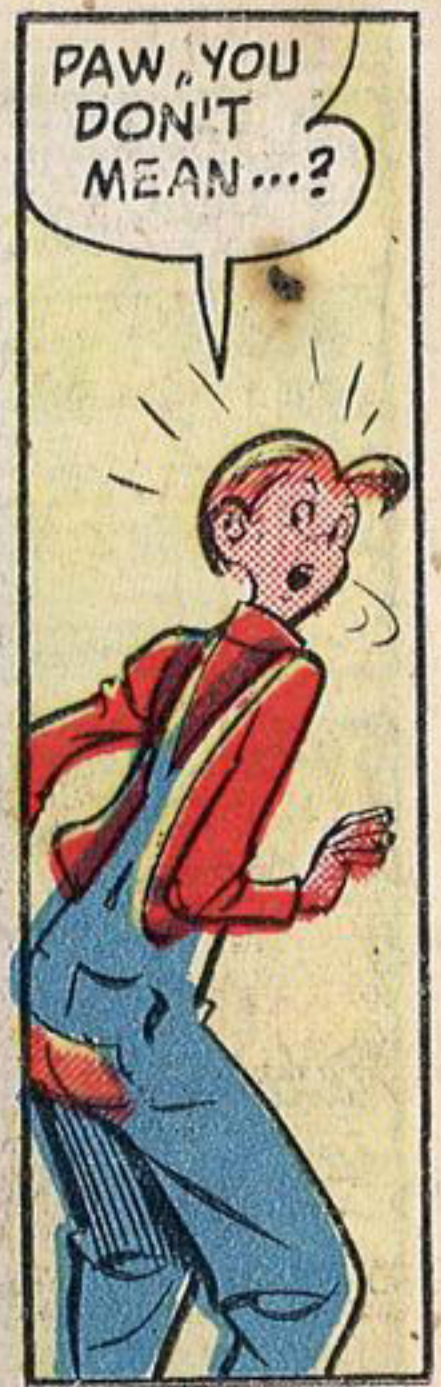
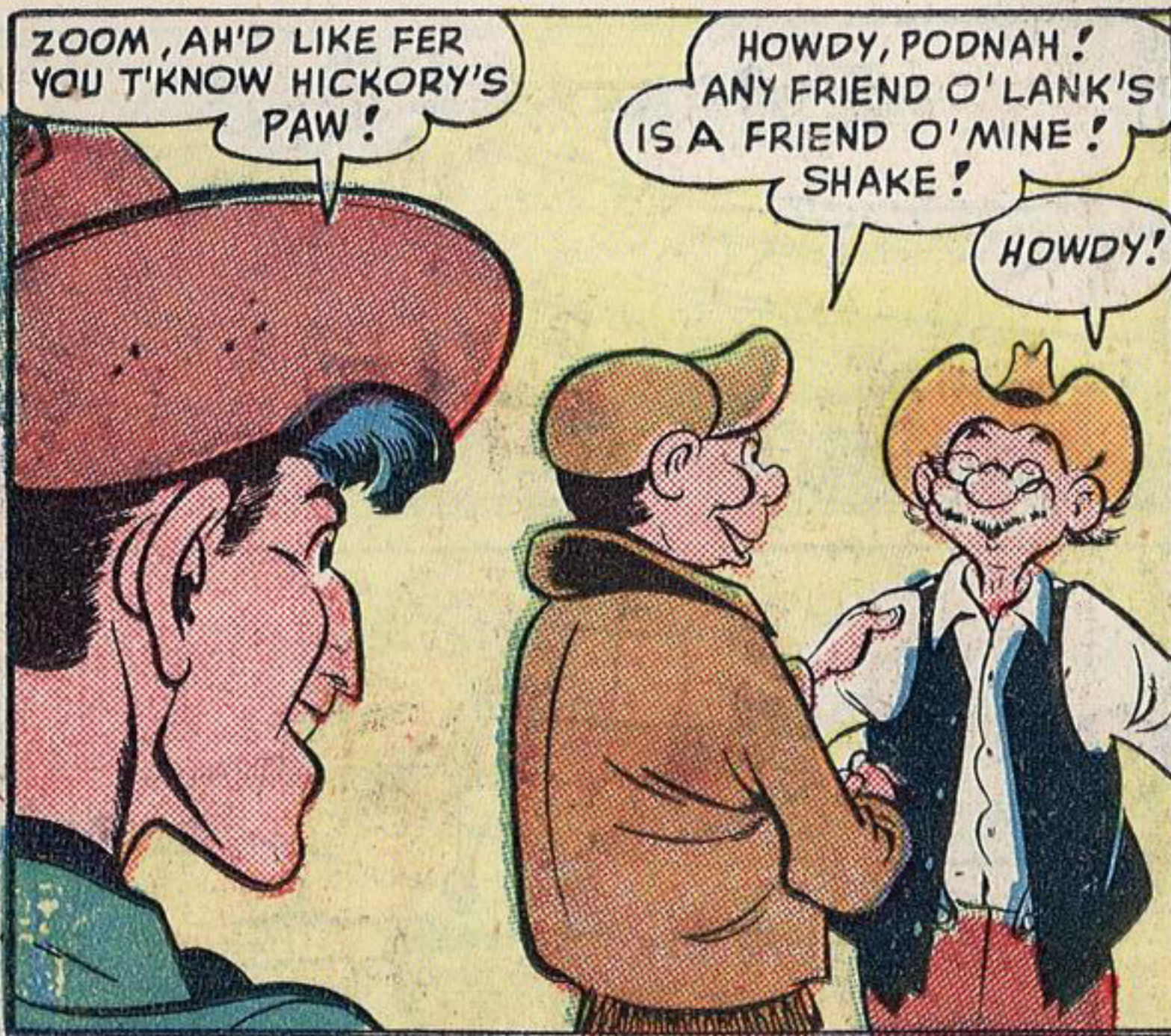
HMMM... PLANE... SPRAY... PAL... BARN... HMM!

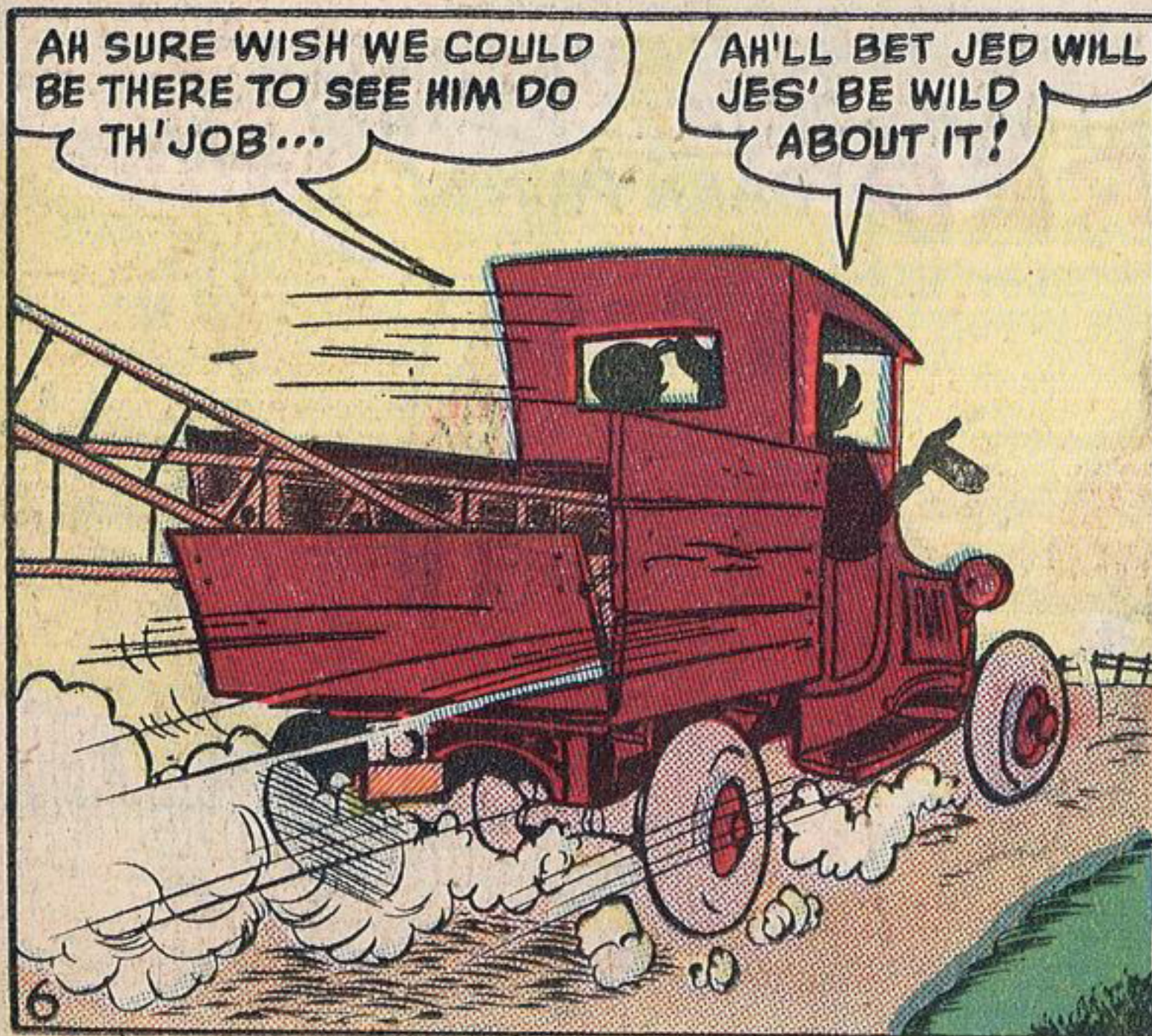
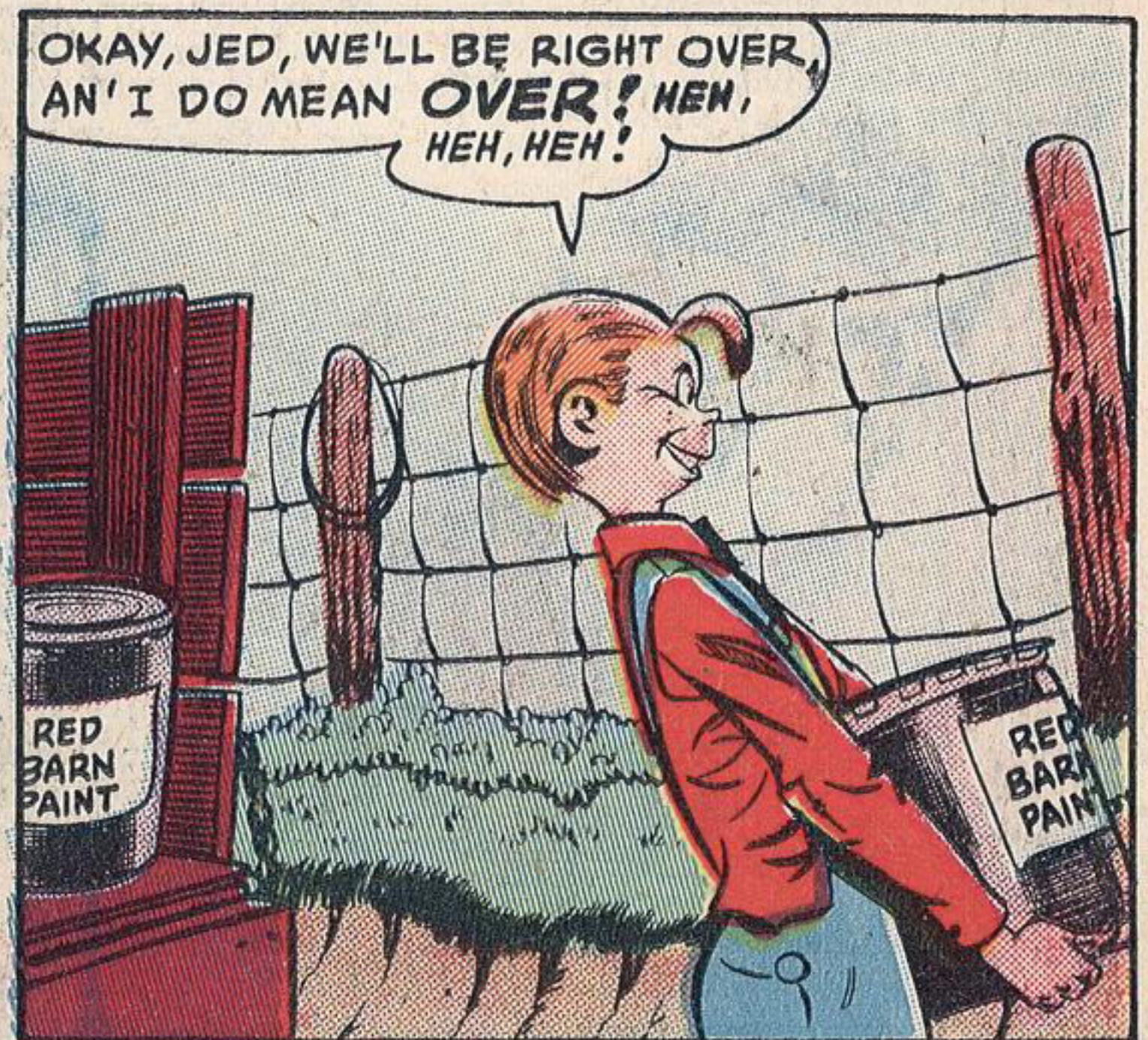
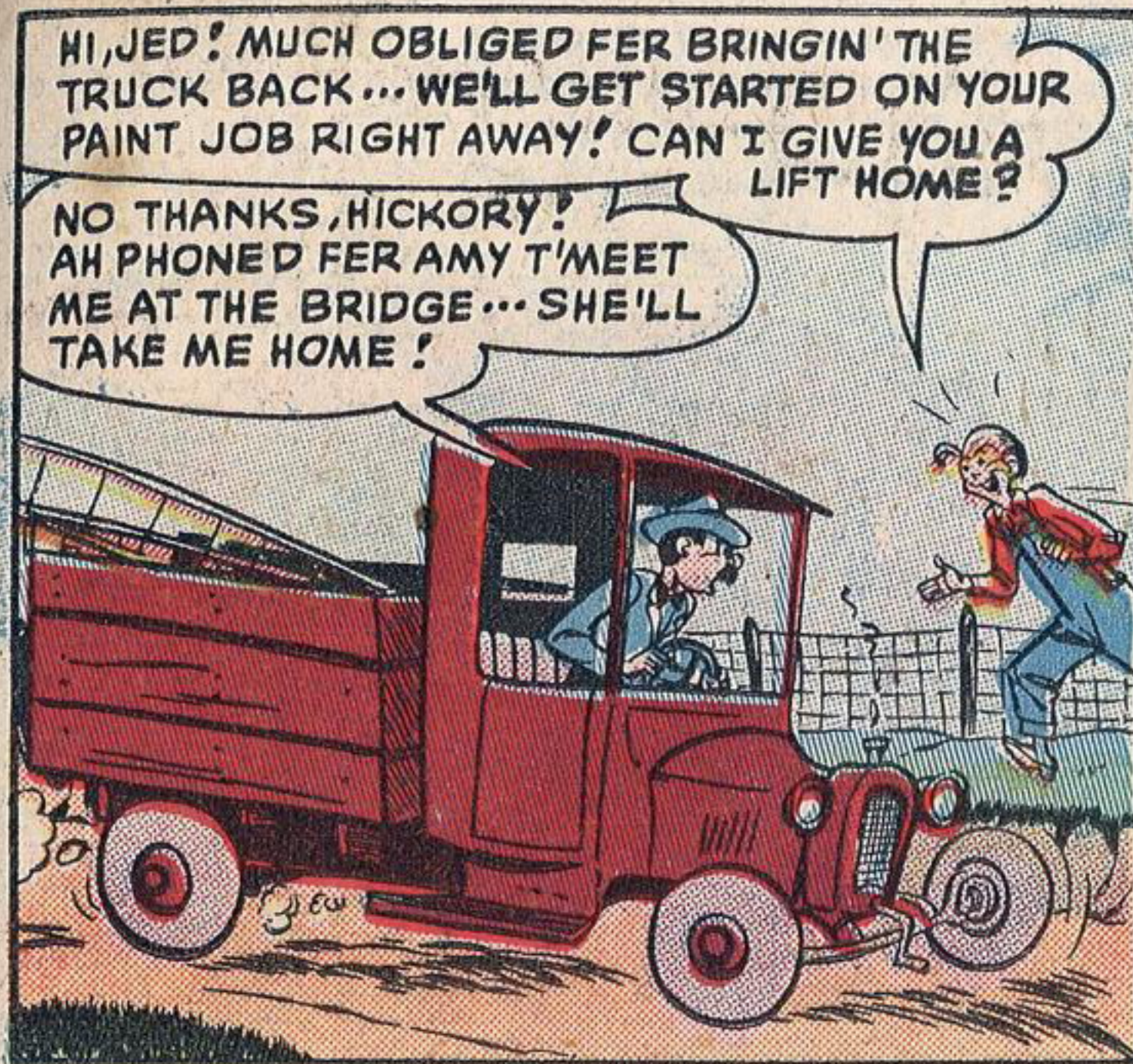


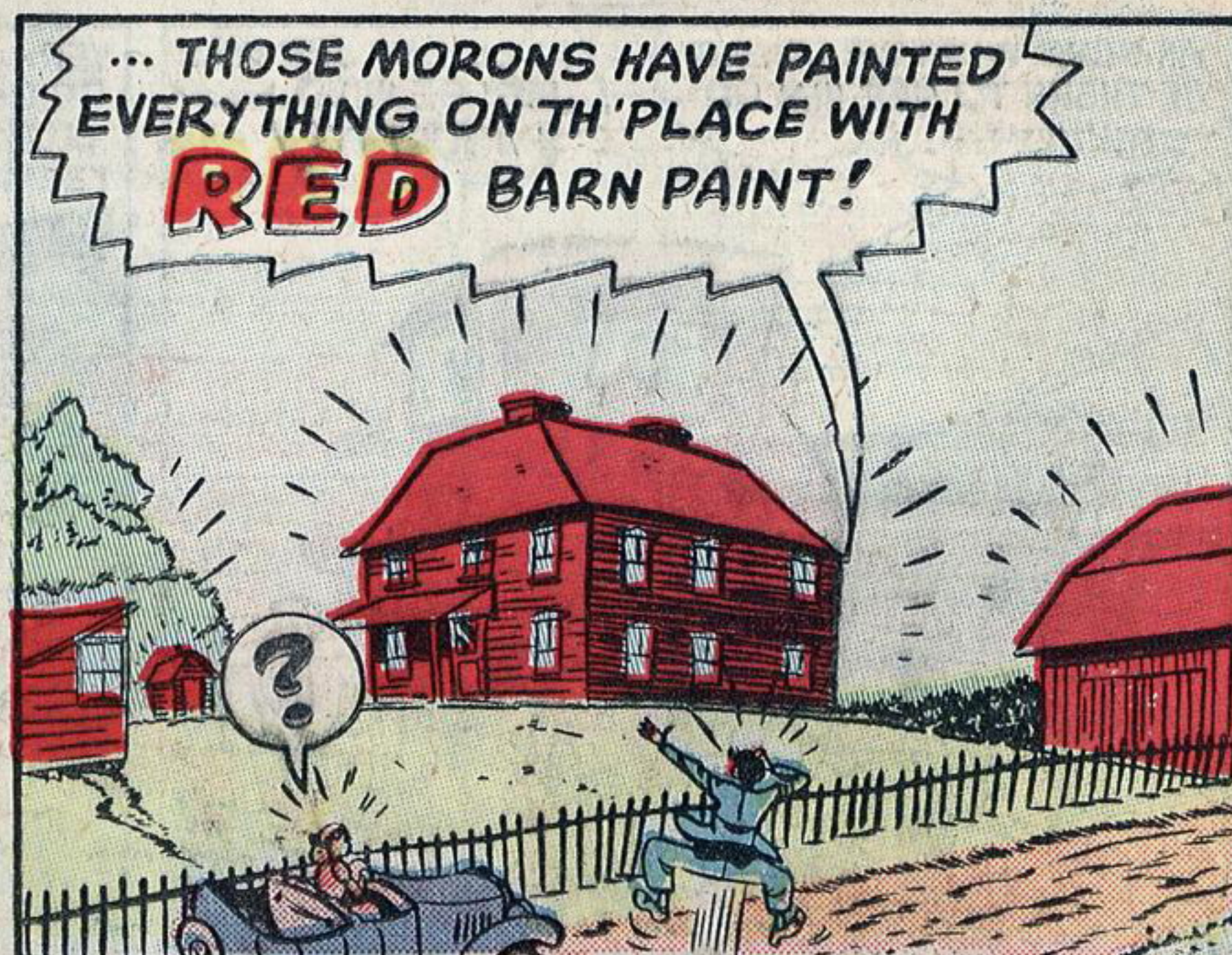
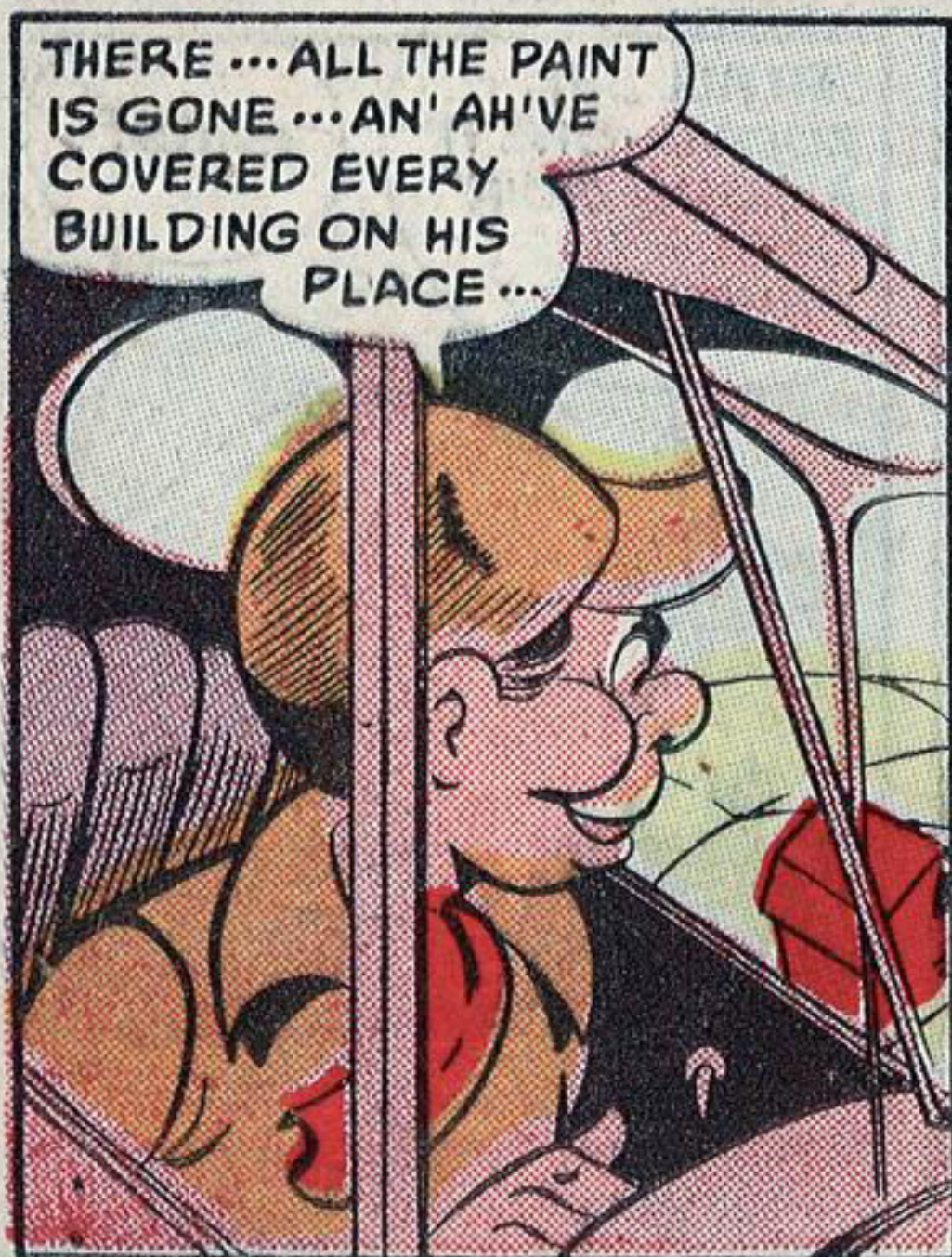
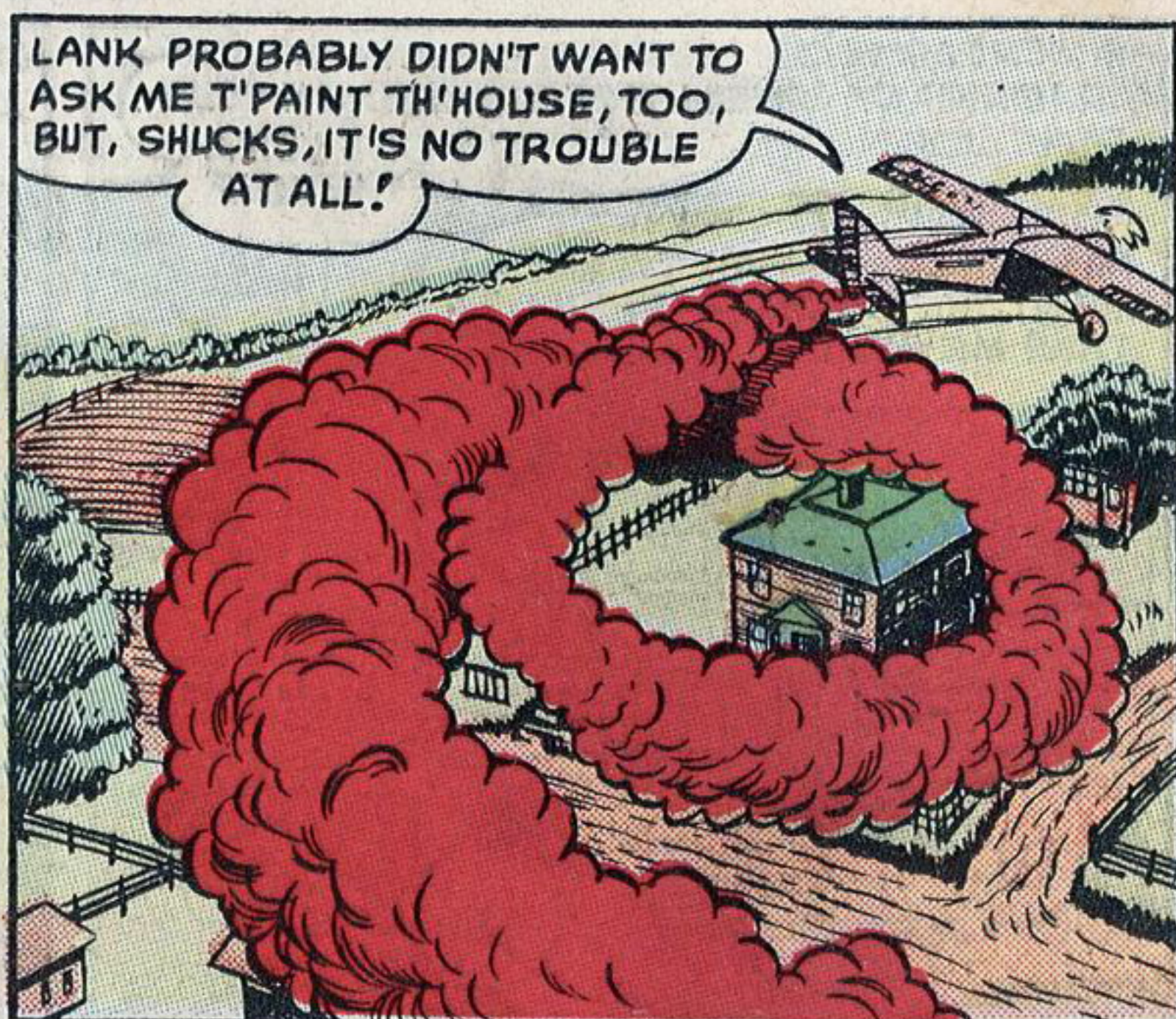
WELL, WELL, GLAD YER BACK, LANK OL' PAL, OL' BUDDY... YESSIR, WE SHORE DID MISS YOU, OL' FRIEND!

BUT PAW... LANK WAS ONLY GONE SINCE THIS MORNIN'!

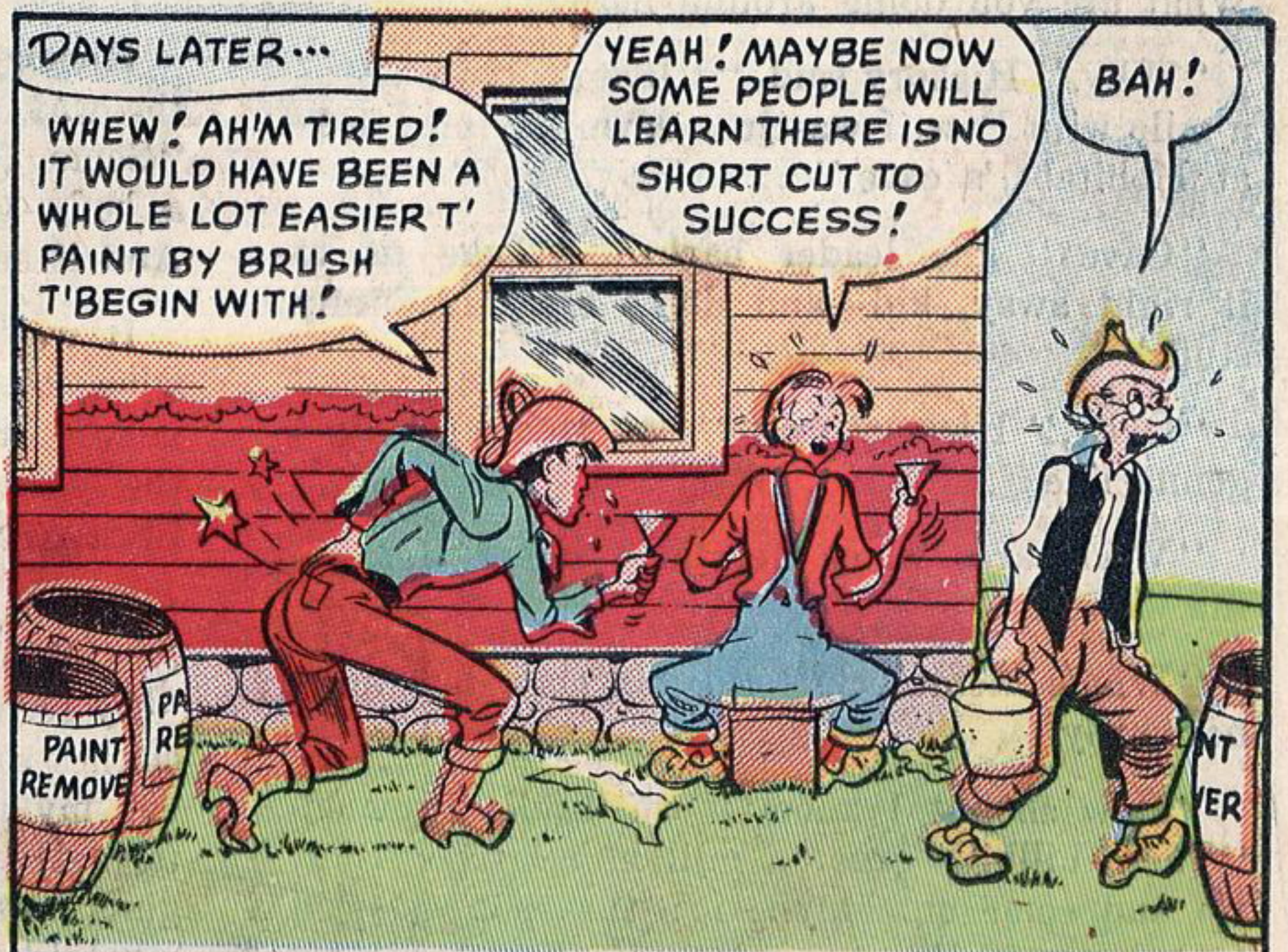
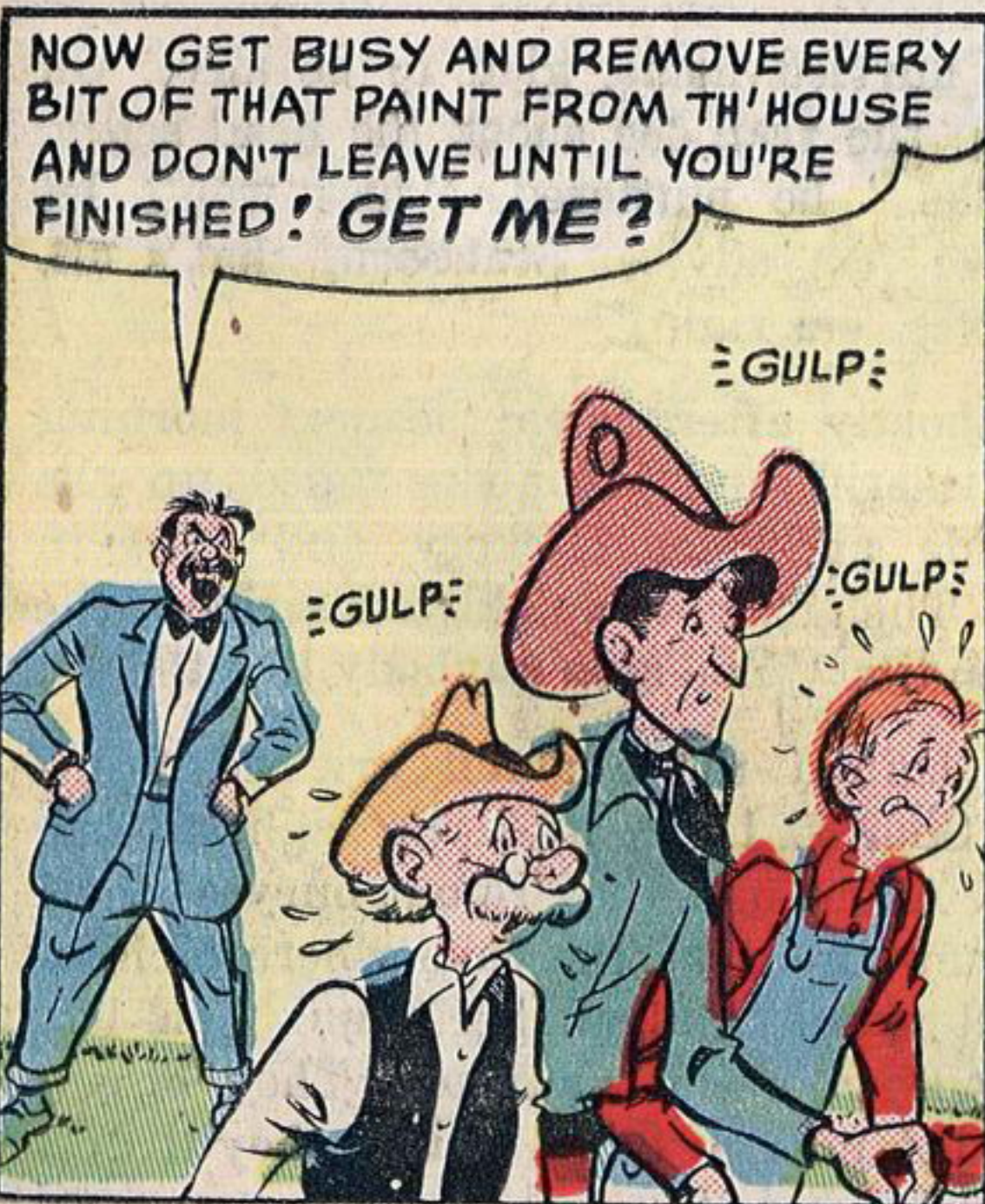
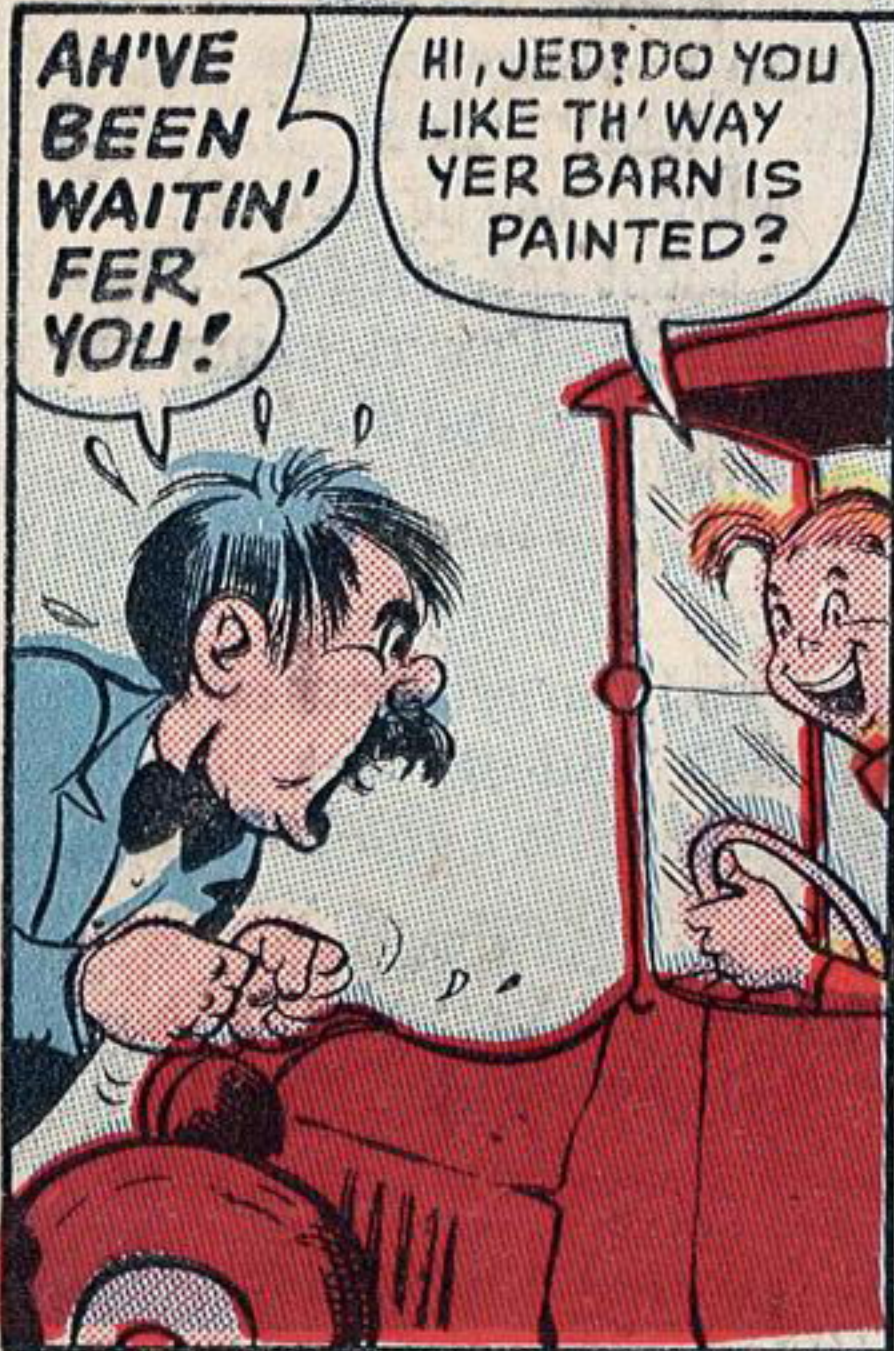
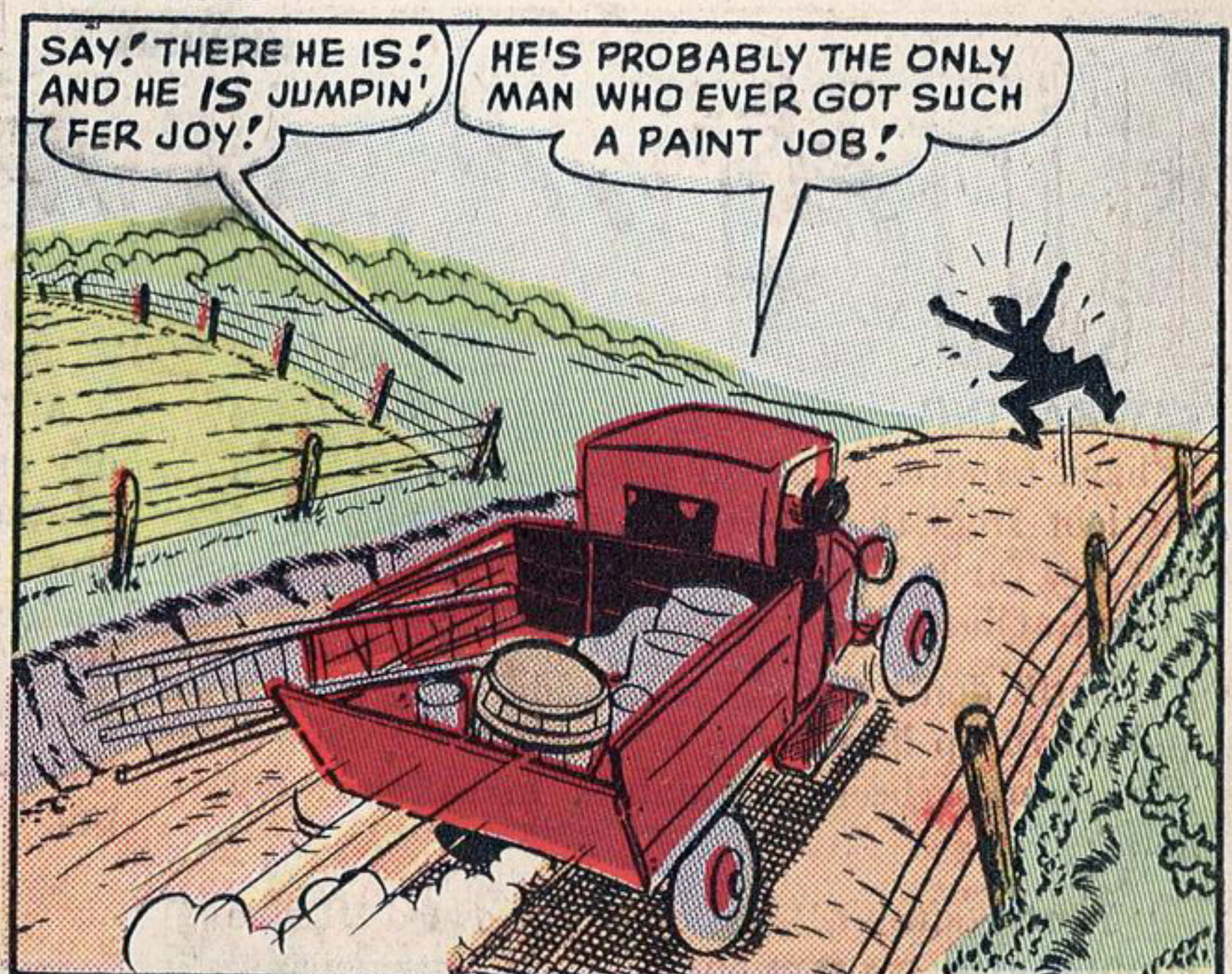
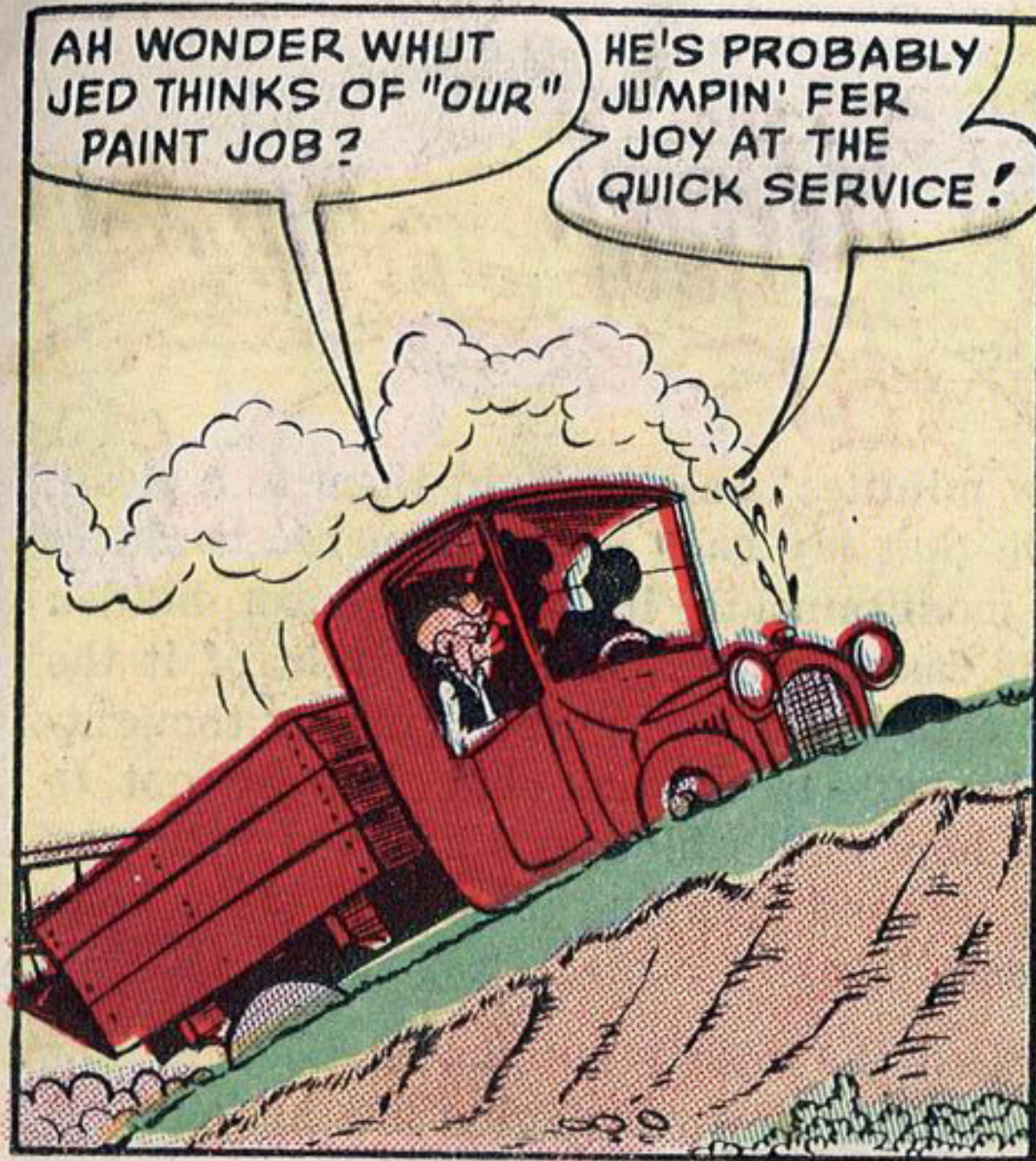
?







HICKORY



BAH!

HICKORY'S Hideaway

SWEATING, growling, cursing, the three bank bandits toiled up the mountainside with the loot from their last holdup. Sure that pursuit was far behind, they threw themselves down to rest at last on a grassy slope.

"I still don't see why we hadda ditch the car and climb up here," the fat bandit complained. "We coulda been a hundred miles away by now."

"You're stupid," the leader growled. "Five minutes after we shot our way out of that bank, they had every road blocked. We'd have been picked up long ago. Up here there's nothing but wilderness and a few dumb hillbilly yokels. We can hide out until the heat's off and get away clear."

At that moment it was Hickory's bad luck to come bounding out of the forest, whistling gaily, his thoughts far away. He stopped short, staring from the three evil, glowering faces to the three deadly automatics that had whipped up to cover him. He saw that these three were strangers and it was not hard to guess that they were no casual visitors or honest hunters.

"Howdy, gents," Hickory said after a moment. "Reckon I almost ran over you-all before I saw you."

The leader jerked his head. "Come here, you. What are you doing around here?"

"Why," Hickory said. "I live up there about a mile with Paw. I was just down having a look at Mehitabel's cave."

"Cave?" the leader barked. "Take us to it right away, kid—and don't try any funny stuff."

"Okay," Hickory said. "But Mehitabel ain't gonna like . . ."

"Who cares what Mehitabel likes? Get going."

"Who's Mehitabel?" the fat man demanded nervously.

"How should I know?" the leader growled. "These hillbilly's got a million relatives. Shut up and come on. Maybe it's the spot we need to hole up in."

A few minutes' walk brought them to a clean, dry cave that lay back under immense boulders on the mountainside, its mouth almost hidden from the casual passerby. At the sight of it the leader's eyes glowed. He eyed Hickory thoughtfully. "I hate to do this, kid, but we got to hide out here and a hideout's no good with you running around yapping about it. It's your tough luck."

He raised the deadly automatic. Hickory felt a cold chill run down his spine but he kept his face straight and his mind working at top speed. Maybe he wasn't educated in fancy schools but he knew plenty about life and people. He said, as calmly as he could. "It wouldn't be so good to shoot me, mister. When I didn't come home tonight, Paw'd bring my old dog to find me and you'd be seen."

"That's right," the leader said. He jabbed the gun into Hickory's side. "Then listen, punk. You run along and forget you saw us. Understand? If you blab and we get caught, we'll see that you get shot if it's the last thing we do. Is that clear?"

"It sure is," Hickory said. "And I ain't aimin' to get myself shot yet awhile. But I still think Mehitabel . . ."

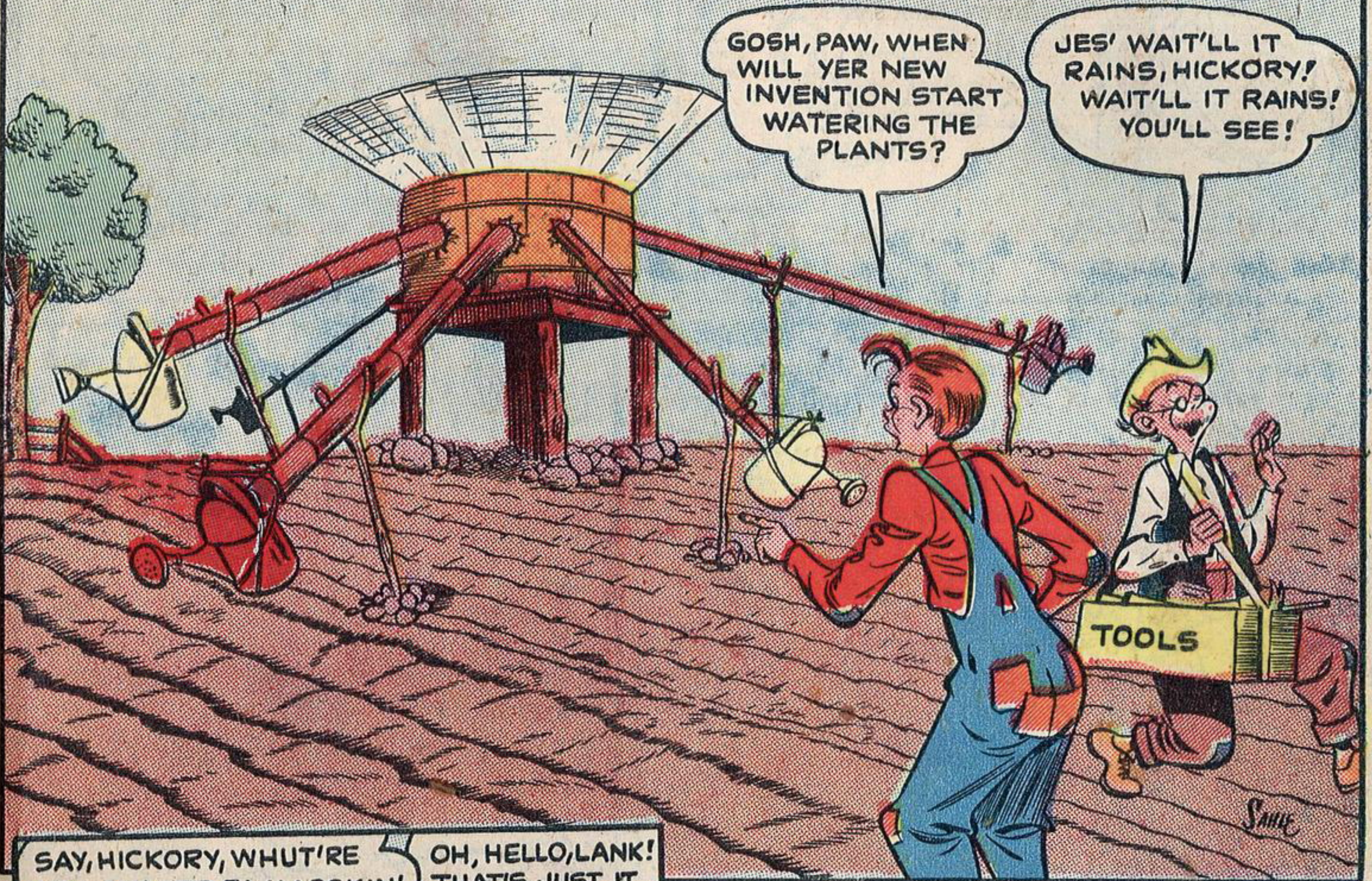
"Blast Mehitabel!" roared the leader. "Get out and keep quiet!"

Hickory hurried home, glad to be alive. On the way up the trail, he shook his head sadly. "Some folks," he muttered, "just won't let a body give 'em advice. Stubborn, that's all. And it serves 'em right."

It was shortly after dawn the next morning when the Sheriff and his posse toiled up the mountainside and met Hickory and Paw in the yard. The Sheriff quickly described the fugitive bandits. "You seen anybody like that?"

Hickory sniffed the air and grinned faintly. "Yep, Sheriff. I can lead you right to 'em—by scent. About now they're out buryin' their clothes somewhere near the cave where Mehitabel, my pet skunk, and all her skunk pals like to get together every morning. They've got guns but by now I don't think they'll feel much like usin' 'em."

HICKORY



GOSH, PAW, WHEN WILL YER NEW INVENTION START WATERING THE PLANTS?

JES' WAIT'LL IT RAINS, HICKORY! WAIT'LL IT RAINS! YOU'LL SEE!

SAY, HICKORY, WHUT'RE YOU AN' YER PAW LOOKIN' UP AT TH' SKY FER? AH DON'T SEE ANYTHIN' UP THAR!

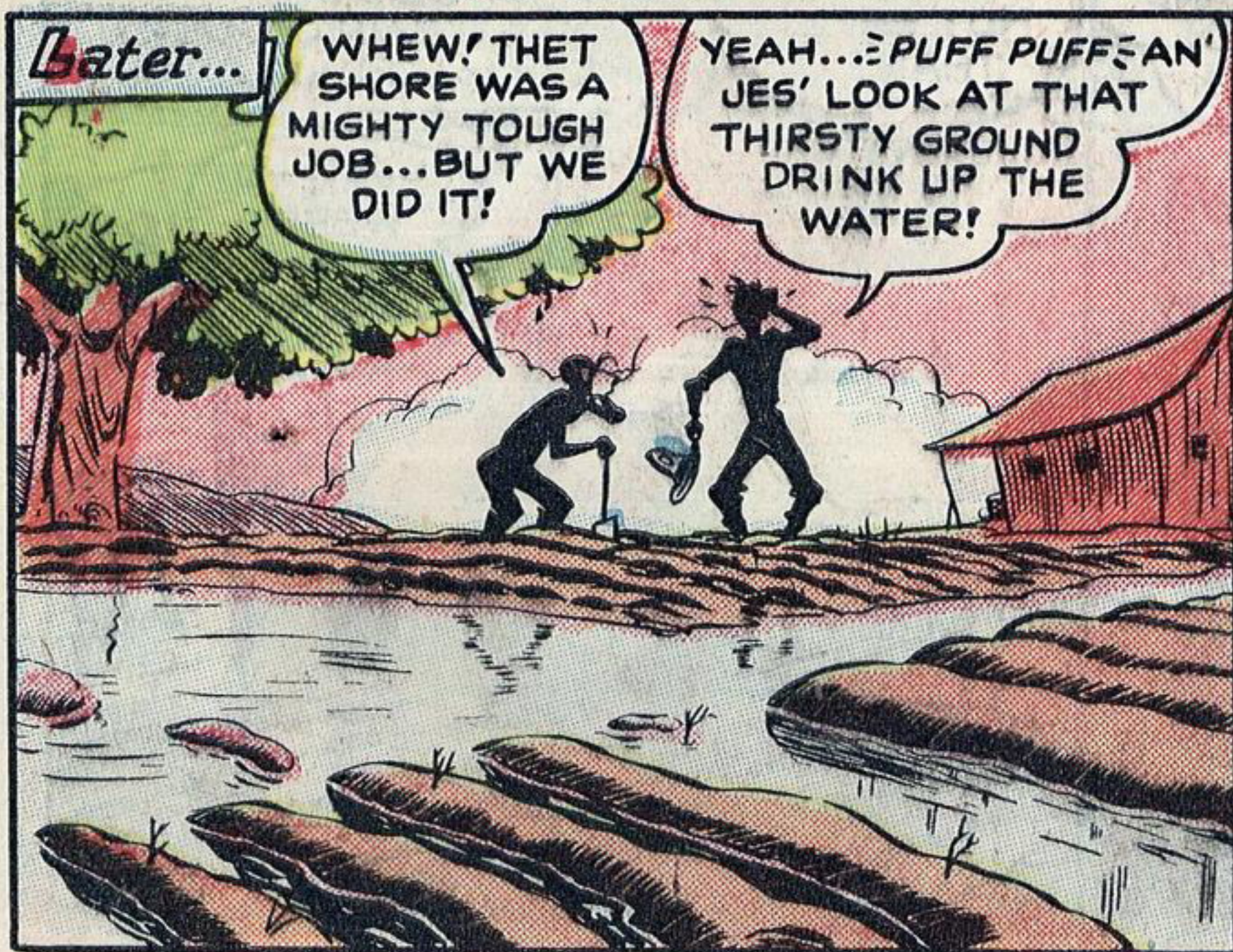
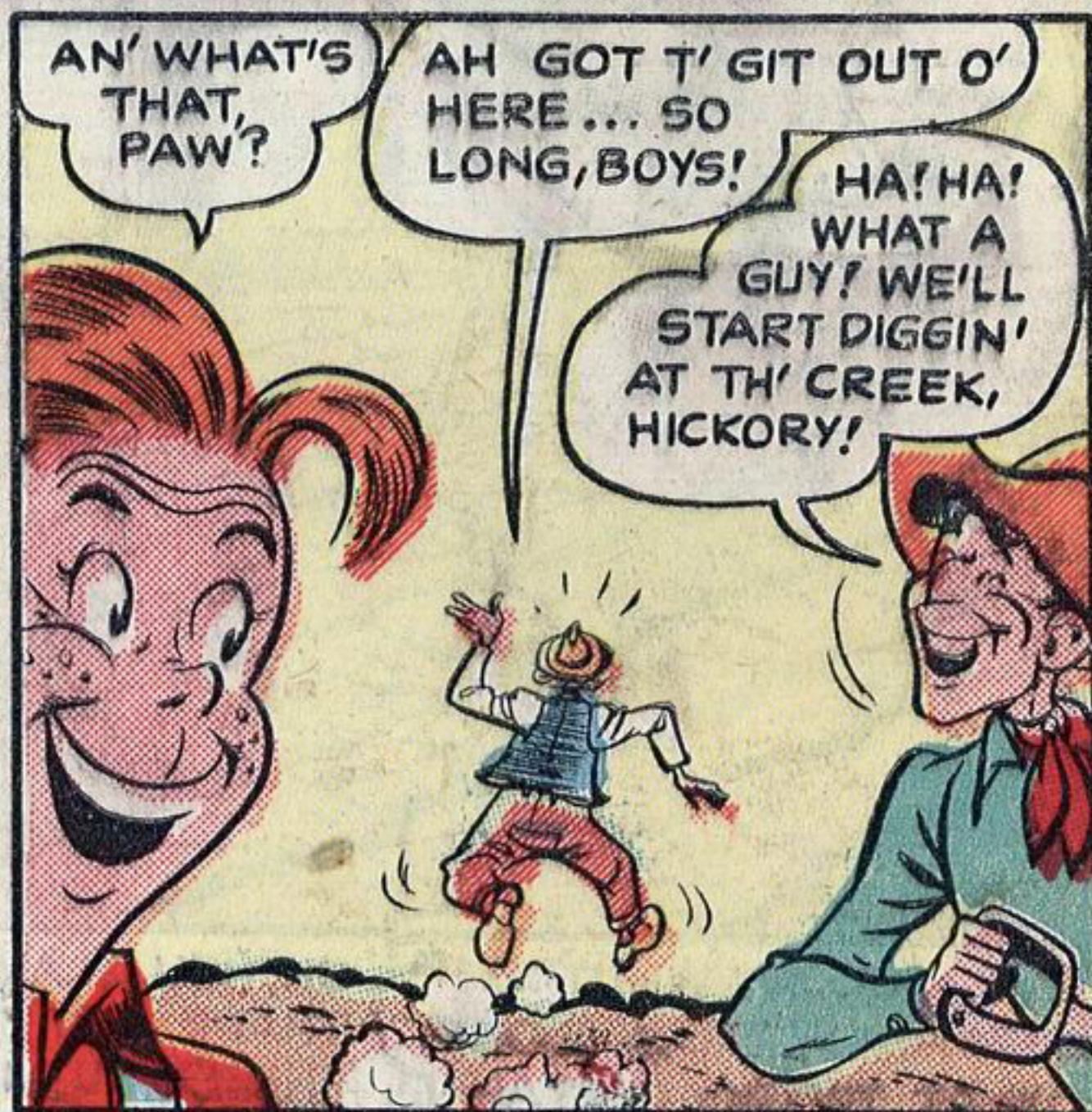
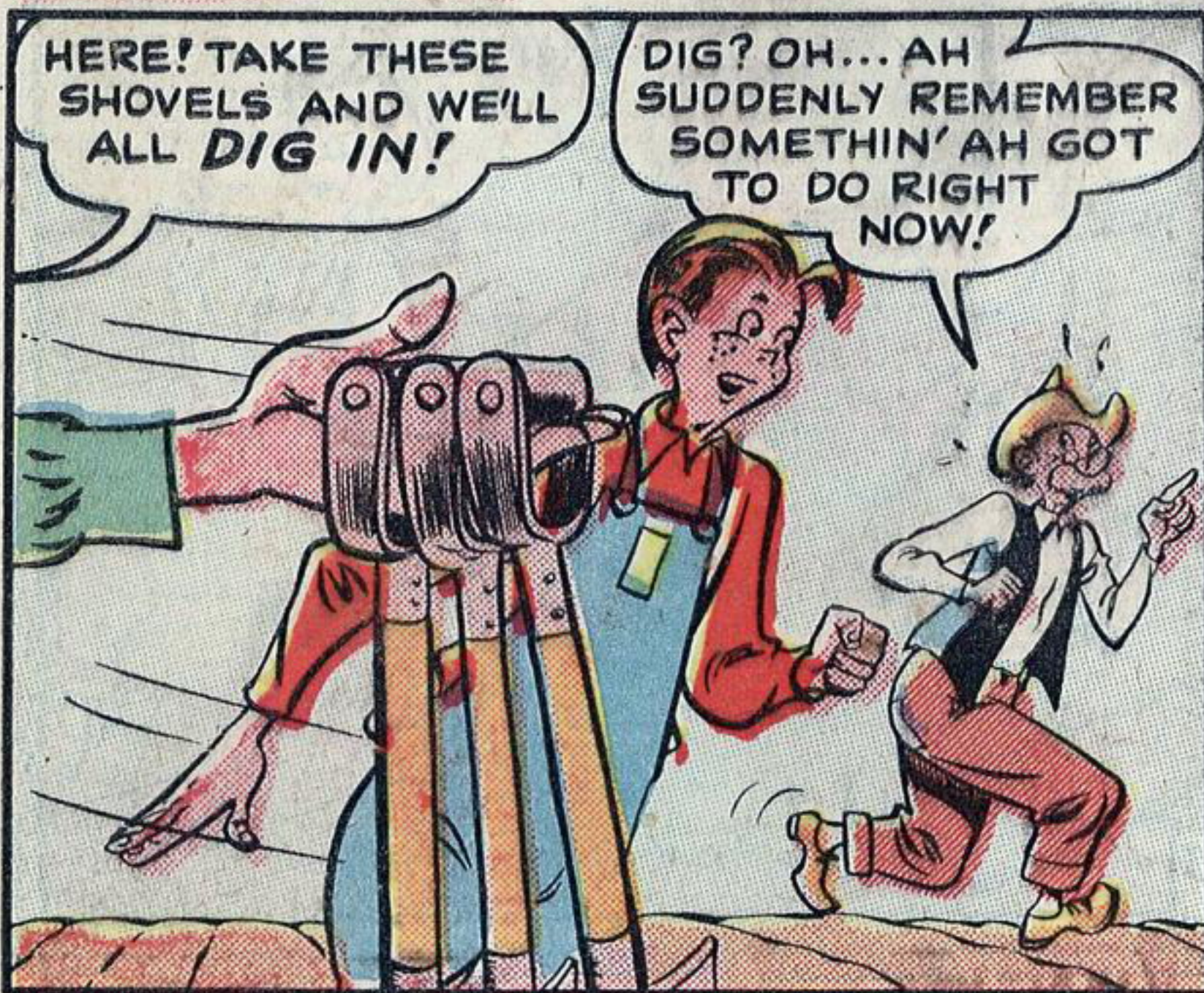
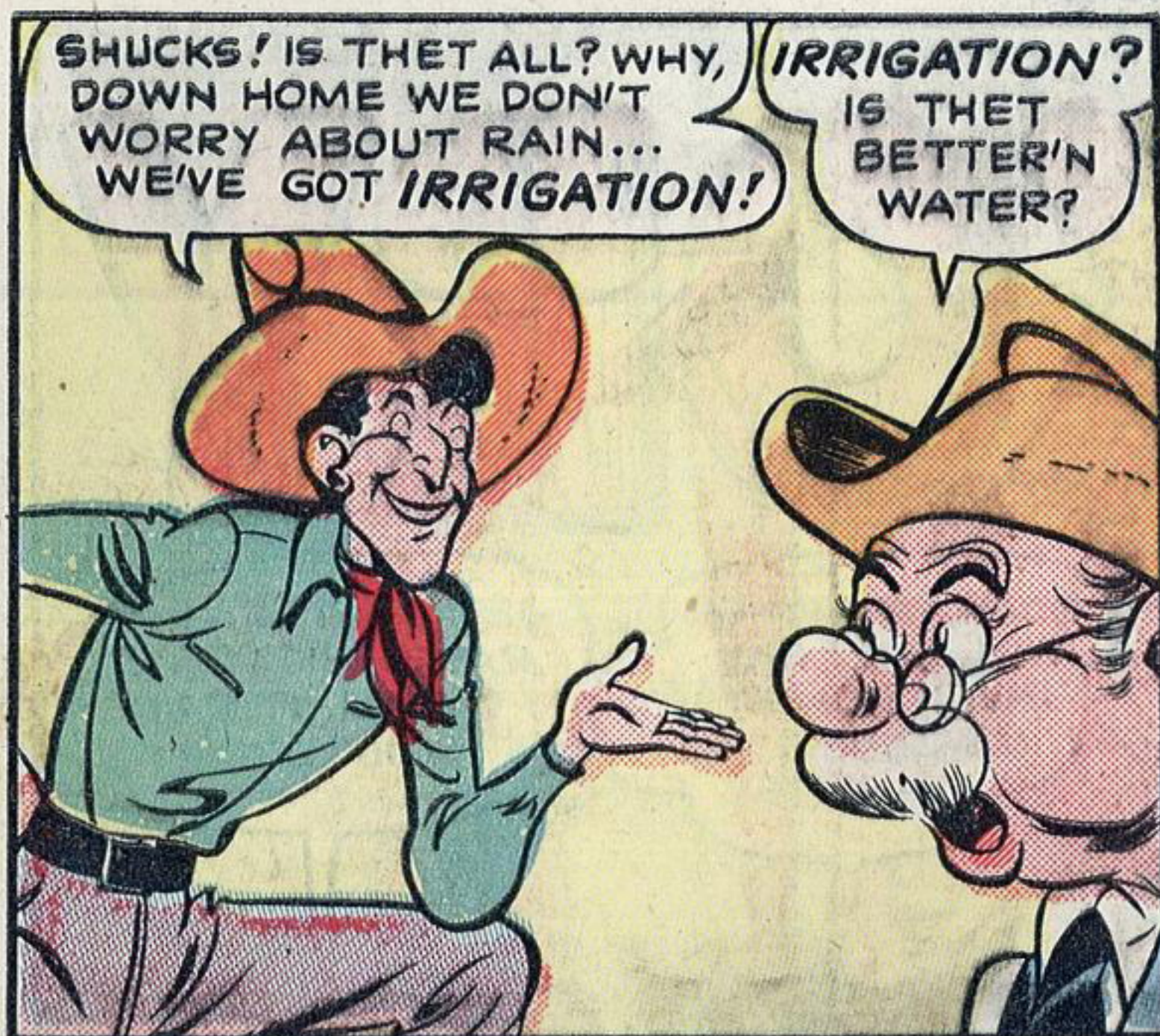
OH, HELLO, LANK! THAT'S JUST IT... THERE'S NUTHIN' UP THERE AND HASN'T BEEN FOR WEEKS!

HUH? WHUT'S NOT BEEN THAR?

RAIN CLOUDS! WE NEED PLENTY O'RAIN OR OUR CROPS'LL DRY UP ON US...

EVEN TH' WEEDS WON'T GROW!

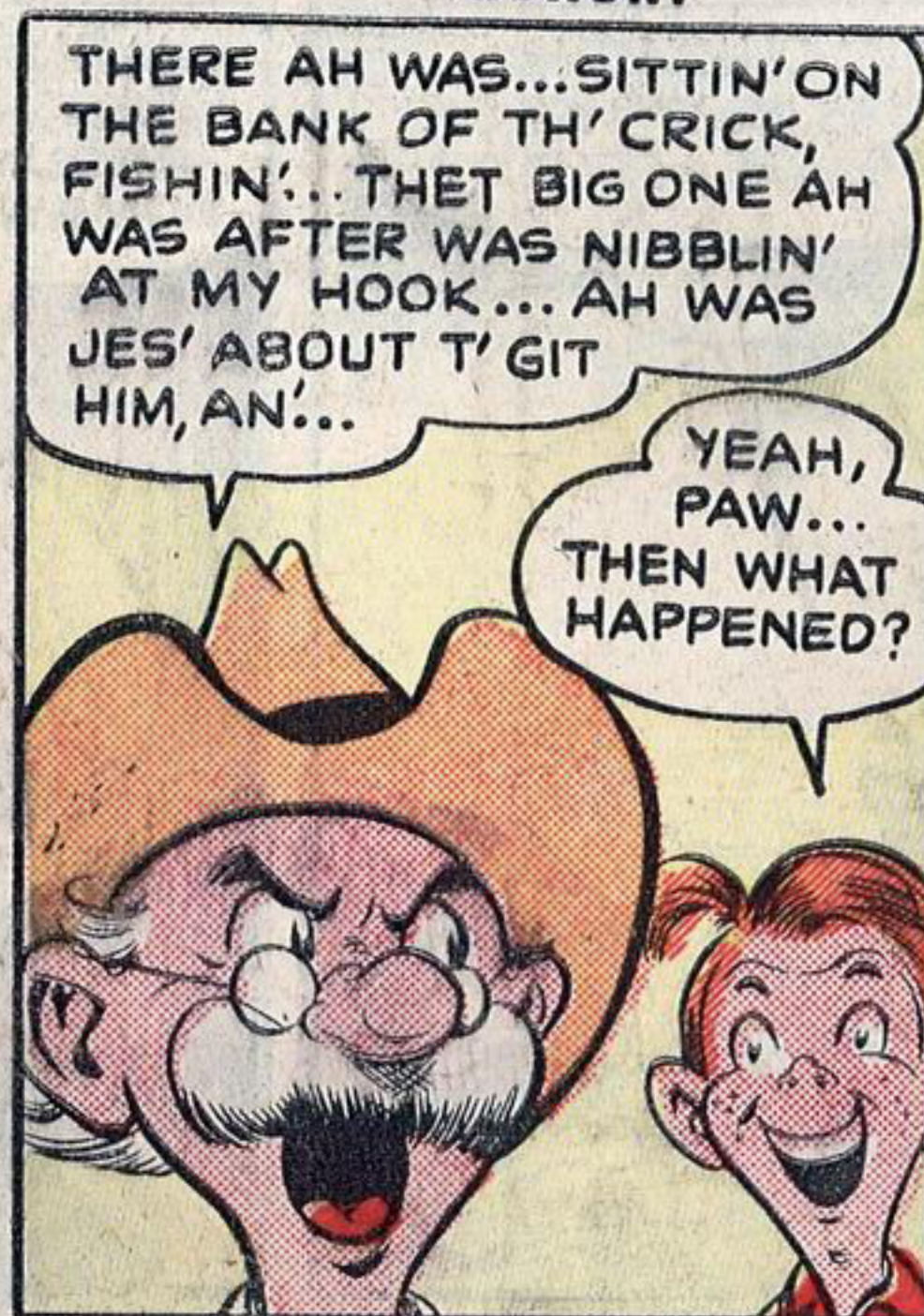






OF ALL TH' LOW DOWN TRICKS! IT AIN'T FAIR! IT'S DOWNRIGHT MEAN! AN' AH'M MAD!

WHY PAW, WHAT'S WRONG?



THERE AH WAS...SITTIN' ON THE BANK OF TH' CRICK, FISHIN'... THET BIG ONE AH WAS AFTER WAS NIBBLIN' AT MY HOOK... AH WAS JES' ABOUT T' GIT HIM, AN'...

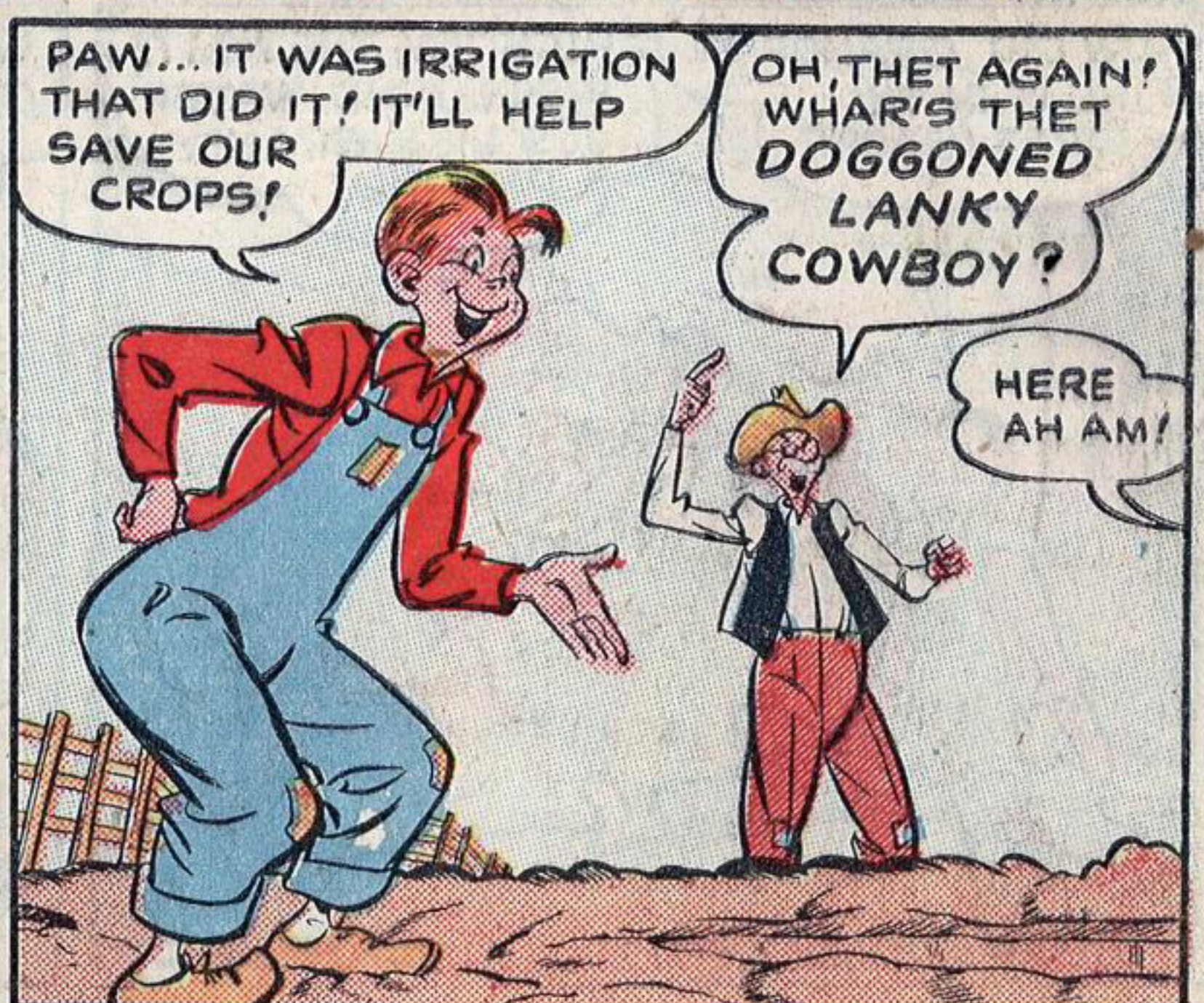
YEAH, PAW... THEN WHAT HAPPENED?



TH' DURNED CRICK RUN DRY! THET'S WHAT! LOOKED JES' LIKE SOMEONE PULLED THE PLUG OUT O' THE BATH-TUB! DOGGONE!



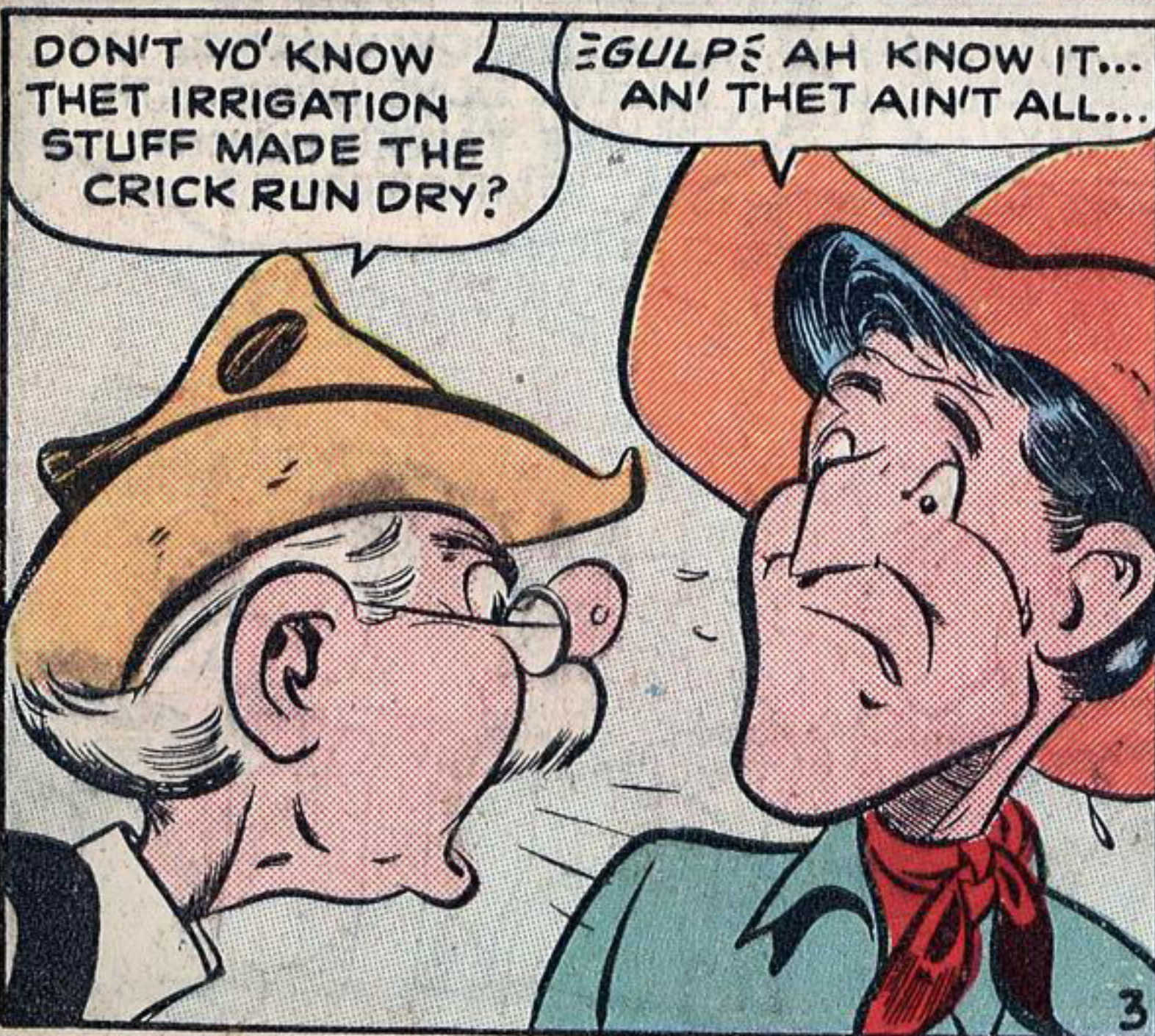
SAY... THET WATER HAD T' GO SOMEWHAR! HOW COME THIS FIELD IS SO WET? HMM... IT DIDN'T RAIN... HMM...



PAW... IT WAS IRRIGATION THAT DID IT! IT'LL HELP SAVE OUR CROPS!

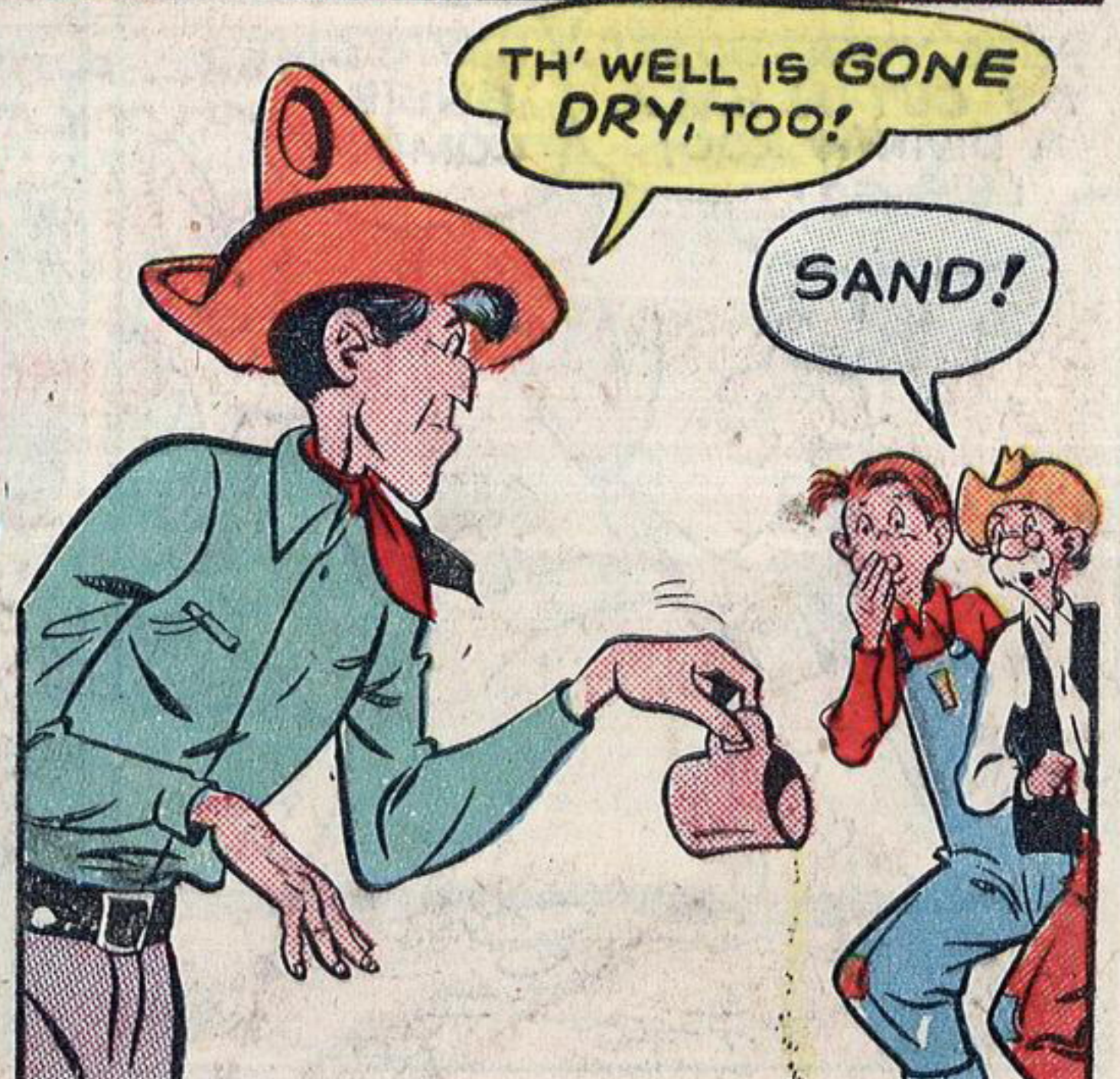
OH, THET AGAIN! WHAR'S THET DOGGONED LANKY COWBOY?

HERE AH AM!



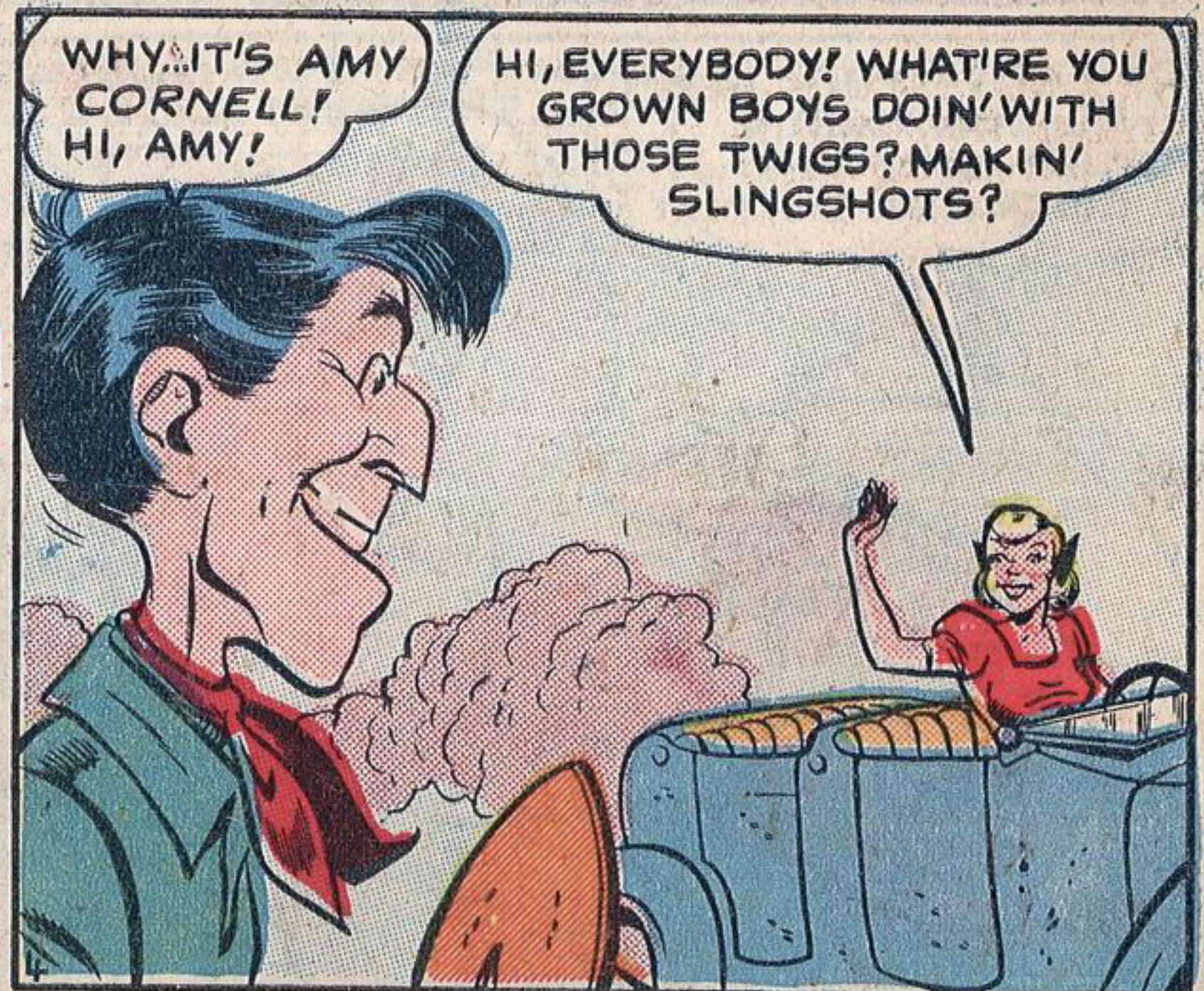
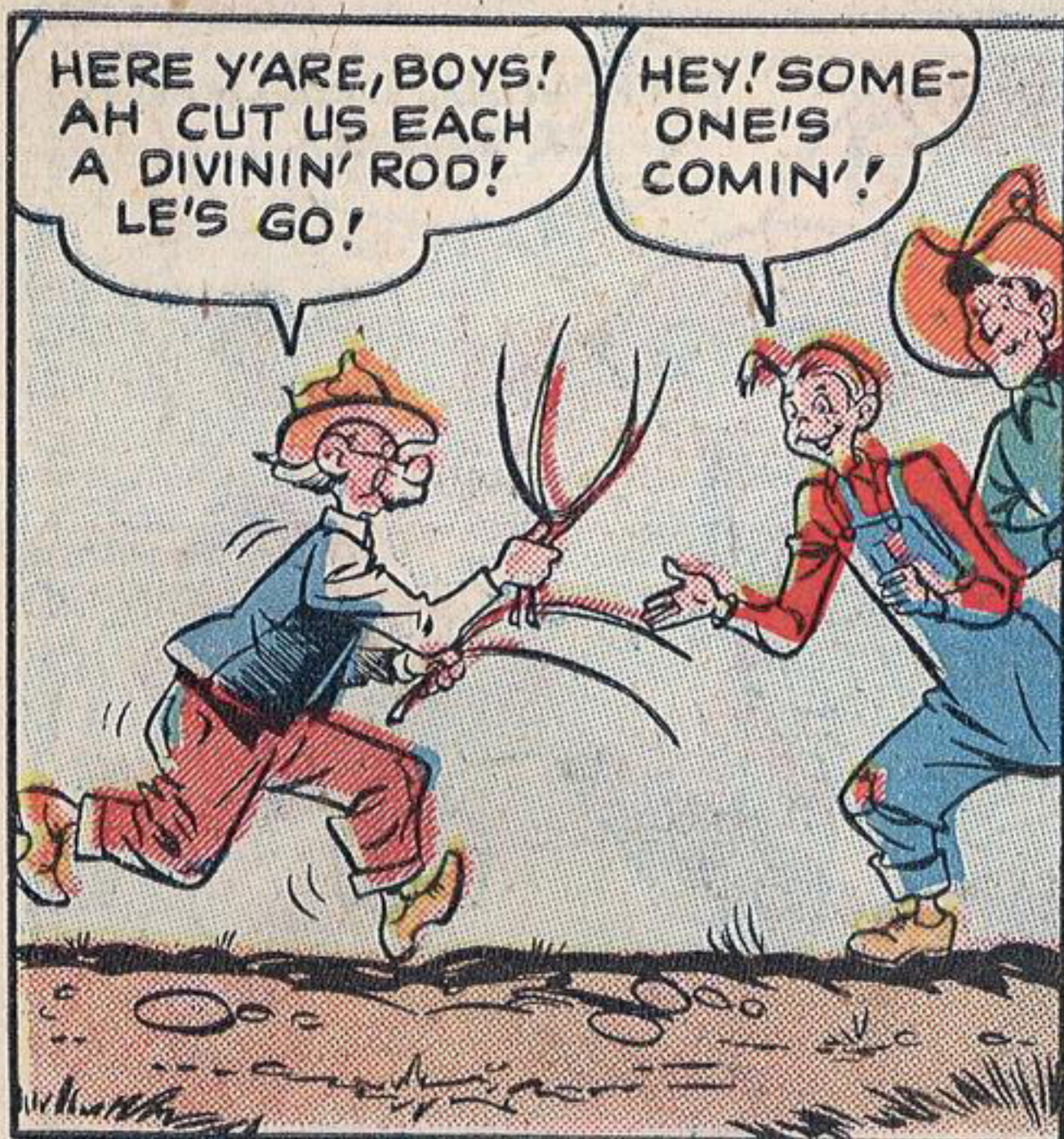
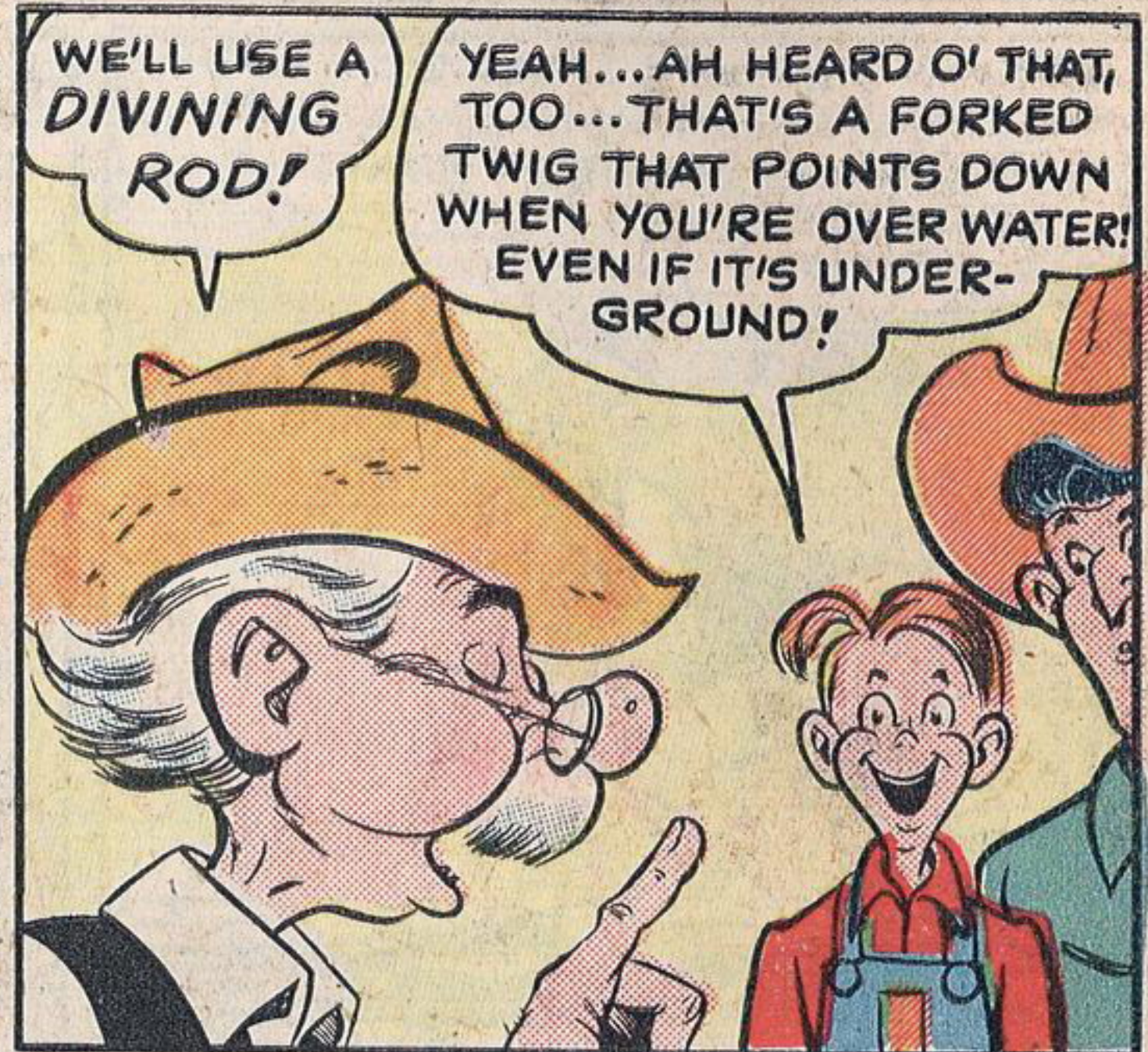
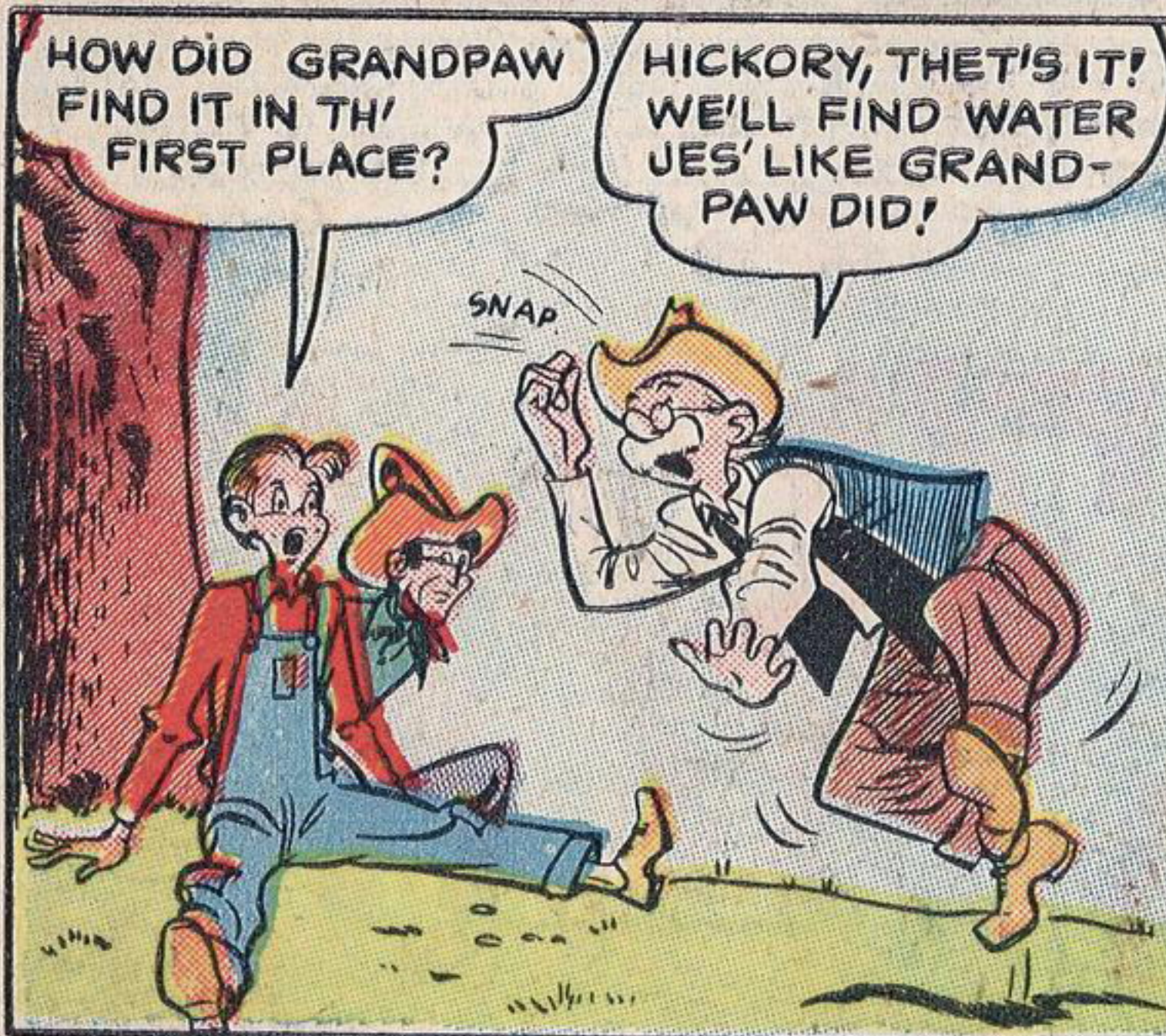
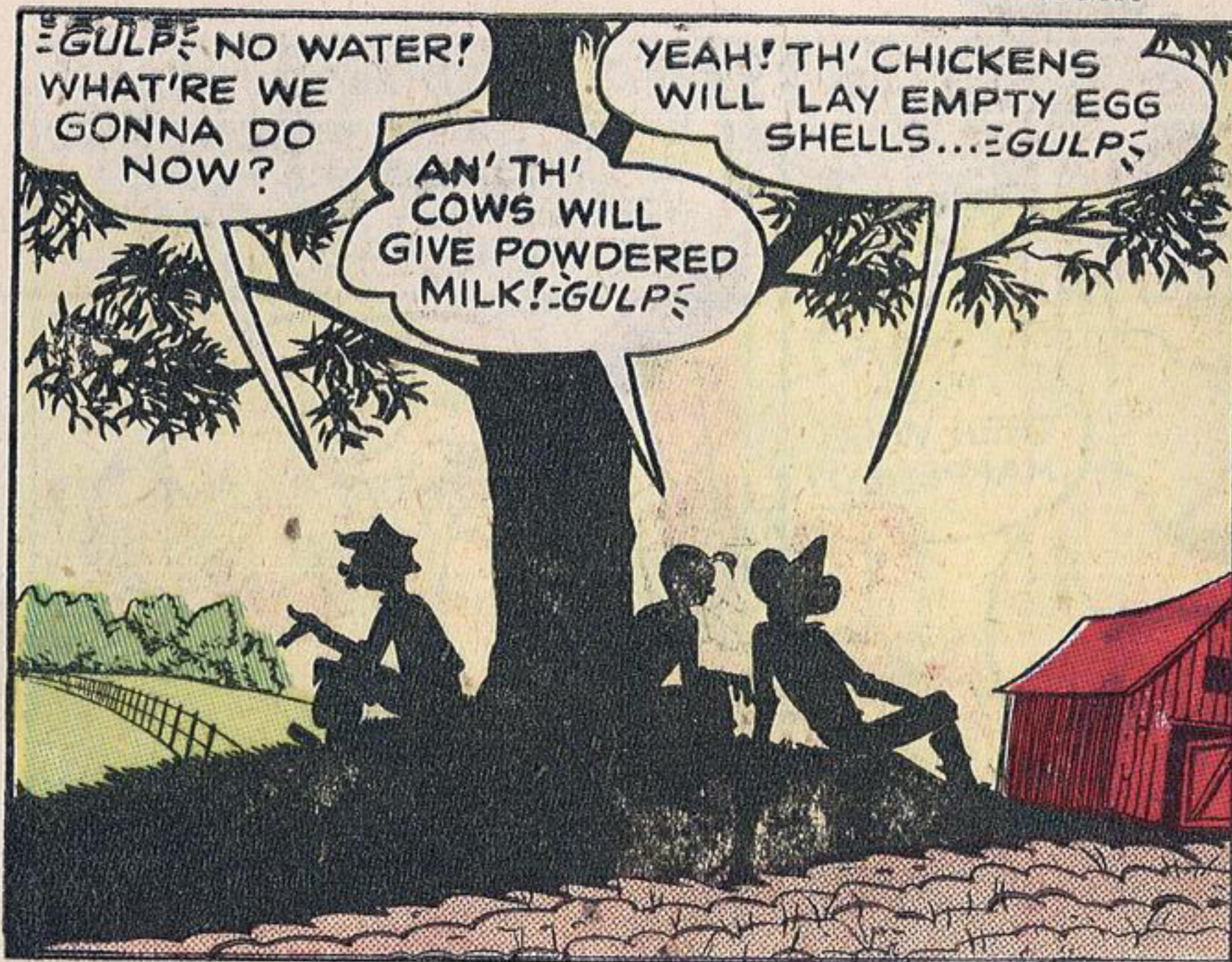
DON'T YO' KNOW THET IRRIGATION STUFF MADE THE CRICK RUN DRY?

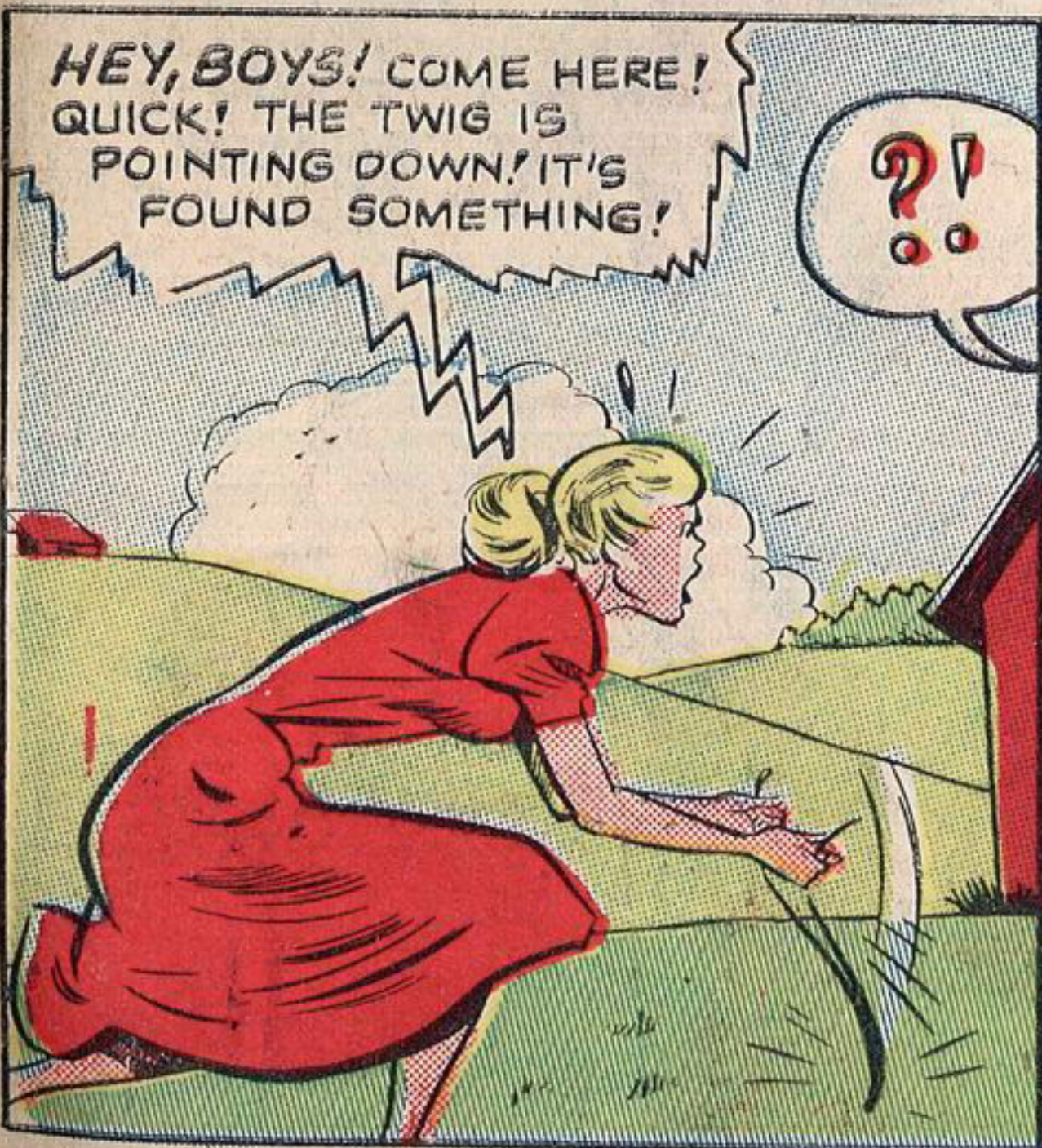
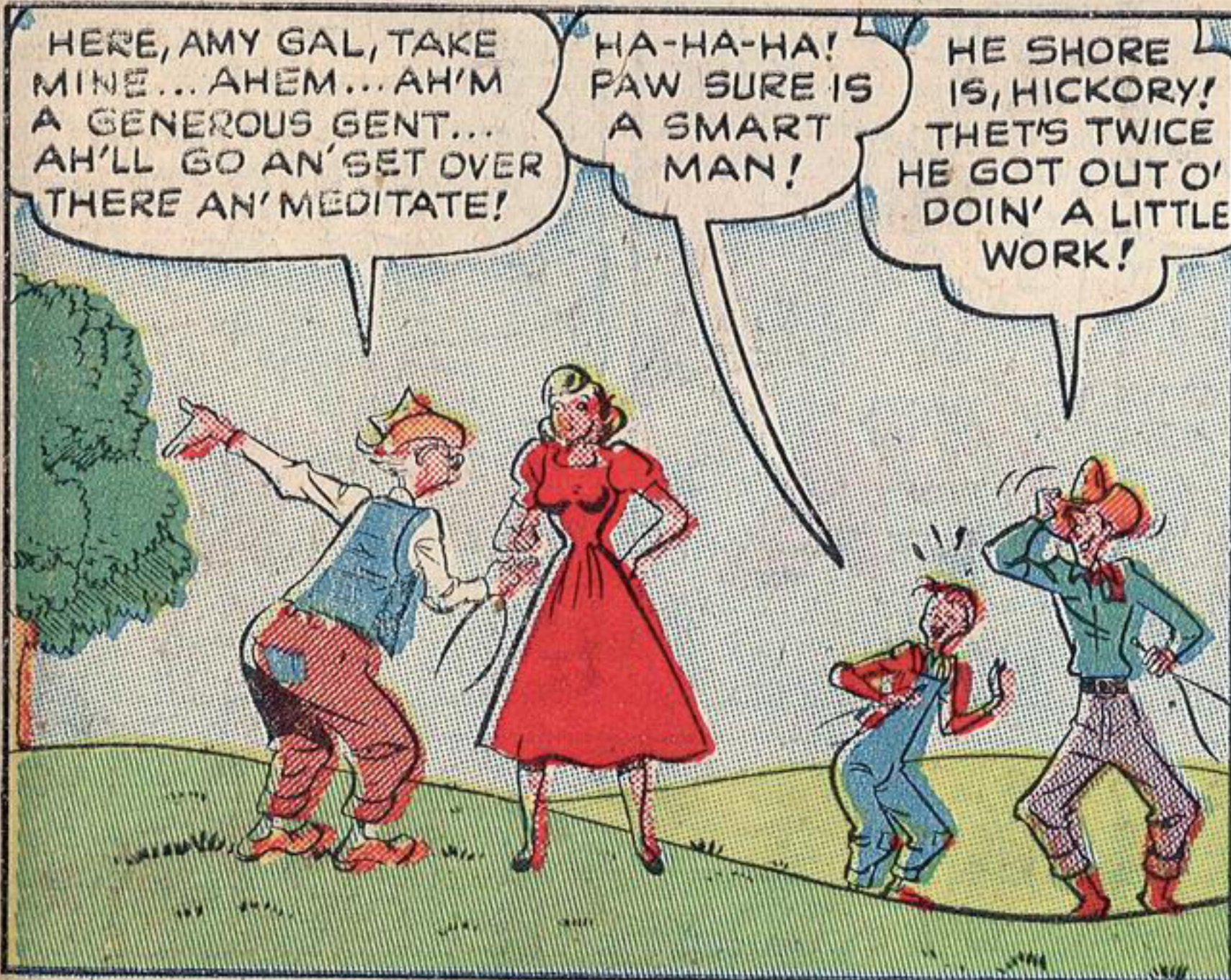
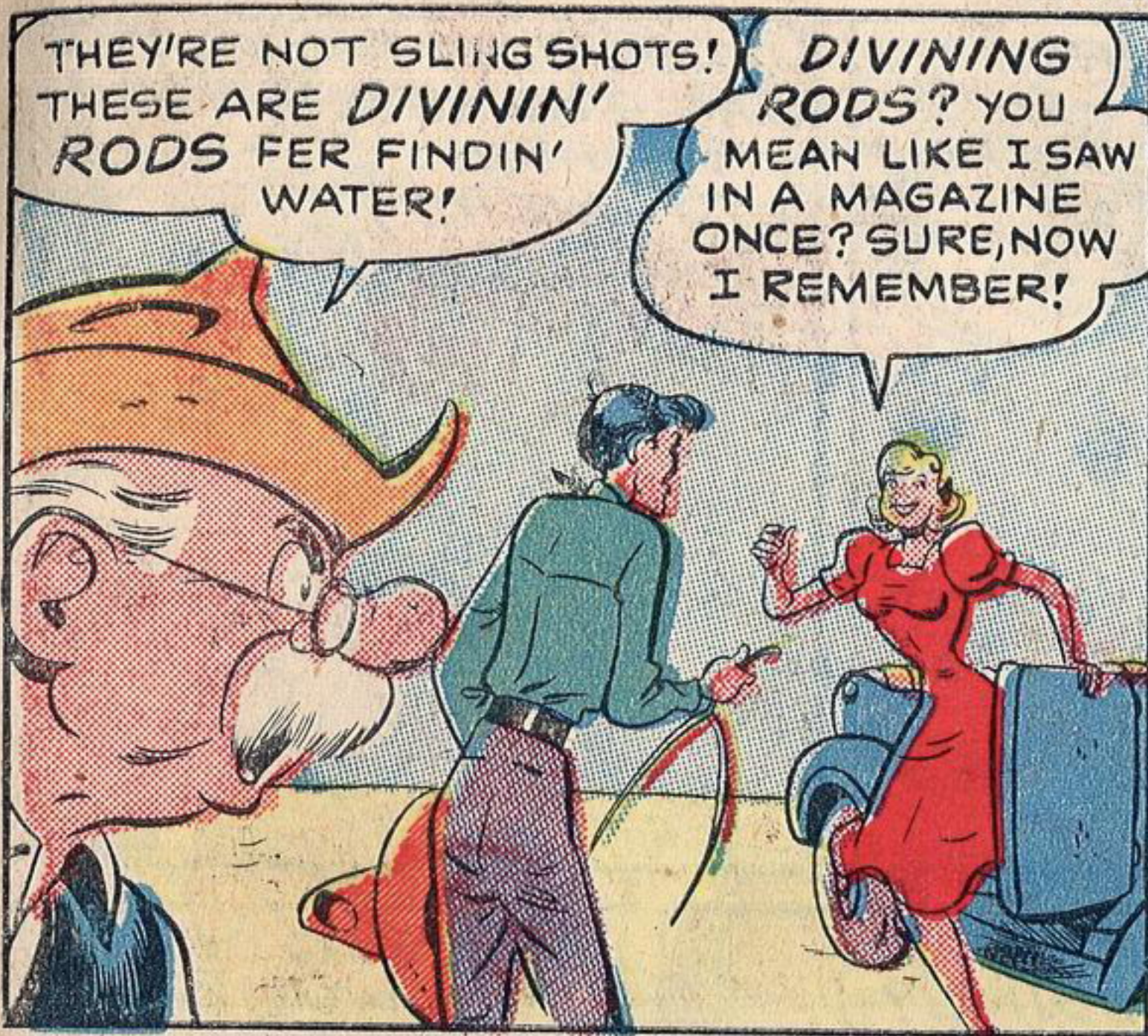
EGULP AH KNOW IT... AN' THET AIN'T ALL...

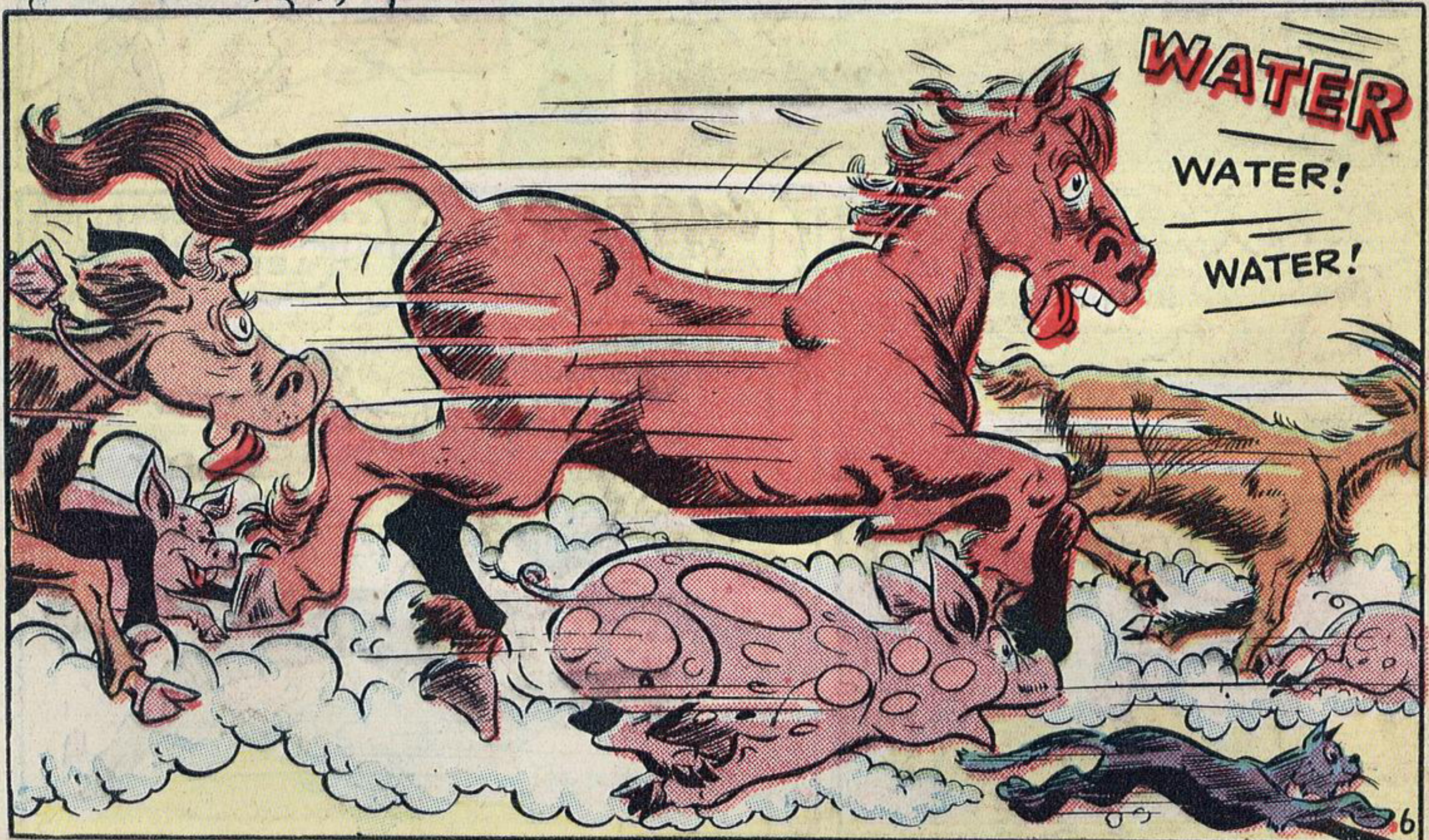
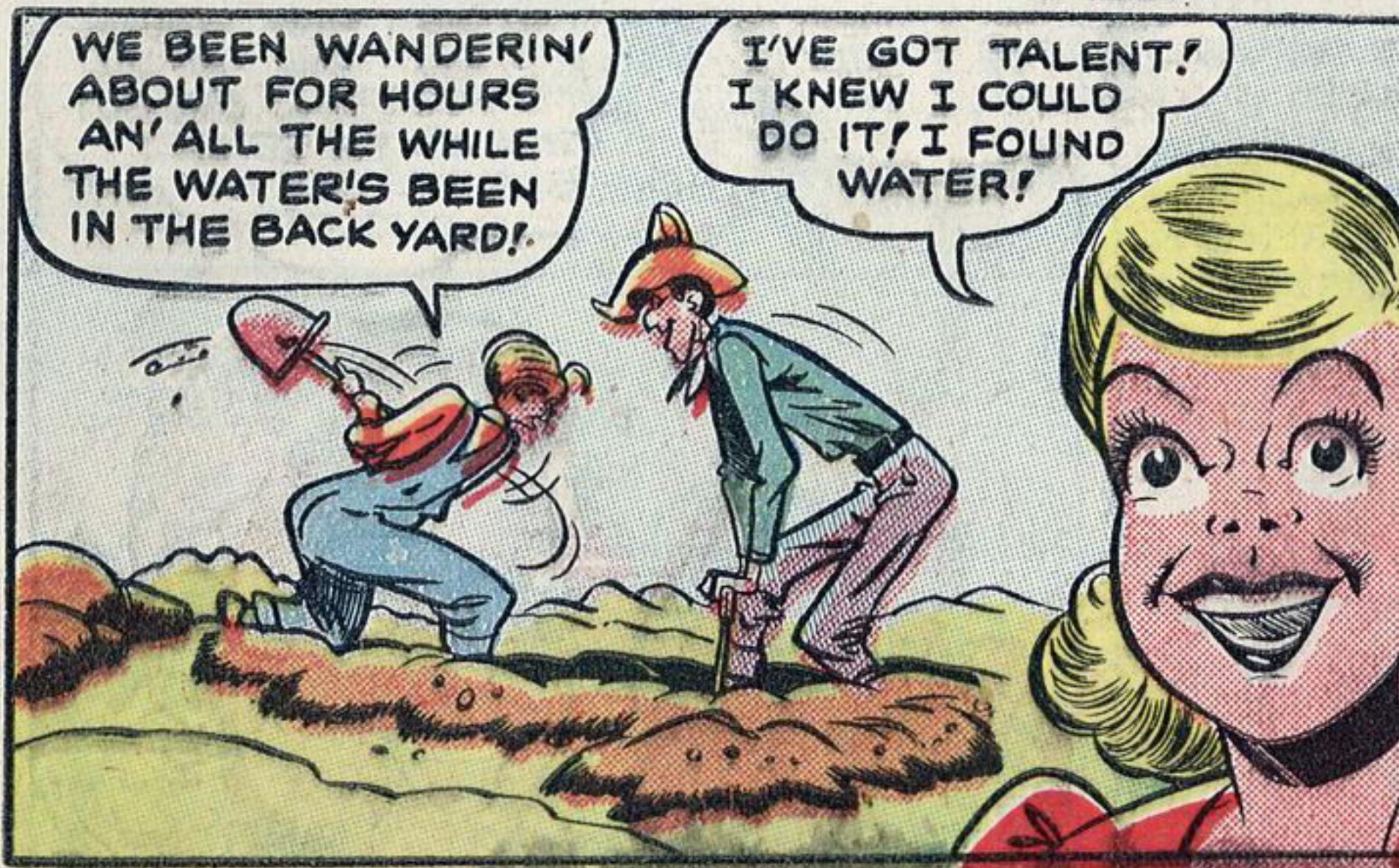


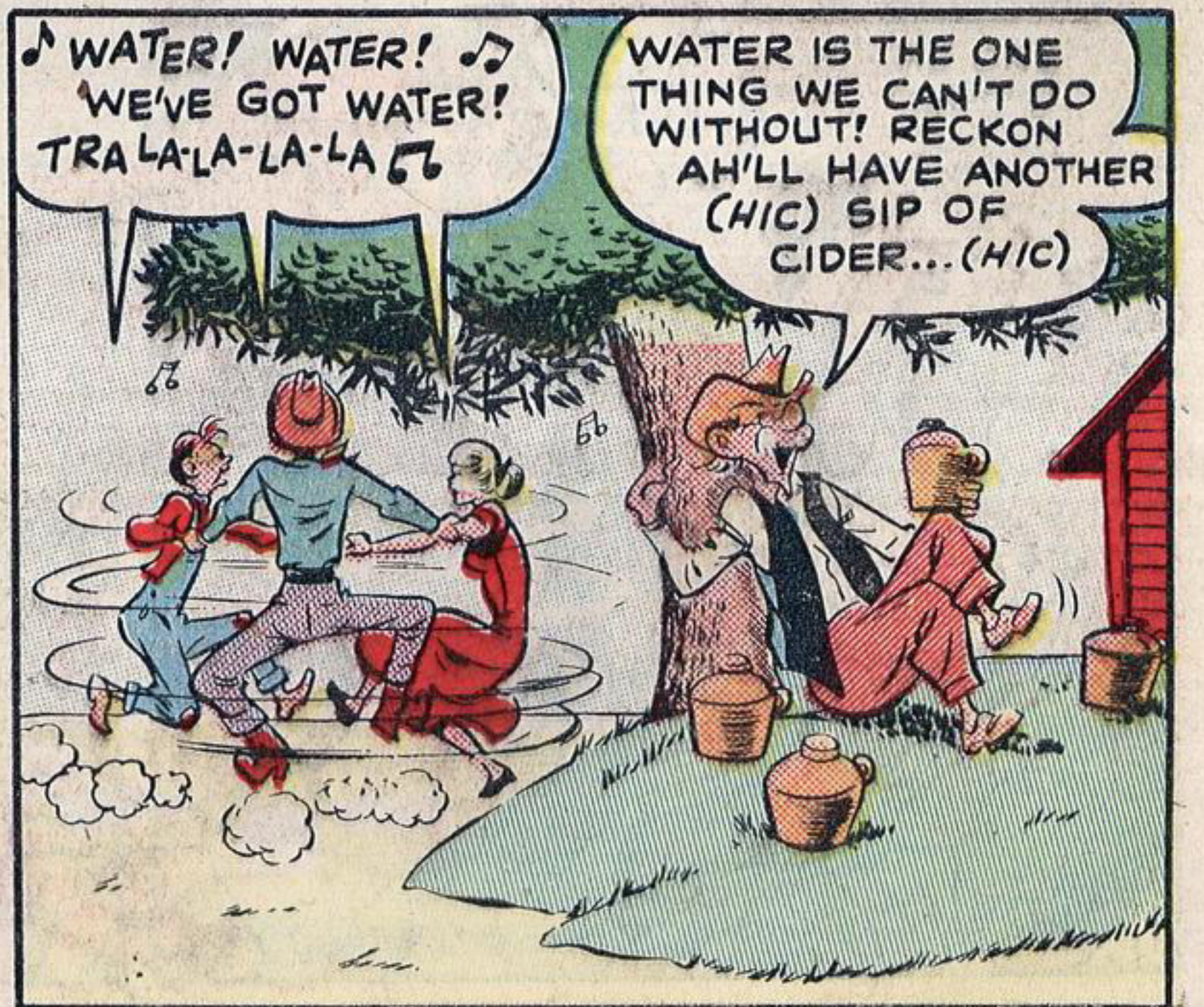
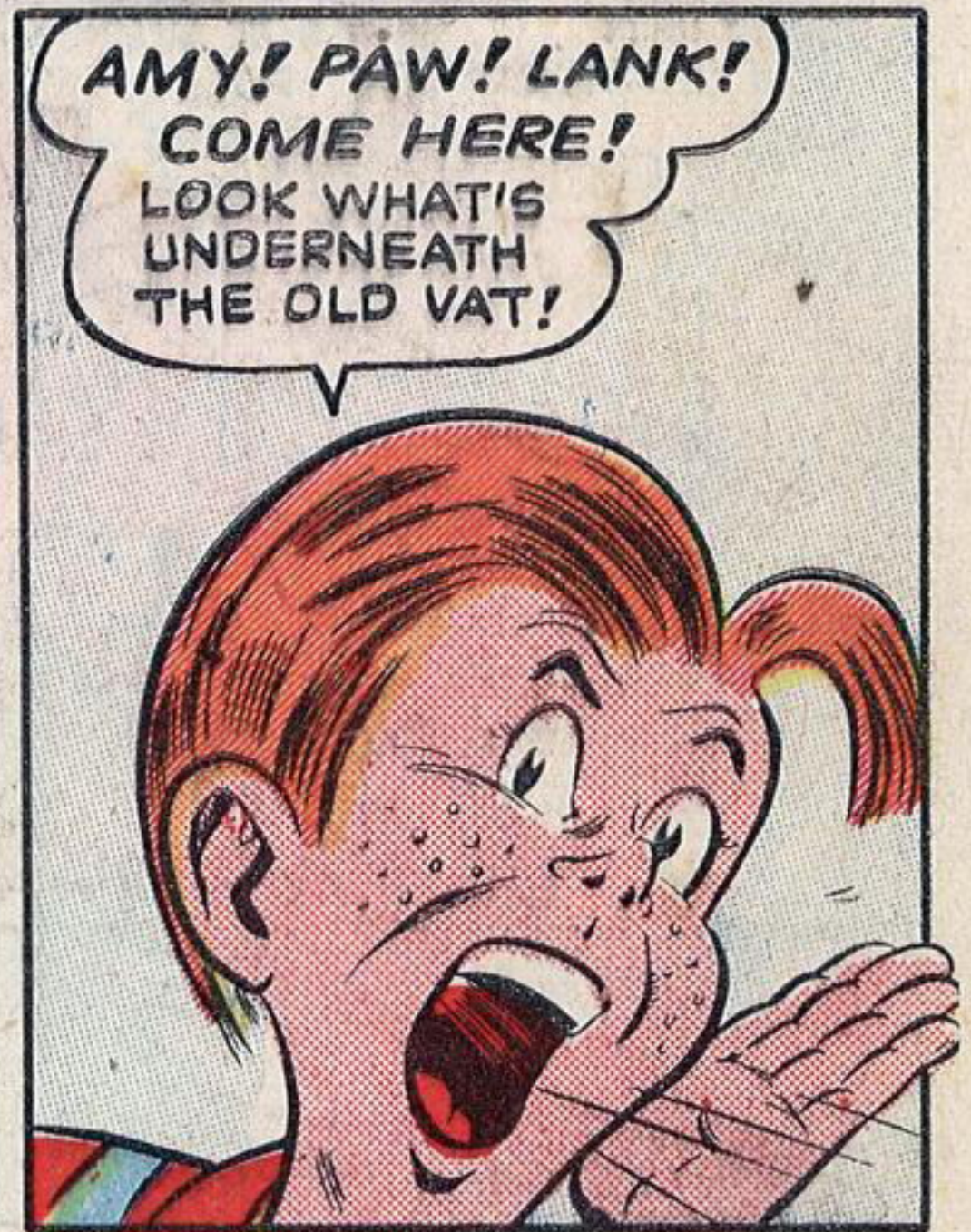
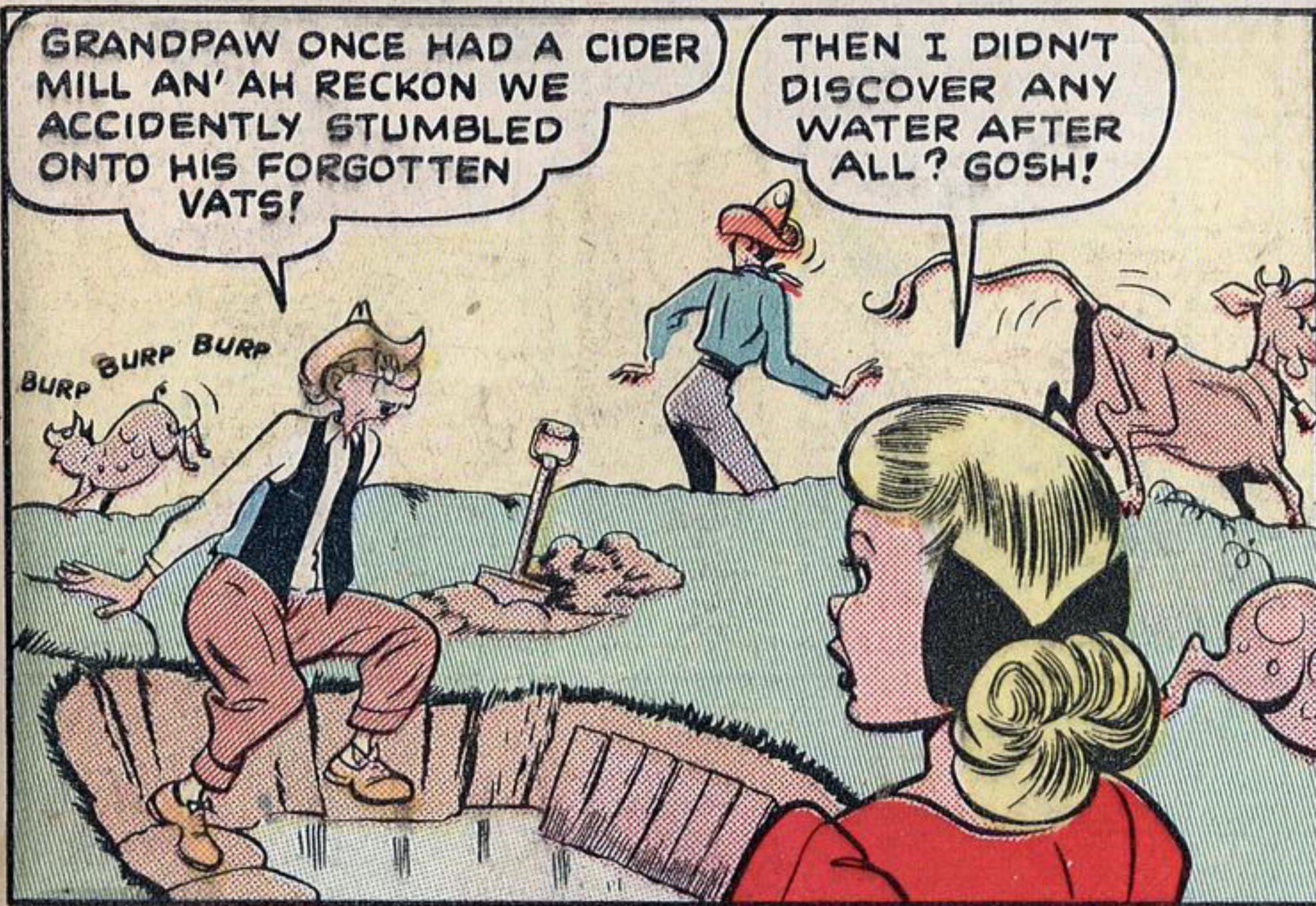
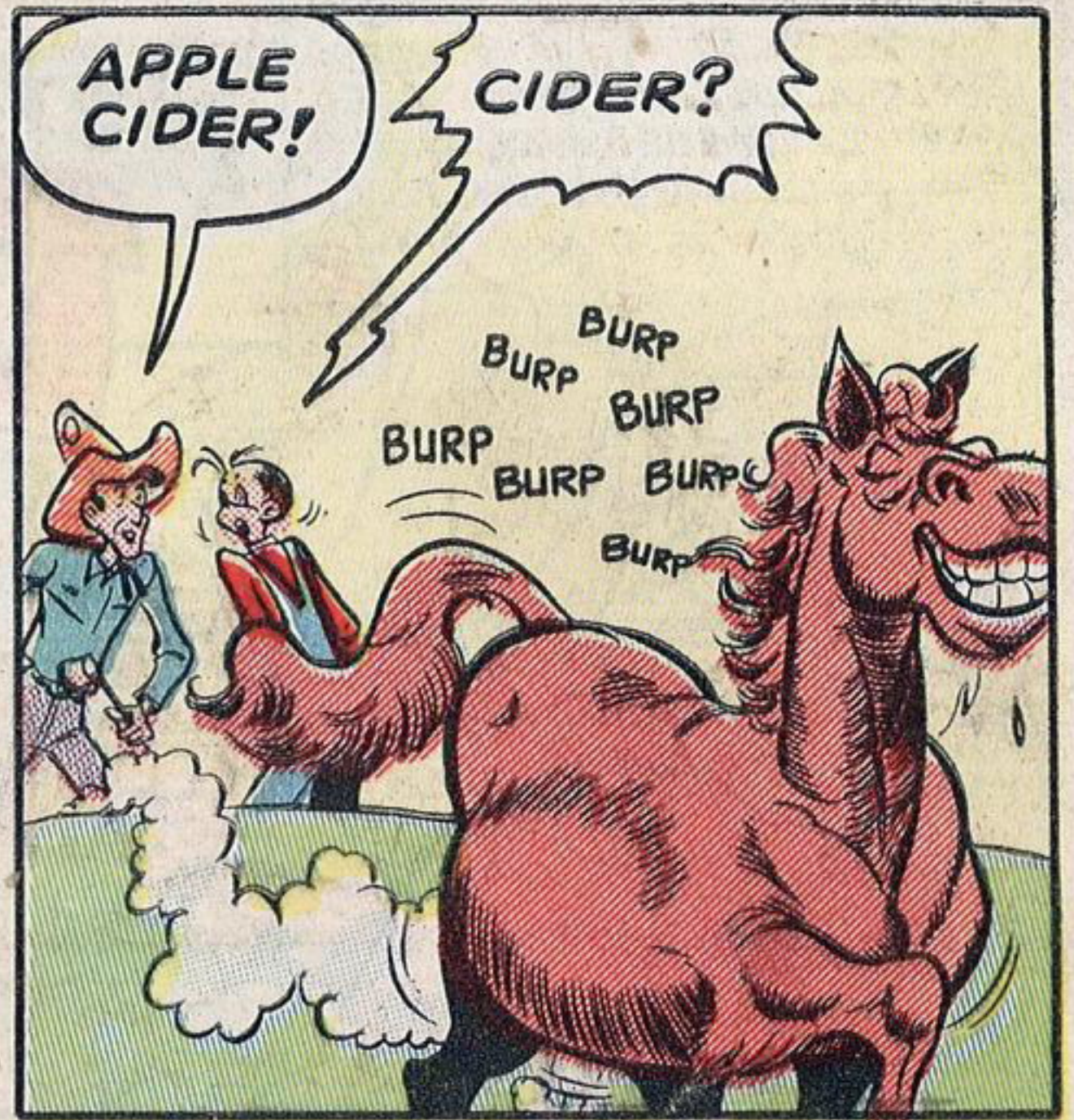
TH' WELL IS GONE DRY, TOO!

SAND!

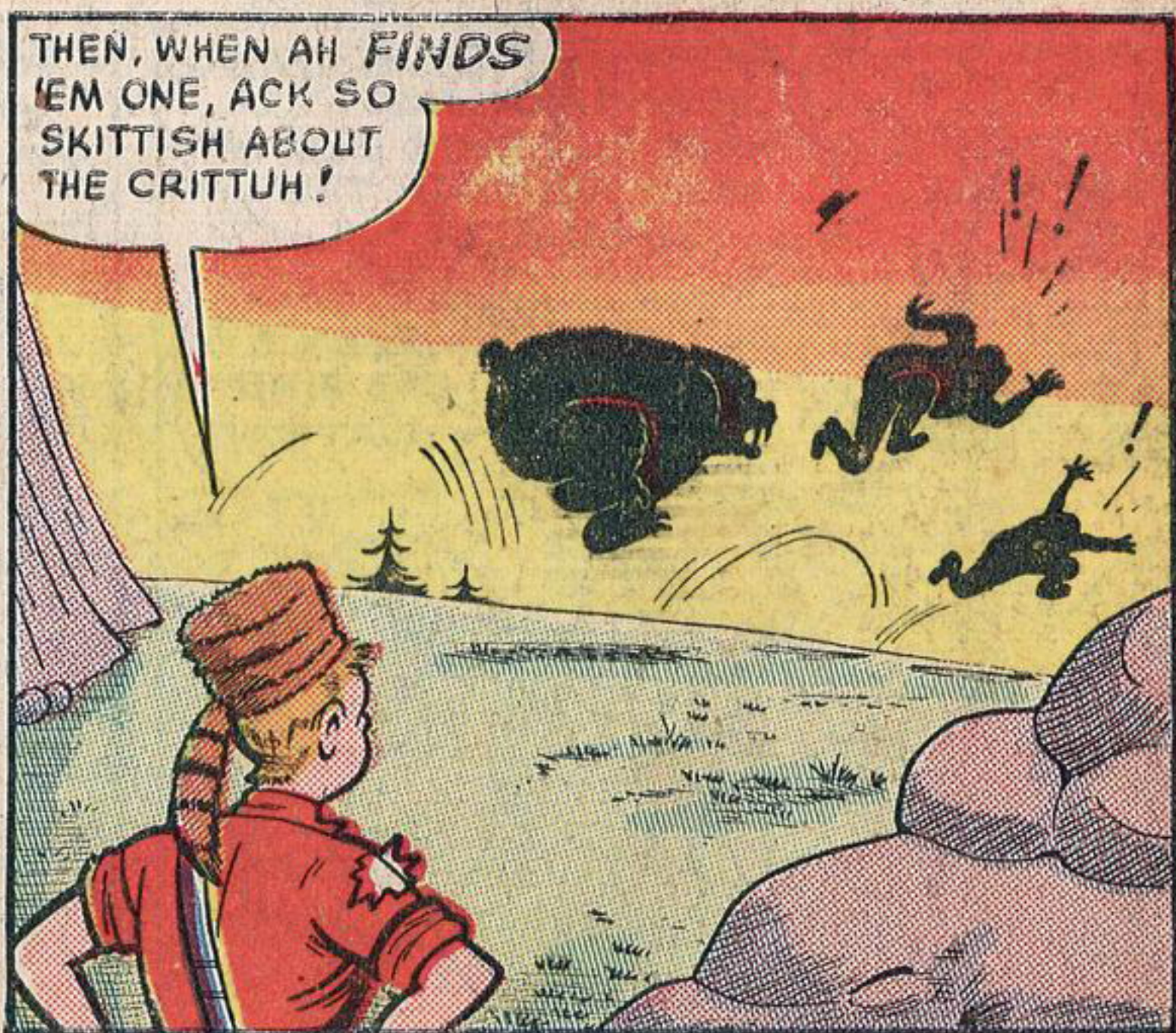
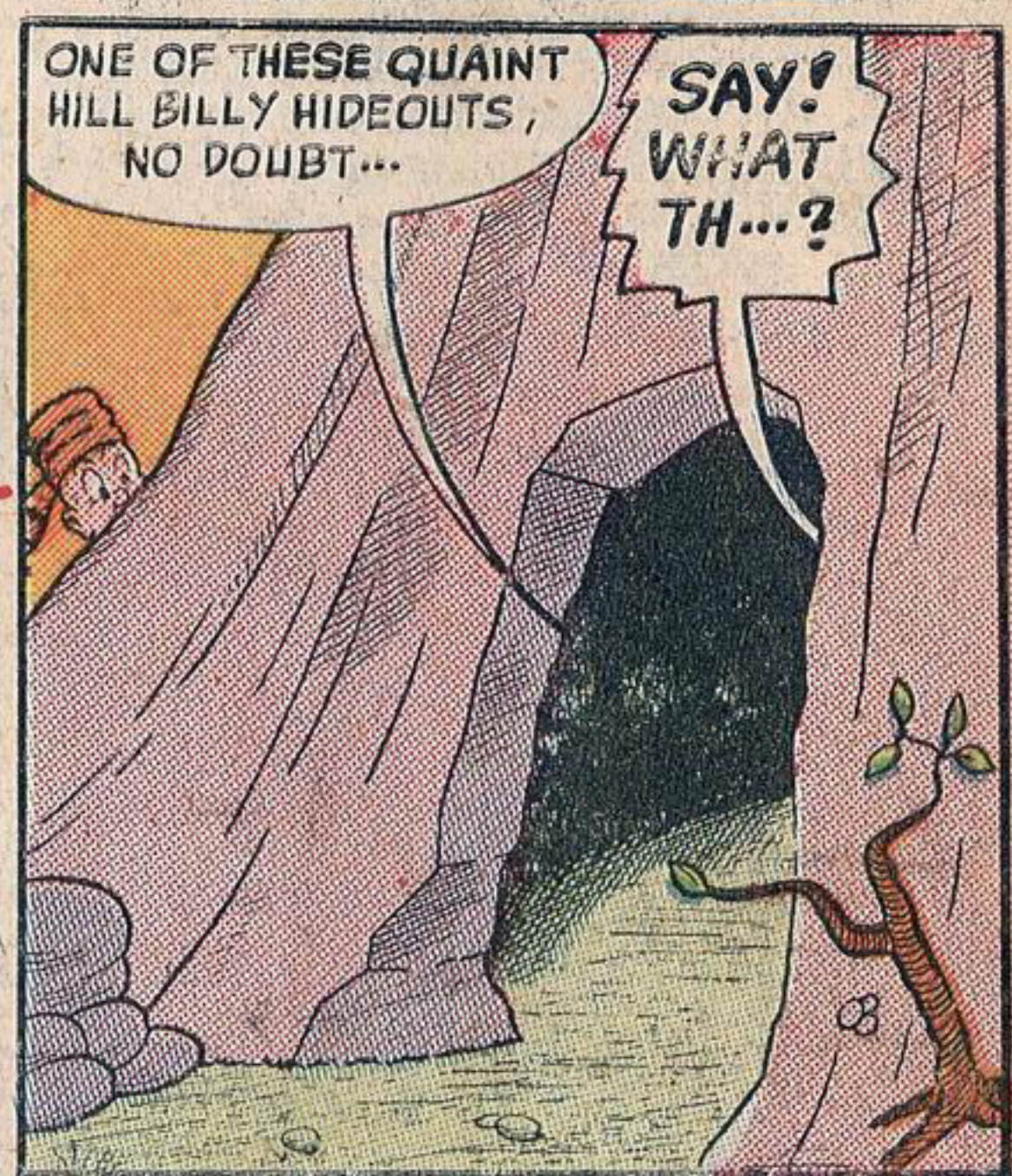
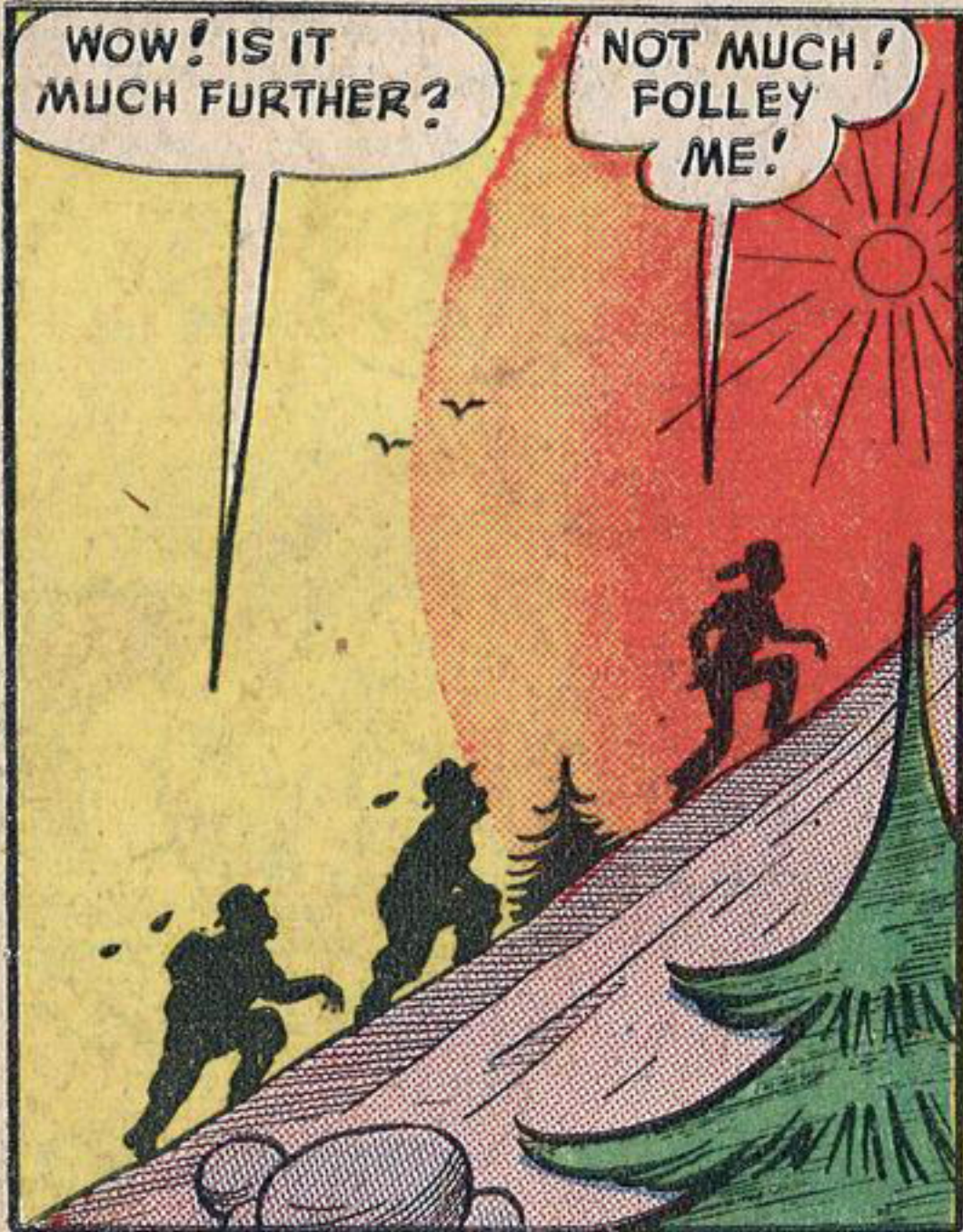
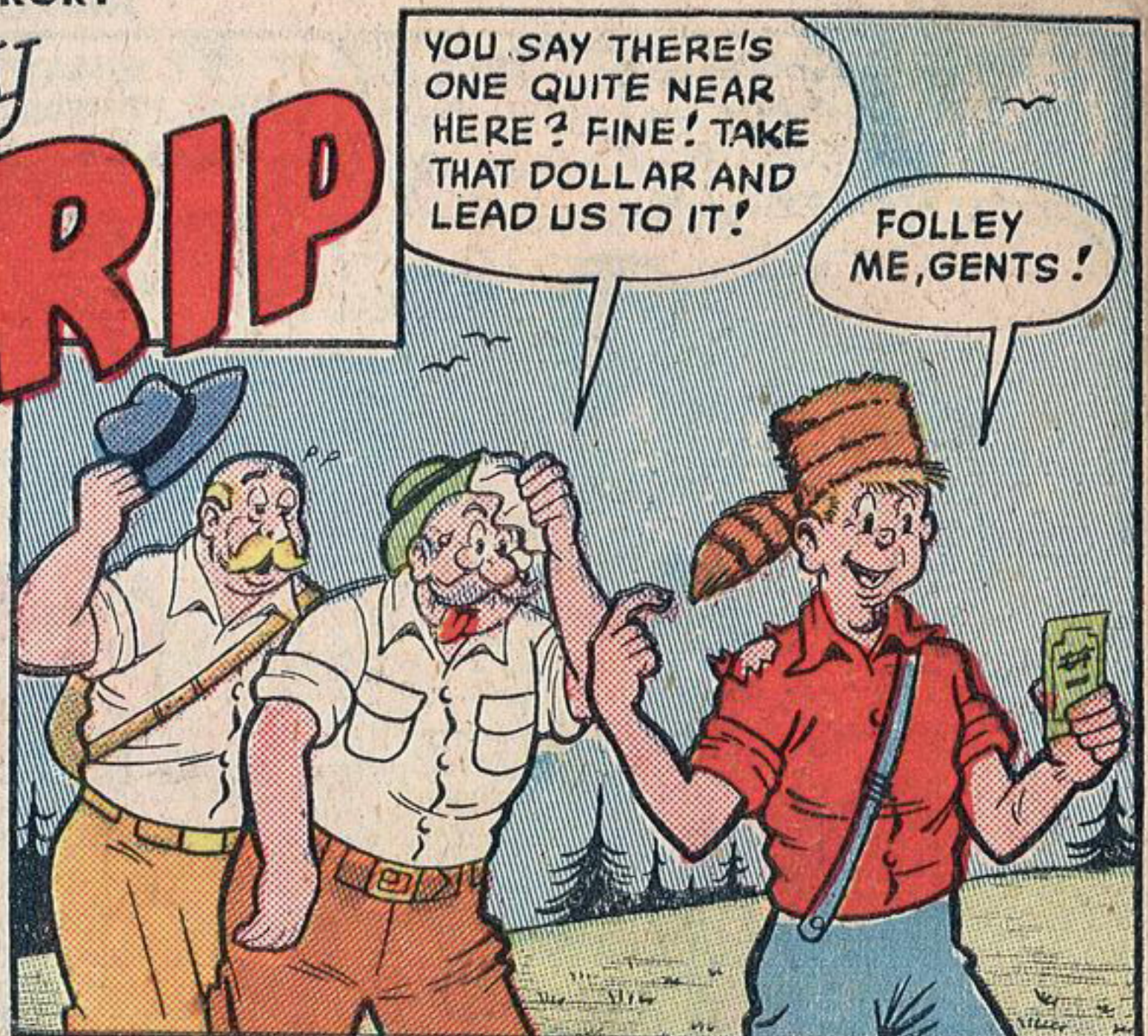
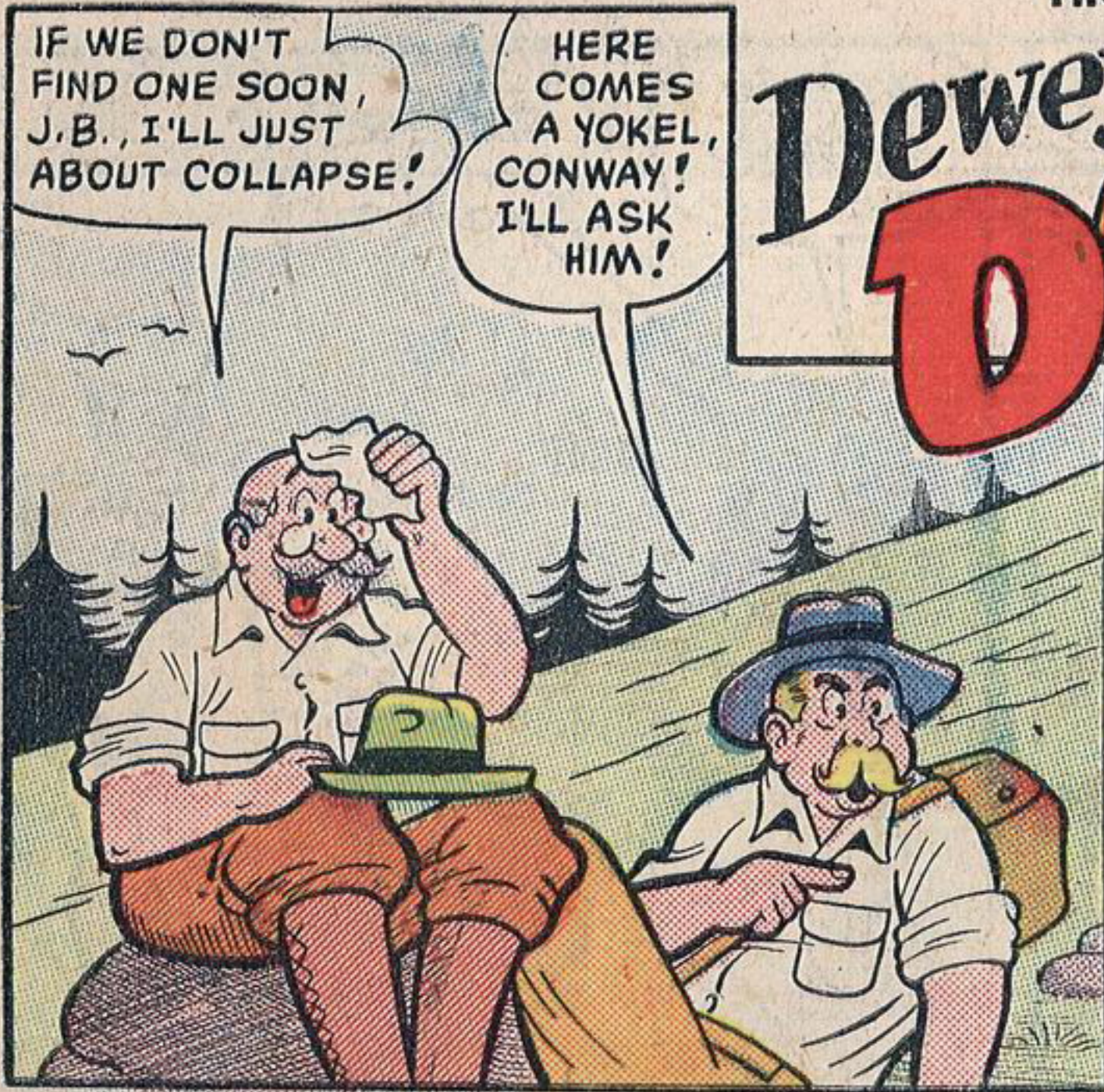








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DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-HIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

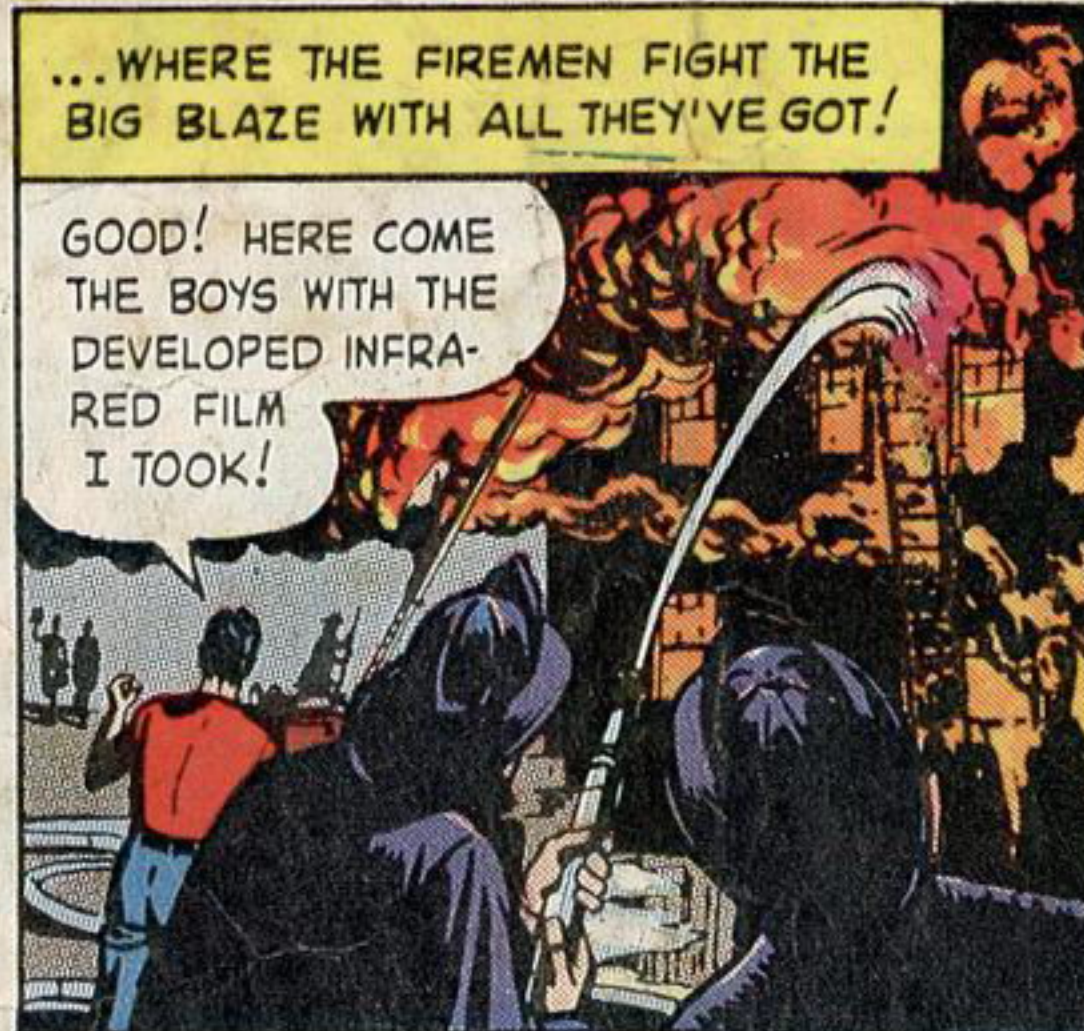
...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

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